SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVI AUGUST, 1919 NO. 2

# RESURGAM

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

I

Now is a great and shining company,
Choired like stars before the break of day,
So radiant, their silence is like singing,
Like mist of music down the Milky Way;
And they who wake, hearing the dawn wind bringing
Comfort of voices, are content and stay
A little while their tears; forbear the clinging
Of hands that hinder youth at last made free.

There is no death, nor change, nor any ending,
Only a journey; and so many go,
That we who stay at length discern the blending
Of the two roads, two breaths, two lives, and so
Come to the high and quiet knowledge that the dead
Are but ourselves made beautiful instead.

II

And you, O best belovèd of them all,
How is it with you? Is it well, indeed;
Or is there in the vivid quiet need
Of some familiar task? Yet does the call
Of the warm earth, the rise and fall
Of accents you held dear, when in the night
They talk of you, trouble the winged light?
O foolish words that wisdom should forestall!
Now are you most immediate. So near,
That there is left no thing between us; no,
Nor veil of life. Ah, dear, my very dear,
Only the dead are close, and never apart,
Speaking with lucid silences, and so
Can find their way unhampered to a heart.

III

I would not have you know me as I am,
And all I think, or did, or still may do,

Copyright, 1919, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And yet can it be otherwise, you being you,
And dead, and knowing all things, even the plan
Of this sweet, sorrowful mystery we call life.
How must it seem, the beating of clipped wings;
My blindness, when the multitude of things
Is sharp with beauty as a moonlit knife?

Ah, Love, I should be wonderfully glad!
For here at last is what all men desire:
And with your constant presence am I clad
With the clear flames of an unceasing fire:
Surely there is no gift in death unless
It brings all knowledge and all tenderness.

IV

They told me this was all when we should die,
A sudden end, a silence, and a going;
And even farewell only a fluttered sigh,
And then a secret, far beyond our knowing.
Could this be so, you, who were a bestowing
Of song and light and laughter? Were it true,
What of the subtle difference that was you?
The exquisite mould, under the craftsman growing?
They have not heard: for on that very day
There came a shining presence where I wept,
As if a radiant child had turned away
From some dear, rapt engagement, long unkept:
And see, I have a sign; for I made trial,
And you looked back, and paused a little while.

V

There is a wind that blows from earth when dusk is coming,
Laden with richness of the stored-up day;
The secret warmth of hidden paths; the humming
Of pollened bees; the sweetness of damp hay;
And mist along a shining valley stream;
And green cool reaches where the bending trees,
After the hot noon, listen for the breeze:
All this, I know, is part of your new dream.
And when I wake, and death seems most unfair,
Even then is some new mystery on the air,
Of scent, or sound, or loveliness of hue,
Stirring my heart, and making me aware
I cannot grasp the rapture now of you,
Who were so close to dawn, and trees, and dew.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# IN MOROCCO

## BY EDITH WHARTON

[SECOND PAPER]

## VOLUBILIS, MOULAY IDRISS AND MEKNEZ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

### I

### VOLUBILIS

ONE day before sunrise we set out from Rabat for the ruins of Roman Volubilis.

From the ferry of the Bou-Regreg we looked backward on a last vision of orange ramparts under a night-blue sky sprinkled with stars; ahead, over gardens still deep in shadow, the walls of Salé were passing from drab to peach-color in the eastern glow. Dawn is the romantic hour in Africa. Dirt and dilapidation disappear under a pearly haze, and a breeze from the sea blows away the memory of fetid markets and sordid heaps of humanity. At that hour the old Moroccan cities look like the ivory citadels in a Persian miniature, and the fat shopkeepers riding out to their vegetable-gardens like Princes sallying forth to rescue captive maidens.

Our way led along the highroad from Rabat to the modern port of Kenitra, near the ruins of the Phenician colony of Mehedyia. Just north of Kenitra we struck the trail, branching off eastward to a European village on the light railway between Rabat and Fez. Beyond the railway-sheds and flat-roofed stores the wilderness began, stretching away into clear distances bounded by the hills of the Rarb,* above which the sun was rising.

Range after range, these translucent hills rose before us; all around the solitude was complete. Village life, and even tent life, naturally gathers about a river-bank or a spring; and the waste we were crossing was of waterless sand bound together by a loose desert growth. Only an abandoned well-curb here and there cast its blue shadow on the yellow *bled*, or a saint's tomb hung like a bubble between sky and sand. The light had the preternatural purity which gives a foretaste of mirage: it was the light in which magic becomes real, and which helps to understand how, to people living in such an atmosphere, the boundary between fact and dream perpetually fluctuates.

The sand was scored with tracks and ruts innumerable, for the road between Rabat and Fez is travelled not only by French government motors but by native caravans and trains of pilgrims to and from the sacred city of Moulay Idriss, the founder of the Idrissite dynasty, whose tomb is in the Zerhoun, the mountain ridge above Volubilis. To untrained eyes it was impossible to guess which of the trails one ought to follow; and without much surprise we suddenly found the motor stopping, while its wheels spun round vainly in loose sand.

The military chauffeur was not surprised either; nor was Captain de M., the French staff-officer who accompanied us.

"It often happens just here," they admitted philosophically. "When the general goes to Meknez he is always followed by a number of motors, so that if his own is stuck he may go on in another."

This was interesting to know, but not particularly helpful, as the general and his motors were not travelling our way that morning. Nor was any one else, apparently. It is curious how quickly the *bled* empties itself to the horizon if one happens to have an accident in it! But we had learned our lesson between Tangier and Rabat, and were able to produce a fair imitation of the fatalistic smile of the country.

*The high plateau-and-hill formation between Tangier and Fez.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The officer remarked cheerfully that somebody might turn up, and we all sat down in the *bled*.

A Berber woman, cropping up from nowhere, came and sat beside us. She had the thin sun-tanned face of her kind, brilliant eyes touched with *khol*, high cheek-bones, and the exceedingly short upper lip which gives such charm to the smile of the young nomad women. Her dress was the usual faded cotton shift, hooked on the shoulders with brass or silver clasps (still the antique *fibulæ*), and wound about with a vague drapery in whose folds a brown baby wriggled.

The coolness of dawn had vanished and the sun beat down from a fierce sky. The village on the railway was too far off to be reached on foot, and there were probably no mules there to spare. Nearer at hand there was no sign of help: not a fortified farm, or even a circle of nomad tents. It was the unadulterated desert—and we waited.

Not in vain; for after an hour or two, from far off in the direction of the hills, there appeared an army with banners. We stared at it unbelievingly. The *mirage*, of course! We were too sophisticated to doubt it, and tales of sun-dazed travellers mocked by such visions rose in our well-stocked memories.

The chauffeur thought otherwise. "Good! That's a pilgrimage from the mountains. They're going to Salé to pray at the tomb of the *marabout:* to-day is his feast-day."

And so they were! And as we hung on their approach, and speculated as to the chances of their stopping to help, I had time to note the beauty of this long parti-colored train winding toward us under drooping banners. There was something celestial, almost diaphanous, in the hundreds of figures turbaned and draped in white, marching slowly through the hot colorless radiance over the hot colorless sand.

The most part were on foot, or bestriding tiny donkeys, but a stately Caïd rode alone at the end of the line on a horse saddled with crimson velvet; and to him our officer appealed.

The Caïd courteously responded, and twenty or thirty pilgrims were ordered to harness themselves to the motor and haul it back to the trail, while the rest of the procession moved hieratically onward.

I felt scruples at turning from their path even a fraction of this pious company; but they fell to with a saintly readiness, and before long the motor was on the trail. Then rewards were dispensed; and instantly those holy men became a prey to the darkest passions. Even in this land of contrasts the transition from pious serenity to rapacious rage can seldom have been more rapid. The devotees of the *marabout* fought, screamed, tore their garments and rolled over each other with sanguinary gestures in the struggle for our pesetas; then, perceiving our indifference, they suddenly remembered their religious duties, scrambled to their feet, tucked up their flying draperies, and raced after the tail-end of the procession.

Through a golden heat-haze we struggled on to the hills. The country was fallow, and in great part too sandy for agriculture; but here and there we came on one of the deep-set Moroccan rivers, with a reddish-yellow course channelled between perpendicular banks of red earth, and marked by a thin line of verdure that widened to fruit-gardens wherever a village had sprung up. We traversed several of these "sedentary"* villages, *nourwals* of clay houses with thatched conical roofs, in gardens of fig, apricot and pomegranate that must be so many pink and white paradises after the winter rains.

One of these villages seemed to be inhabited entirely by blacks, big friendly creatures who came out to tell us by which trail to reach the bridge over the yellow *oued*. In the *oued* their womenkind were washing the parti-colored family rags. They were handsome blue-bronze creatures, bare to the waist, with tight black astrakhan curls and firmly sculptured legs and ankles; and all around them, like a swarm of gnats, danced countless jolly pickaninnies, naked as lizards, with the spindle legs and globular stomachs of children fed only on cereals.

Half terrified but wholly interested, these infants buzzed about the motor while we stopped to photograph them; and as we watched their antics we won-

*So called to distinguish them from the tent villages of the less settled groups.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dered whether they were the descendants of the little Soudanese boys whom the founder of Meknez, the terrible Sultan Moulay-Ismaël, used to carry off from beyond the Atlas and bring up in his military camps to form the nucleus of the Black Guard which defended his frontiers. We were on the line of travel between Meknez and the sea, and it seemed not unlikely that these *nourwals* were all that remained of scattered outposts of Moulay-Ismaël's legionaries.

After a time we left *oueds* and villages behind us and were in the mountains of the Rarb, toiling across a high sandy plateau. Far off a fringe of vegetation showed promise of shade and water, and at last, against a pale mass of olive-trees, we saw the sight which, at whatever end of the world one comes upon it, wakes the same sense of awe: the ruin of a Roman city.

Volubilis (called by the Arabs the Castle of the Pharaohs) is the only considerable Roman colony so far discovered in Morocco. It stands on the extreme ledge of a high plateau backed by the mountains of the Zerhoun. Below the plateau, the land drops down precipitately to a narrow river-valley green with orchards and gardens, and in the neck of the valley, where the hills meet again, the conical white town of Moulay Idriss, the Sacred City of Morocco, rises sharply against a wooded background.

So the two dominations look at each other across the valley: one, the lifeless Roman ruin, representing a system, an order, a social conception that still run through all our modern ways; the other, the untouched Moslem city, more dead and sucked back into an unintelligible past than any broken architrave of Greece or Rome.

Volubilis seems to have had the extent and wealth of a great military outpost, such as Timgad in Algeria; but in the seventeenth century it was very nearly destroyed by Moulay-Ismaël, the Sultan of the Black Guard, who carried off its monuments piece-meal to build his new capital of Meknez, that Mequinez of contemporary travellers which was held to be one of the wonders of the age.

Little remains to Volubilis in the way of important monuments: only the fragments of a basilica, part of an arch of triumph erected in honour of Caracalla, and the fallen columns and architraves which strew the path of Rome across the world. But its site is magnificent; and as the excavation of the ruins was interrupted by the war it is possible that subsequent search may bring forth other treasures comparable to the beautiful bronze *sloughi* (the African hound) which is now its principal possession.

It was delicious, after seven hours of travel under the African sun, to sit on the shady terrace where the Curator of Volubilis, M. Louis Châtelain, welcomes his visitors. The French Fine Arts have built a charming house with gardens and pergolas for the custodian of the ruins, and have found in M. Châtelain an archæologist so absorbed in his task that, as soon as conditions permit, every inch of soil in the circumference of the city will be made to yield up whatever secrets it hides.

## II

### MOULAY IDRISS

We lingered under the pergolas of Volubilis till the heat grew less intolerable, and then our companions suggested a visit to Moulay Idriss.

Such a possibility had not occurred to us, and even Captain de M. seemed to doubt whether the expedition were advisable. Moulay Idriss was still said to be resentful of Christian intrusion: it was only a year before that the first French officers had entered it.

But M. Châtelain was confident that there would be no opposition to our visit, and with the piled-up terraces and towers of the Sacred City growing golden in the afternoon light across the valley it was impossible to hesitate.

We drove down through an olive-wood as ancient as those of Mitylene and Corfu, and then along the narrowing valley, between gardens luxuriant even in the parched Moroccan autumn. Presently the motor began to climb the steep road to the town, and at a gateway we got out and were met by the native chief of police. Instantly at the high windows of mysterious houses veiled heads appeared and sidelong eyes cautiously inspected us.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the quarter was deserted, and we walked on without meeting any one to the Street of the Weavers, a silent narrow way between low white-washed niches like the cubicles in a convent. In each niche sat a grave white-robed youth, forming a great amphora-shaped grain-basket out of closely plaited straw. Vine-leaves and tendrils hung through the reed roofing overhead, and grape-clusters cast their classic shadow at our feet. It was like walking on the unrolled frieze of a white Etruscan vase patterned with black vine garlands.

The silence and emptiness of the place began to strike us: there was no sign of the Oriental crowd that usually springs out of the dust at the approach of strangers. But suddenly we heard close by the lament of the *rekka* (a kind of long fife), accompanied by a wild thrum-thrum of earthenware drums and a curious excited chanting of men's voices. I had heard such a chant before, at the other end of North Africa, in Kairouan, one of the other great Sanctuaries of Islam, where the sect of the the Aïssaouas celebrate their sanguinary rites in the *Zaouïa** of their confraternity. Yet it seemed incredible that if the Aïssaouas of Moulay Idriss were performing their ceremonies that day the chief of police should be placidly leading us through the streets in the very direction from which the chant was coming. The Moroccan, though he has no desire to get into trouble with the Christian, prefers to be left alone on feast-days, especially in such a stronghold of the faith as Moulay Idriss.

But "Geschehen ist geschehen" is the sum of Oriental philosophy. For centuries Moulay Idriss had held out fanatically on its holy steep; then, suddenly, in 1917, its chiefs saw that the game was up, and surrendered without a pretense of resistance. Now the whole thing was over, the new conditions were accepted, and the chief of police assured us that with the French uniform at our side we should be safe anywhere.

"The Aïssaouas?" he explained. "No, this is another sect, the Hamadchas, who are performing their ritual dance on the feast-day of their patron, the *marabout* Hamadch, whose tomb is in the Zerhoun. The feast is celebrated publicly in the market-place of Moulay Idriss."

As he spoke we came out into the market-place, and understood why there had been no crowd at the gate. All the population was in the square and on the roofs that mount above it, tier by tier, against the wooded hillside: Moulay Idriss had better to do that day than to gape at a few tourists in dust-coats.

Short of Sfax, and the other coast cities of eastern Tunisia, there is surely not another town in North Africa as white as Moulay Idriss. Some are pale blue and pinky yellow, like the Kasbah of Tangier, or cream and blue like Salé; but Tangier and Salé, for centuries continuously subject to European influences, have probably borrowed their colors from Genoa and the Italian Riviera. In the interior of the country, and especially in Morocco, where the whole color-scheme is much soberer than in Algeria and Tunisia, the color of the native houses is always a penitential shade of mud and ashes.

But Moulay Idriss, that afternoon, was as white as if its arcaded square had been scooped out of a big cream cheese. The late sunlight lay like gold-leaf on one side of the square, the other was in pure blue shade; and above it, the crowded roofs, terraces and balconies packed with women in bright dresses looked like a flower-field on the edge of a marble quarry.

The bright dresses were as unusual a sight as the white walls, for the average Moroccan crowd is the color of its houses. But the occasion was a special one, for these feasts of the Hamadchas occur only twice a year, in spring and autumn, and as the ritual dances take place out of doors, instead of being performed inside the building of the confraternity, the feminine population seizes the opportunity to burst into flower on the housetops.

It is rare, in Morocco, to see in the streets or the bazaars any women except of the humblest classes, household slaves, servants, peasants from the country or small tradesmen's wives; and even they (with the exception of the unveiled Berber women) are wrapped in the prevailing grave-clothes. The *filles de joie* and dancing-girls whose brilliant dresses enliven

* Sacred college.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

certain streets of the Algerian and Tunisian towns are invisible, or at least unnoticeable, in Morocco, where life, on the whole, seems so much less gay and brightly-tinted; and the women of the richer classes, mercantile or aristocratic, never leave their harems except to be married or buried. A throng of women dressed in light colors is therefore to be seen in public only when some street festival draws them to the roofs. Even then it is probable that the throng is mostly composed of slaves, household servants, and women of the lower *bourgeoisie;* but as they are all dressed in mauve and rose and pale green, with long earrings and jewelled head-bands flashing through their parted veils, the illusion, from a little distance, is as complete as though they were the ladies in waiting of the Queen of Sheba; and that radiant afternoon at Moulay Idriss, above the vine-garlanded square, and against the background of piled-up terraces, their vivid groups were in such contrast to the usual gray assemblages of the East that the scene seemed like a setting for some extravagantly staged ballet.

For the same reason the spectacle unrolling itself below us took on a blessed air of unreality. Any normal person who has seen a dance of the Aïssaouas and watched them swallow thorns and hot coals, slash themselves with knives, and roll on the floor in epilepsy must have privately longed, after the first excitement was over, to fly from the repulsive scene. The Hamadchas are much more savage than Aïssaouas, and carry much farther their display of cataleptic anæsthesia; and, knowing this, I had wondered how long I should be able to stand the sight of what was going on below our terrace. But the beauty of the setting redeemed the bestial horror. In that unreal golden light the scene became merely symbolical: it was like one of those strange animal masks which the Middle Ages brought down from antiquity by way of the satyr-plays of Greece, and of which the half-human protagonists still grin and contort themselves among the Christian symbols of Gothic cathedrals.

At one end of the square, the musicians stood on a stone platform above the dancers. Like the musicians in a bas-relief they were flattened side by side against a wall, the fife-players with lifted arms and inflated cheeks, the drummers pounding frantically on long earthenware drums shaped like enormous hour-glasses and painted in barbaric patterns; and below, down the length of the market-place, the dance unrolled itself in a frenzied order that would have filled with envy a Paris or London impresario.

In its centre an inspired-looking creature whirled about on his axis, the black ringlets standing out in snaky spirals from his haggard head, his cheek-muscles convulsively twitching. Around him, but a long way off, the dancers rocked and circled with long raucous cries dominated by the sobbing booming music; and in the sunlit space between dancers and holy man, two or three impish children bobbed about with fixed eyes and a grimace of comic frenzy, solemnly parodying his contortions.

Meanwhile a tall grave personage in a doge-like cap, the only calm figure in the tumult, moved gravely here and there, regulating the dance, stimulating the frenzy, or calming some devotee who had broken the ranks and lay tossing and foaming on the stones. There was something far more sinister in this passionless figure, holding his hand on the key that let loose such crazy forces, than in the poor central whirligig who merely set the rhythm of the convulsions.

The dancers were all dressed in white caftans or in the blue shirts of the lowest classes. In the sunlight something that looked like fresh red paint glistened on their shaved black or yellow skulls and made dark blotches on their garments. At first these stripes and stains suggested only a gaudy ritual ornament like the pattern on the drums; then one saw that the paint, or whatever it was, kept dripping down from the whirling caftans and forming fresh pools among the stones; that as one of the pools dried up another formed, redder and more glistening, and that these pools were fed from great gashes which the dancers hacked in their own skulls and breasts with hatchets and sharpened stones. The dance was a blood-rite, a great sacrificial symbol, in which blood flowed so freely that all the rocking feet were splashed with it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gradually, however, it became evident that many of the dancers simply rocked and howled, without hacking themselves, and that most of the bleeding skulls and breasts belonged to negroes. Every now and then the circle widened to let in another figure, black or dark yellow, the figure of some humble blue-shirted spectator suddenly "getting religion" and rushing forward to snatch a weapon and baptize himself with his own blood; and as each new recruit joined the dancers the music shrieked louder and the devotees howled more wolfishly. And still, in the centre, the mad *marabout* spun, and the children bobbed and mimicked him and rolled their diamond eyes.

Such is the dance of the Hamadchas, of the confraternity of the *marabout* Hamadch, a powerful saint of the seventeenth century, whose tomb is in the Zerhoun above Moulay Idriss. Hamadch, it appears, had a faithful slave, who, when his master died, killed himself in despair, and the self-inflicted wounds of the brotherhood are supposed to symbolize the slave's suicide; though no doubt the origin of the ceremony might be traced back to the depths of that ensanguined grove where Mr. Fraser plucked the Golden Bough.

The more naïve interpretation, however, has its advantages, since it enables the devotees to divide their ritual duties into two classes, the devotions of the free men being addressed to the saint who died in his bed, while the slaves belong to the slave, and must therefore simulate his horrid end. And this is the reason why most of the white caftans simply rock and writhe, while the humble blue shirts drip with blood.

The sun was setting when we came down from our terrace above the marketplace. To find a lodging for the night we had to press on to Meknez, where we were awaited at the French military post; therefore we were reluctantly obliged to refuse an invitation to take tea with the Caïd, whose high-perched house commands the whole white amphitheatre of the town. It was disappointing to leave Moulay Idriss with the Hamadchas howling their maddest, and so much besides to see; but as we drove away under the long shadows of the olives we counted ourselves lucky to have entered the sacred town, and luckier still to have been there on the day of the dance which, till a year ago, no foreigner had been allowed to see.

A fine French road runs from Moulay Idriss to Meknez, and we flew on through the dusk between wooded hills and open stretches on which the fires of nomad camps put orange splashes in the darkness. Then the moon rose, and by its light we saw a widening valley, and gardens and orchards that stretched up to a great walled city outlined against the stars.

## III

### MEKNEZ

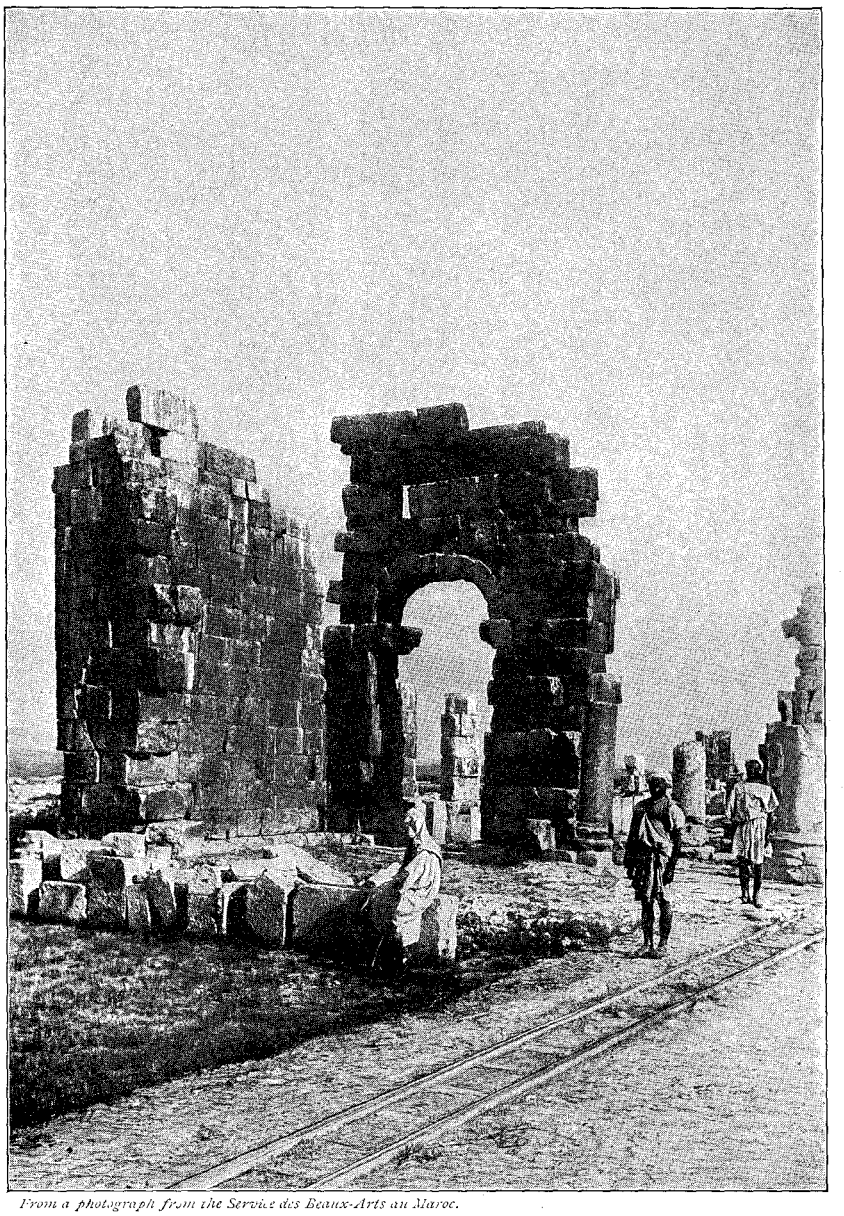
All that evening, from the garden of the Military Subdivision on the opposite height, we sat and looked across at the dark tree-clumps and moonlit walls of Meknez, and listened to its fantastic history.

Meknez was built by the Sultan Moulay-Ismaël, around the nucleus of a small town of which the site happened to please him, at the very moment when Louis XIV was creating Versailles. The coincidence of two contemporary autocrats calling cities out of the wilderness has caused persons with a taste for analogy to describe Meknez as the Versailles of Morocco: an epithet which is about as instructive as it would be to call Phidias the Benvenuto Cellini of Greece.

There is, however, a pretext for the comparison in the fact that the two sovereigns took a lively interest in each other's affairs. Moulay-Ismaël sent several embassies to treat with Louis XIV on the eternal question of piracy and the ransom of Christian captives, and the two rulers were continually exchanging gifts and compliments.

The governor of Tetouan, who was sent to Paris in 1680, having brought as presents to the French King a lion, a lioness, a tigress, and four ostriches, Louis XIV shortly afterward despatched M. de Saint-Amand to Morocco with two dozen watches, twelve pieces of gold brocade, a cannon six feet long and other firearms. After this the relations between the two courts remained friendly till 1693, at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Volubilis.

The western portico of Basilica of Antoninus Pius.

which time they were strained by the refusal of France to return the Moorish captives who were employed on the king's galleys, and who were probably as much needed there as the Sultan's Christian slaves for the building of Moorish palaces.

Six years later the Sultan despatched Abdallah-ben-Aïssa to France to reopen negotiations. The ambassador was as brilliantly received and as eagerly run after as a modern statesman on an official mission, and his candidly expressed admiration for the personal charms of the Princesse de Conti, one of the French monarch's legitimatized children, is sup-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posed to have been mistaken by the court for an offer of marriage from the Emperor of Barbary. But he came back without a treaty.

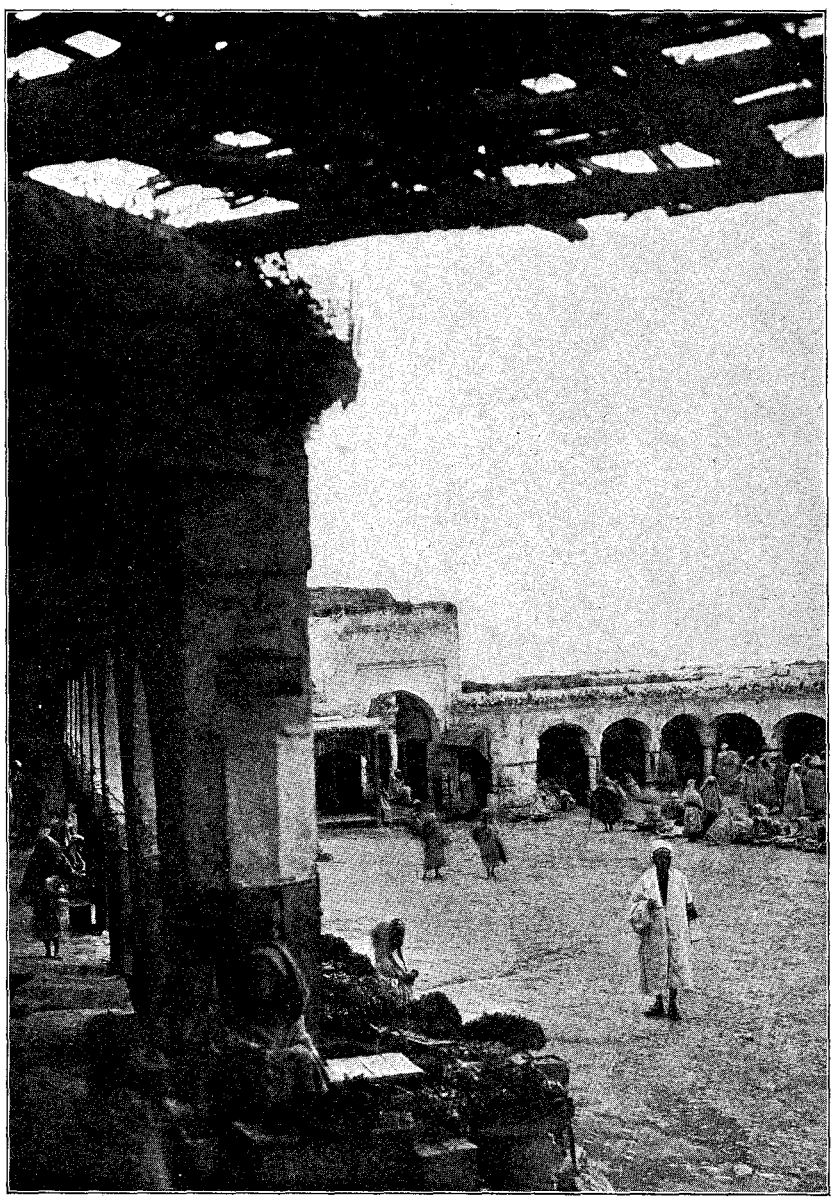
Moulay-Ismaël, whose long reign (1673 to 1727) and extraordinary exploits make him already a legendary figure, conceived, early in his career, a passion for Meknez; and through all his troubled rule, with its alternations of barbaric warfare and far-reaching negotiations, palace intrigue, crazy bloodshed and great administrative reforms, his heart perpetually reverted to the wooded slopes on which he dreamed of building a city more splendid than Fez or Marrakech.

"The Sultan" (writes his chronicler Aboul Kasim-ibn-Ahmad, called "Ez-ziani") "loved Meknez, the climate of which had enchanted him, and he would have liked never to leave it." He left it, indeed, often, left it perpetually, to fight with revolted tribes in the Atlas, to defeat one Berber army after another, to carry his arms across the High Atlas into the Souss, to adorn Fez with the heads of seven hundred vanquished chiefs, to put down his three rebellious brothers, to strip all the cities of his empire of their negroes and transport them to Meknez ("so that not a negro, man, woman or child, slave or free, was left in any part of the country"); to fight and defeat the Christians (1683); to take Tangier, to conduct a campaign on the Moulouya, to lead the holy war against the Spanish (1689), to take Larache, the Spanish commercial post on the west coast (which furnished eighteen hundred captives for Meknez); to lay siege to Ceuta, conduct a campaign against the Turks of Algiers, repress the pillage in his army, subdue more tribes, and build forts for his Black Legionaries from Oudjda to the Oued Noun. But al-

*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Moulay Idriss (9,000 inhabitants).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Moulay Idriss.
The market-place.

most each year's bloody record ends with the placid phrase: "Then the Sultan returned to Meknez."

In the year 1701, Ezziani writes, the indomitable old man "deprived his rebellious sons of their principalities; after which date he consecrated himself exclusively to the building of his palaces and the planting of his gardens. And in 1720 (nineteen years later in this long reign!) he ordered the destruction of the mausoleum of Moulay Idriss for the purpose of enlarging it. And to gain the necessary space he bought all the adjacent land, and the workmen did not leave these new labors till they were entirely completed."

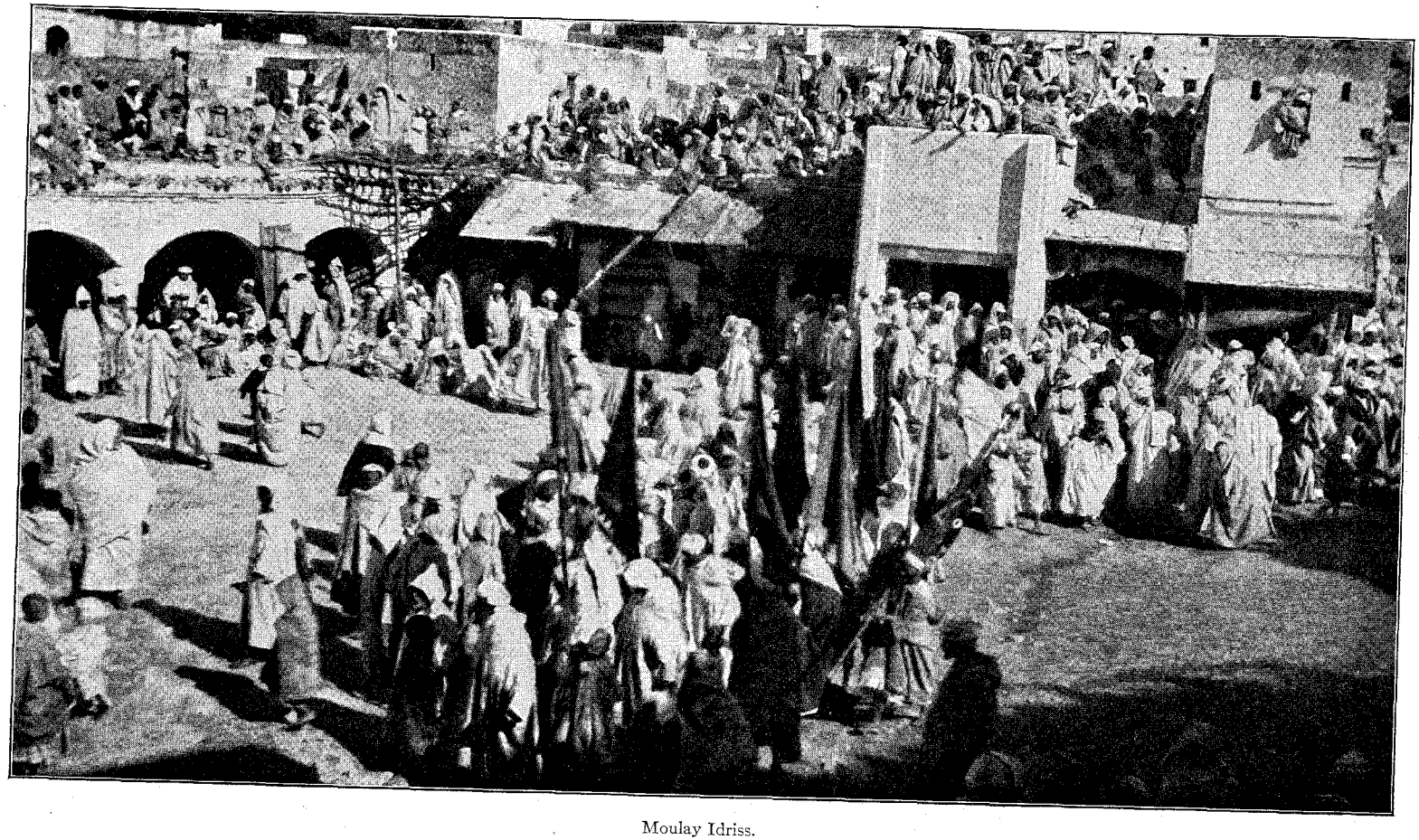


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moulay Idriss.

Market-place on the day of the ritual dance of the Hamadchas.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Moulay Idriss.

The market-place. Procession of the confraternity of the Hamadchas.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In this same year there was levied on Fez a new tax which was so heavy that the inhabitants were obliged to abandon the city.

Yet it is written of this terrible old monarch, who devastated whole districts, and sacrificed uncounted thousands of lives for his ruthless pleasure, that under his administration of his chaotic and turbulent empire "the country rejoiced in the most complete security. A Jew or a woman might travel alone from Oudjda to the Oued Noun without any one's asking their business. Abundance reigned throughout the land: grain, food, cattle were to be bought for the lowest prices. Nowhere in the whole of Morocco was a highwayman or a robber to be found."

And probably both sides of the picture are true.

What, then, was the marvel across the valley, what were the "lordly pleasure-houses" to whose creation and enlargement Moulay-Ismaël returned again and again amid the throes and violences of a nearly centenarian life?

The chronicler continues: "The Sultan caused all the houses near the Kasbah* to be demolished, *and compelled the inhabitants to carry away the ruins of their dwellings.* All the eastern end of the town was also torn down, and the ramparts were rebuilt. He also built the Great Mosque next to the palace of Nasr. . . . He occupied himself personally with the construction of his palaces, and before one was finished he caused another to be begun. He built the mosque of Elakhdar; the walls of the new town were pierced with twenty fortified gates and surmounted with platforms for cannon. Within the walls he made a great artificial lake where one might row in boats. There was also a granary with immense subterranean reservoirs of water, and a stable *three miles long* for the Sultan's horses and mules; twelve thousand horses could be stabled in it. The flooring rested on vaults in which the grain for the horses was stored. . . . He also built the palace of Elmansour, which had twenty cupolas; from the top of each cupola one could look forth on the plain and the mountains around Meknez. All about the stables the rarest trees were planted. Within the walls were fifty palaces, each with its own mosque and its baths. Never was such a thing known in any country, Arab or foreign, pagan or Moslem. The guarding of the doors of these palaces was intrusted to twelve hundred black eunuchs."

*The citadel of old Meknez.

Such were the wonders that seventeenth century travellers toiled across the desert to see, and from which they came back dazzled and almost incredulous, as if half-suspecting that some djinn had deluded them with the vision of a phantom city. But for the soberer European records, and the evidence of the ruins themselves (for the whole of the new Meknez is a ruin), one might indeed be inclined to regard Ezziani's statements as an Oriental fable; but the briefest glimpse of Moulay-Ismaël's Meknez makes it easy to believe all his chronicler tells of it, even to the three miles of stables.

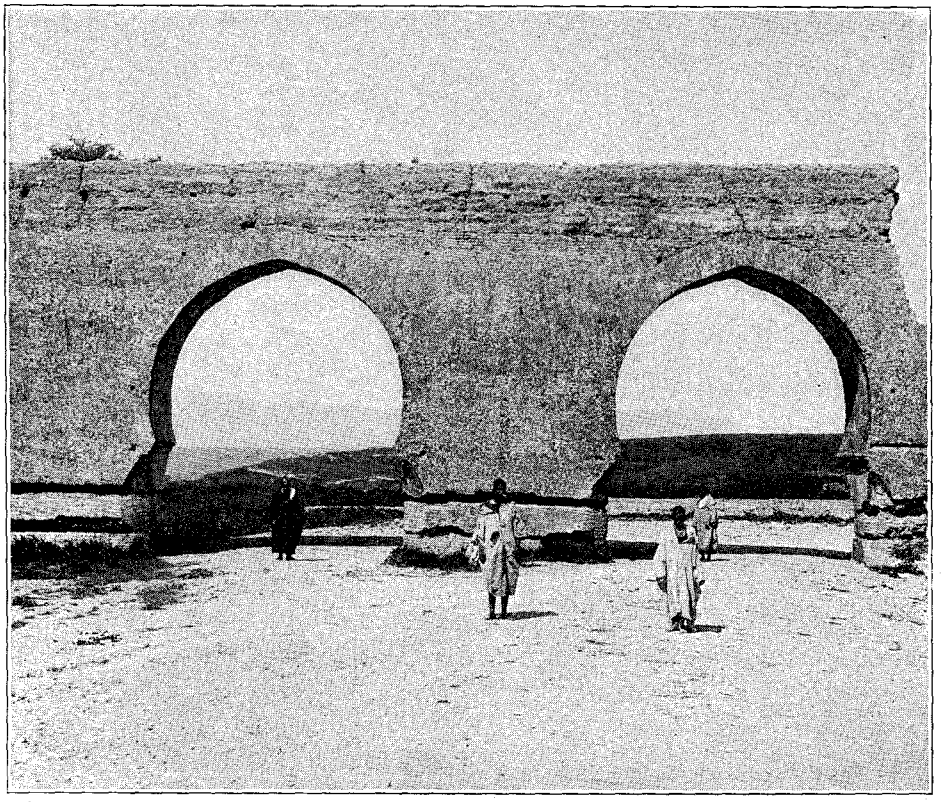
Next morning we drove across the valley and, skirting the old town on the hill, entered, by one of the twenty gates of Moulay-Ismaël, a long empty street lined with half-ruined arcades. Beyond was another street of beaten red earth bordered by high red walls blotched with gray and mauve. Ahead of us this walled road stretched out interminably (Meknez, before Washington, was the "city of magnificent distances"), and down its empty length only one or two draped figures passed mournfully, like shadows on the way to Shadowland. It was clear that the living held no further traffic with the Meknez of Moulay-Ismaël.

Here it was at last. Another great gateway let us, under a resplendently bejewelled arch of turquoise-blue and green, into another walled emptiness of red clay; a third gate opened into still vaster vacancies, and at their farther end rose a colossal red ruin, something like the lower stories of a Roman amphitheatre that should stretch out indefinitely instead of forming a circle, or like a series of Roman aqueducts built side by side and joined into one structure. Below this indescribable ruin the arid ground sloped down to an artificial water which was surely the lake that the Sultan had made for his boating-parties; and beyond it more red earth stretched away to more walls and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gates, with glimpses of abandoned palaces and huge crumbling angle-towers.

The vastness, the silence, the catastrophic desolation of the place, were all the more impressive because of the relatively recent date of the buildings. As Moulay-Ismaël had dealt with Volubilis, so time had dealt with his own Meknez; and the destruction which it had taken archæologists disagree as to the uses of the crypt of rose-flushed clay whose twenty rows of gigantic arches are so like an alignment of Roman aqueducts. Were these the vaulted granaries, or the subterranean reservoirs under the three miles of stabling which housed the twelve thousand horses? The stables, at any rate, were certainly near this spot, for the



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Meknez.

The ruins of the palace of Moulay-Ismaël.

thousands of lash-driven slaves to inflict on the stout walls of the Roman city, neglect and abandonment had here rapidly accomplished. But though the sun-baked clay of which the impatient Sultan built his pleasure-houses will not suffer comparison with the firm stones of Rome, "the high Roman fashion" is visible in the shape and outline of these ruins. What they are no one knows. In spite of Ezziani's text (written when the place was already partly destroyed) lake adjoins the ruins as in the chronicler's description; and between it and old Meknez, behind walls within walls, lie all that remains of the fifty palaces with their cupolas, gardens and mosques and baths.

This inner region is less ruined than the mysterious vaulted structure, and one of the palaces, being still reserved for the present Sultan's use, cannot be visited; but we wandered unchallenged through desert courts, gardens of cypress and olive where dried fountains and painted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

summer-houses are falling into dust, and barren spaces enclosed in long empty façades. It was all the work of an eager and imperious old man, who, to realize his dream quickly, built in perishable materials; but the design, the dimensions, the whole conception, show that he had not only heard of Versailles but had looked with his own eyes on Volubilis.

To build on such a scale, and finish the work in a single lifetime, even if the materials be malleable and the life a long one, implies a command of human labor that the other Sultan at Versailles must have envied. The imposition of the *corvée* was of course even simpler in Morocco than in France, since the material to draw on was unlimited, provided one could assert one's power over it; and for that purpose Ismaël had his Black Army, the hundred and fifty thousand disciplined legionaries who enabled him to enforce his rule over all the wild country from Algiers to Agadir.

The methods by which this army were raised and increased are worth recounting in Ezziani's words:

"A *taleb* * of Marrakech having shown the Sultan a register containing the names of the negroes who had formed part of the army of El Mansour, Moulay-Ismaël ordered his agents to collect all that remained of these negroes and their children. . . . He also sent to the tribes of the Beni-Hasen, and into the mountains, to purchase all the negroes to be found there. Thus all that were in the whole of Moghreb were assembled, from the cities and the countryside, till not one was left, slave or free.

"These negroes were armed and clothed, and sent to Mechra Erremel (north of Meknez) where they were ordered to build themselves houses, plant gardens and remain till their children were ten years old. Then the Sultan caused all the children to be brought to him, both boys and girls. The boys were apprenticed to masons, carpenters, and other tradesmen; others were employed to make mortar. The next year they were taught to drive the mules, the third to make *adobe* for building; the fourth year they learned to ride horses bareback, the fifth they were taught to ride in the saddle while using firearms. At the age of sixteen these boys became soldiers. They were then married to the young negresses who had meanwhile been taught cooking and washing in the Sultan's palaces—except those who were pretty, and these were given a musical education, after which each one received a wedding-dress and a marriage settlement, and was handed over to her husband.

"All the children of these couples were in due time destined for the Black Army, or for domestic service in the palaces. Every year the Sultan went to the camp at Mechra Erremel and brought back the children. The Black Army numbered one hundred and fifty thousand men, of whom part were at Erremel, part at Meknez, and the rest in the seventy-six forts which the Sultan built for them throughout his domain. May the Lord be merciful to his memory!"

Such was the army by means of which Ismaël enforced the *corvée* on his undisciplined tribes. Many thousands of lives went to the building of imperial Meknez; but his subjects would scarcely have sufficed if he had not been able to add to them twenty-five thousand Christian captives.

M. Augustin Bernard, in his admirable book on Morocco, says that the seventeenth century was "the golden age of piracy" in Morocco; and the great Ismaël was no doubt one of its chief promoters. One understands his unwillingness to come to an agreement with his great friend and competitor, Louis XIV, on the difficult subject of the ransom of Christian captives when one reads in the admiring Ezziani that it took fifty-five thousand prisoners and captives to execute his architectural conceptions.

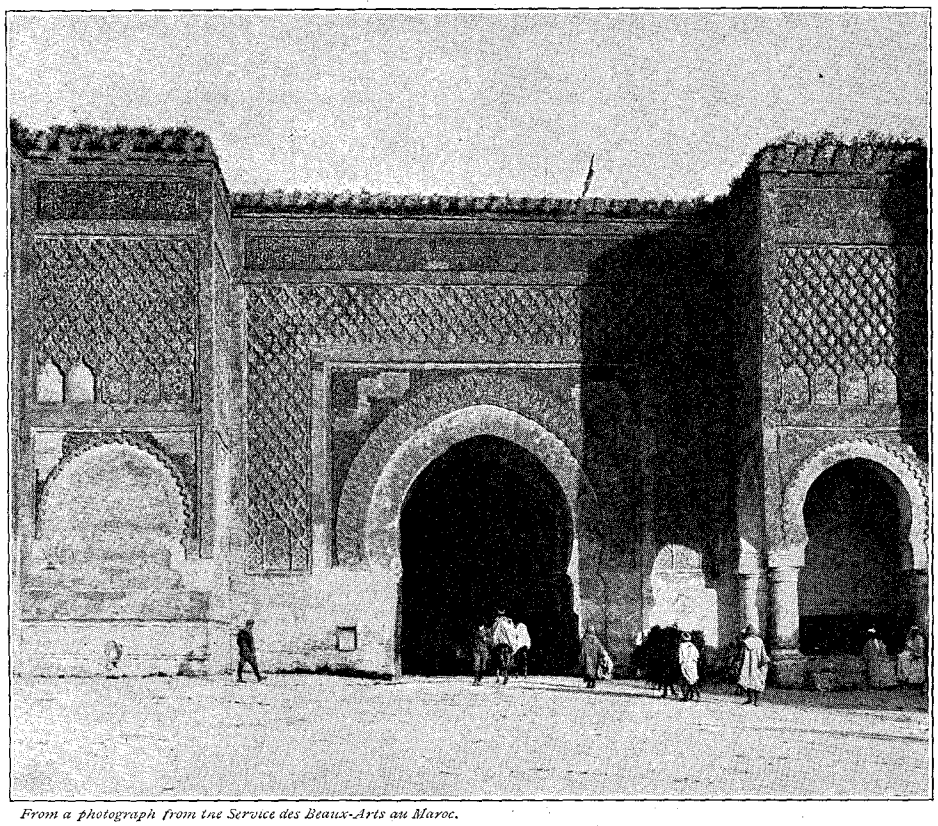
"These prisoners, by day, were occupied on various tasks; at night they were locked into subterranean dungeons. Any prisoner who died at his task was *built into the wall he was building*." (This statement is confirmed by John Windus, the English traveller who visited the court of Moulay-Ismaël in the Sultan's old age.) Many Europeans must have succumbed quickly to the heat and the lash, for the wall-builders were obliged to make each stroke in time with their neighbors, and were bastinadoed mercilessly if they broke

*Learned man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rhythm; and there is little doubt that the expert artisans of France, Italy, and Spain were even dearer to the old architectural madman than the friendship of the palace-building despot across the sea.

Ezziani's chronicle dates from the first part of the nineteenth century, and is an Arab's colorless panegyric of a great Arab ruler; but John Windus, the Englishman who accompanied Commodore Stewart's embassy to Meknez in 1721, saw the imperial palaces and their builder with his own eyes, and described them with the vivacity of a foreigner struck by every contrast.



*From a photograph from the Service des Beaux-Arts au Maroc.*

Meknez.
Gate: "Bab-Mansour."

Moulay-Ismaël was then about eighty-seven years old, "a middle-sized man, who has the remains of a good face, with nothing of a negro's features, though his mother was a black. He has a high nose, which is pretty long from the eyebrows downward, and thin. He has lost all his teeth, and breathes short, as if his lungs were bad, coughs and spits pretty often, which never falls to the ground, men being always ready with handkerchiefs to receive it. His beard is thin and very white, his eyes seem to have been sparkling, but their vigor decayed through age, and his cheeks very much sunk in."

Such was the appearance of this extraordinary man, who deceived, tortured, betrayed, assassinated, terrorized and mocked his slaves, his subjects, his women and children and his ministers like any other half-savage Arab despot, but who yet managed through his long reign to maintain a barbarous empire, to police the wilderness, and give at least an appearance of prosperity and security where all had before been chaos.

The English emissaries appear to have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been much struck by the magnificence of his palaces, then in all the splendor of novelty, and gleaming with marbles brought from Volubilis and Salé. Windus extols in particular the sunken gardens of cypress, pomegranate and orange trees, some of them laid out seventy feet below the level of the palace-courts; the exquisite plaster fretwork; the miles of tessellated walls and pavement made in the finely patterned mosaic work of Fez; and the long terrace walk trellised with "vines and other greens" leading from the palace to the famous stables, and over which it was the Sultan's custom to drive in a chariot drawn by women and eunuchs.

Moulay-Ismaël received the English ambassador with every show of pomp and friendship, and immediately "made him a present" of a handful of young English captives; but just as the negotiations were about to be concluded Commodore Stewart was privately advised that the Sultan had no intention of allowing the rest of the English to be ransomed. Luckily a diplomatically composed letter, addressed by the English envoy to one of the favorite wives, resulted in Ismaël's changing his mind, and the captives were finally given up, and departed with their rescuers. As one stands in the fiery sun, among the monstrous ruins of those tragic walls, one pictures the other Christian captives pausing for a second, at the risk of death, in the rhythmic beat of their labor, to watch the little train of their companions winding away across the desert to freedom.

On the way back through the long streets that lead to the ruins we noticed, lying by the roadside, the shafts of fluted columns, blocks of marble, Roman capitals: fragments of the long loot of Salé and Volubilis. We asked how they came there, and were told that, according to a tradition still believed in the country, when the prisoners and captives who were dragging the building materials toward the palace under the blistering sun heard of the old Sultan's death, they dropped their loads with one accord and fled. At the same moment every worker on the walls flung down his trowel or hod, every slave of the palaces stopped grinding or scouring or drawing water or carrying faggots or polishing the miles of tessellated floors; so that, when the tyrant's heart stopped beating, at that very instant life ceased to circulate in the huge house he had built, and in all its members it became a carcass for his carcass.

[Mrs. Wharton's third article, "Fez," will appear in the September number.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE IMAGE

## By Edward H. Sothern

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER

"IT is mankind that is crucified," said my mate; "mankind! in the person of each individual, common man! Take one such from each of the warring nations. There would be twenty of them, would there not? Lay the dead, tortured, mangled bodies in a row and contemplate them, what can one feel but bitter, fierce, rebellious pity for their agony? Pity for friend and foe alike. Close your eyes, can you not see each separate wretch upon his cross? Each has given his life for an ideal, a dream, and each, perchance, has cried out in his anguish: 'Why hast thou forsaken me?'"

We were awaiting the signal to attack. It wanted but five minutes to the hour. The giant guns had been doing their work of preparation for two nights and a day. Behind the lines we had rehearsed our particular business with minute and exhaustive care. Our objective was a wrecked village beyond the enemy's third line. We had studied every street and every building until we knew them by heart. The village church, as we had learned from our airmen, had been transformed into a fortress. We were to take and hold it at all costs. The morning was dark and misty, and as we stood in our trench, knee-deep in the slush, despite the excitement of the anticipated charge, the blood was chilled.

"Yes," said I. "I suppose the bravest sometimes weaken; but in our stronger moments we must feel that the sacrifice is not in vain. Those who come after will remember. If we win, they will have owed the victory, the redemption, to us."

"And if we fail?" said my friend.

"The manner of our going will teach them how to 'follow on.'"

My companion had but recently joined our regiment—a youngster of twenty-two, fresh from a sedentary occupation in the city of London; the toughening process of his training had not yet inured him to the horrors of war. He had been in action only once since coming to the front, and after the fury of the slaughter was past he had sobbed like a child at the thought of what he had called the



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"murder" he himself had wrought. During the last four days we had discussed constantly that inevitable law of the universe which demands that all evolution, all progress, shall result only from perpetual conflict. My own reading had made me familiar with the philosophers and the metaphysicians, and our dingy dugout had re-echoed with the valiant blows my new acquaintance had delivered against the stubborn doors of experience, fact, natural law, and the deductions of the sages. "Why? Wherefore? To what end?" The madness of war! The fearful contest of the creeds! The rival gods of stone, and gold, and flesh, and spirit! Wherein were the South Sea Islanders less sane than the Christians, who now raised their blood-stained hands aloft in prayers for victory, spending alternate days in praise and massacre?

"Christianity has failed," sighed the new soldier. "The world has relapsed into barbarism. Civilization will be overwhelmed as it has been before. To what end, then, is perfection won from conflict, if the hard-earned result of all our suffering is still the repeated annihilation of our hope?

" 'What are men that He should heed us?' cried the king of sacred song,

" 'Insects of an hour, that hourly work their brother insects wrong.' "

At this juncture a mutual friend, one McMahon, had entered the dugout. He was followed to the door by a number of other men who grasped his hands and hugged him roughly.

"What's the matter?" we asked.

"Victoria Cross!" said several voices, and the coy hero was hauled off to more commodious quarters across the way.

"That's the other side of the question," said I.

"What is?" said my pessimist.

"What that bit of copper stands for."

"What does it stand for?"

"The God that lives in man."

"The God that is born of war?"

"The God that is born of *conflict*."

"Did you ever see the Passion Play?" said my friend.

"I saw it once at Oberammergau," said I.

"Yes, I know," said he. "But it seemed to me so much of a business there, so much of a spectacle in a theatre. I saw it many years ago in a more remote Bavarian village—a place visited by very few tourists."

"Do you mean Oberfells?" said I, for I had a vivid recollection of the place, with its vineyards, its cow-bells, its calvaries, and the circle of snow-covered sentinel mountains; its rushing torrent, whose roar, in the gorge below, only emphasized the sleepy quiet of the tiny hamlet. Just now I recalled too a charnel-house in the church, the walls lined with thousands of skulls and a life-size group of the Nativity in the crypt.

"Yes," said he, "Oberfells. You have been there?"

"I passed a night there while on a walking tour when I was studying art in Munich."

"You speak German, then?"

"Yes, fairly well."

"Did you witness 'The Passion' there?"

"No."

"Well," said my friend, "I happened to be there in 1910. I shall not forget it. The Passion Play was performed amid an awful storm. At Oberfells everything is most primitive and the representation is all the more appealing because of its very simplicity. There is no theatre, no stage, a background of everlasting mountains, and a foreground of sombre rocks and solemn pines—an audience composed entirely of villagers and the neighboring peasants. On that occasion I was the only stranger. The thing is not advertised; the guide-books ignore it, very few persons know about it.

"As I say, there was a fearful storm which burst forth soon after the play began and which raged with fury for two days. The performance was abandoned, the people believing the tempest was an evidence of divine wrath. The peasant who should have appeared as Christus, and who was to have impersonated that character for the first time, was overwhelmed with grief, for he felt that God had pronounced him unworthy. He was a simple creature and would not be comforted.

"As you know, these peasants are brought up to play this and the other characters of the sacred tragedy from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Drawn by W. M. Berger.*

"Each has given his life for an ideal, a dream."—Page 147.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

childhood, selected and ordained. To take part in this rite is the crowning ambition of their lives. This poor lad nearly died of mortification, but was upheld by the assurance that he would live to impersonate the Saviour on the next occasion, in 1915. For at Oberfells the Passion Play is given every five years.

"However, fate has again interposed. You have heard, no doubt, that he has been drafted and sent to the front—*Christ in the trenches!* Think of it! What must this gentle spirit think and feel, who from childhood has shaped every thought and hope to train his soul into the likeness of the Prince of Peace? We said just now: 'Mankind is crucified!' Here is one who wept because fortune had kept him from the cross. I wonder if he has had his will? I wonder if, already, he has found his Calvary?"

The uproar of the guns ceased suddenly. I was about to speak when a sharp whistle cut short my reply. In a moment we were over the top of the trench, a young officer, with a little cane in one hand and a pistol in the other, leading us on. We ran low, men dropping here and there, the machine-guns bidding us welcome. Things happen quickly in a charge. The first thing I knew quite clearly we had fought our way past the third line and were in the village. My friend was on the ground, a bayonet in his shoulder, but he had seized his foe's rifle and held onto it desperately. I struck at his opponent with all my strength. My bayonet entered his side. I withdrew it and struck again. As I did so the man released his own weapon and held both hands crossed—the palms outward—before his face. My bayonet pierced both palms, made an ugly gash on his forehead, and glanced upward. He fell like a log. Meanwhile our men had rushed on and the battle had passed into the heart of the village. I lifted my mate to his feet and tried to drag him to some shelter. His gaze was fixed on his fallen enemy.

"Come on!" I cried.

"Did you hear what he said?"

"What did he say? Come!" and I struggled to force him on.

"As he lay there, he said: '*Father, forgive them.*' I must go back. I can't leave him there."

At this moment a crowd of our men swept us forward. The enemy attacked on our flank. My pal forgot his wound and we both fought like madmen. The lust to kill is like a mighty hunger and we fed our fill. The church was defended obstinately, but after about twenty minutes we were in it, a panting, blood-stained, reeking lot of conquerors.

The great guns had created havoc. The place was in ruins. As so often happened in this war, the figures of the saints, although fallen, remained intact, unbroken. In this instance, however, the life-size image of the Christ had been torn loose from the nails which had held it and stood among the scattered masonry upon the ground strangely poised with three other figures, the head bent as though looking down upon the vacant cross, a huge instrument at least ten feet high, made of walnut, which, torn down, reclined at an angle on the steps of the altar.

For half an hour we defended the church from counter-attacks. Then the fight died down and our men began to establish the guns and consolidate our position.

It was toward evening of this winter day when the injured were gathered into the various dilapidated buildings. My mate, hit in the legs as well as in the shoulder, lay near the chancel of the church among the long rows of wounded friends and enemies.

I was busy with some first aid when the stretcher-bearers brought in a German soldier and put him down against the broken column opposite. The man was conscious, but his eyes were wild with fever. A lantern which hung over his head showed a great gash on his brow; blood streamed from his side, and both hands were pierced through. His face was livid and his great dark eyes looked like the eyes of a wounded deer. His hair was wet with blood and his thin auburn beard completed his resemblance to One whose effigy we well knew.

We looked at him spellbound.

"They know not what they do," said the wounded man, and he continued to mutter brokenly in German.

My mate seized my hand in both of his. "It is the Christus!" said he.

Stretcher-bearers were now taking the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disabled back to the ambulances behind our lines. I was unhurt and, after I had done what I could to make my pal comfortable, I went over to my late opponent and tried to help him. It was evident that his mind was wandering. In the shattered, roofless church; the feeble glimmer of some half-dozen lanterns; the three figures of the fallen saints supporting, upright, the image of Christ, which, with bowed head crowned with thorns, arms outstretched, and pierced hands,

"The storm! . . . It is God's anger!"

ghostly light of the lamp his eyes shone with madness.

The dreadful thunder of the guns had begun again—a barrage of terror to keep the enemy from bringing up reserves.

"The storm!" whispered the wounded Christus. "It is God's anger! I am not worthy of the cross."

My mate sat propped against the pillar opposite, gazing pale and fascinated; other wounded men, British and German, leaned toward the strange figure. The looked down upon the overthrown cross as though he saw thereon some vision of as great a sacrifice; the crashes of the distant cannonade; the groans of the dying—I see and hear all this now as clearly as I saw and heard it then.

"Hush!" said one. "He is speaking"; and through the turmoil Christus spoke, while the crowd listened.

Now he was again a boy in his little village, now learning his father's craft as a potter, now the sweet secrets of a child-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ish courtship made men turn away as though they should not hear. Now he is selected to impersonate the Saviour of the world, and is ordained with simple rites and solemn prayer. His voice grows stronger as he speaks broken and detached sentences of the rôle which he studied from boyhood until the great day when the village gathers to see the new Christus. Then the guns burst forth again; and again he cries: "The storm! The storm! I am not worthy of the cross." Now is he taken from his cottage and taught the soldier's trade, and now he cries to God for pity that he too has learned the lust of blood and killed, and killed, and killed. "Not peace!" he cries. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword!"

A signal-rocket from without sent a flash of weird light through the shattered roof. The delirious man sprang to his feet and in an instant was standing before the group of fallen images. He stood in front of the ruined altar, at the foot of the prostrate cross, his arms upraised. Many of the disabled men staggered to their feet, most of them still bleeding from fearful wounds; others lifted themselves on their elbows or struggled to their knees. Above them upon the elevated platform Christus confronted the saints.

"The graves were opened!" he cried. "The graves were opened! and the saints which slept awoke!" And again he cried: "The sun was darkened and the veil of heaven was rent!"

Even as he spoke a shell fell in front of the chancel, a fearful explosion shook the ruined building. When the smoke cleared away many poor wretches had paid the last tribute of devotion. Those who yet lived looked toward the altar. There, stretched upon the huge cross, every shred of clothing torn from his body by the bursting shell, lay the dead Christus of Oberfells, his arms extended upon the beam, a red flood flowing from his side, the pierced palms near the cruel nails where Christ's had been. The saints stood by unharmed and He still gazed where He, Himself, had hung in agony.

The cries of dying men rent the air, the living clung together on their knees, my mate and I were kneeling side by side. He threw his arms about me, trembling.

"It is mankind!" he cried—and he pointed to the naked figure on the cross—"Mankind! Mankind is crucified!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE SWALLOW

## BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY N. C. WYETH

THE Château Frontenac at Quebec is a turreted pile of masonry wandering down the cliff over the very cellars of the ancient Castle of St. Louis. A twentieth-century hotel, it simulates well a mediæval fortress and lifts against the cold blue northern sky an atmosphere of history. Old voices whisper about its towers and sound above the clanging hoofs in its paved court; deathless names are in the wind which blows from the "fleuve," the great St. Lawrence River far below. Jacques Cartier's voice was heard hereabouts away back in 1539, and after him others, Champlain and Frontenac and Father Jogues and Mother Marie of the Conception and Montcalm—upstanding fighting men and heroic women and hardy discoverers of New France walked about here once, on the "Rock" of Quebec; there is romance here if anywhere on earth. To-day a new knighthood hails that past. Uniforms are thick in steep streets; men are wearing them with empty sleeves, on crutches, or maybe whole of body yet with racked faces which register a hell lived through. Canada guards heroism of many vintages, from four hundred years back through the years to Wolfe's time, and now a new harvest. Centuries from now children will be told, with the story of Cartier, the tale of Vimy Ridge, and while the Rock stands the records of Canadians in France will not die.

Always when I go to the Château I get a table, if I can, in the smaller dining-room. There the illusion of antiquity holds through modern luxury; there they have hung about the walls portraits of the worthies of old Quebec; there Samuel Champlain himself, made into bronze and heroic of size, aloft on his pedestal on the terrace outside, lifts his plumed hat and stares in at the narrow windows, turning his back on the river and the lower city. One disregards waiters in swallow-tails and up-to-date table appointments, and one looks at Champlain and the "fleuve," and the Isle d'Orléans lying long and low, and one thinks of little ships, storm-beaten, creeping up to this grim bigness ignorant of continental events trailing in their wake.

I was on my way to camp in a club a hundred miles north of the gray-walled town when I drifted into the little dining-room for dinner one night in early September in 1918. The head-waiter was an old friend; he came to meet me and piloted me past a tableful of military color, four men in service uniforms.

"Some high officers, sir," spoke the head-waiter. "In conference here, I believe. There's a French officer, and an English, and our Canadian General Sampson, and one of your generals, sir."

I gave my order and sat back to study the group. The waiter had it straight; there was the horizon-blue of France; there was the Englishman tall and lean and ruddy and expressionless and handsome; the Canadian more of our own cut, with a mobile, alert face. The American had his back to me and all I could see was an erect carriage, a brown head going to gray and the one star of a brigadier-general on his shoulders. The beginnings of my dinner went fast, but after soup there was a lull before greater food, and I paid attention again to my neighbors. They were talking in English.

"A Huron of Lorette—does that mean a full-blooded Indian of the Huron tribe, such as one reads of in Parkman?" It was the Englishman who asked, responding to something I had not heard.

"There's no such animal as a full-blooded Huron," stated the Canadian. "They're all French-Indian half-breeds now. Lorette's an interesting scrap of history just the same. You know your Parkman? You remember how the Iro-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quois followed the defeated Hurons as far as the Isle d'Orléans, out there?" He nodded toward where the big island lay in the darkness of the St. Lawrence. "Well, what was left after that chase took refuge fifteen miles north of Quebec, and founded what became and has stayed the village of Indian Lorette. There are now about five or six hundred people, and it's a nation. Under its own laws, dealing by treaty with Canada, not subject to draft, for instance. Queer, isn't it? They guard their identity vigilantly. Every one, man or woman, who marries into the tribe, as they religiously call it, is from then on a Huron. And only those who have Huron blood may own land in Lorette. The Hurons were, as Parkman put it, 'the gentlemen of the savages,' and the tradition lasts. The half-breed of to-day is a good sort, self-respecting and brave, not progressive, but intelligent, with pride in his inheritance, his courage, and woodscraft."

The Canadian, facing me, spoke distinctly and much as Americans speak; I caught every word. But I missed what the French general threw back rapidly. I wondered why the Frenchman should be excited. I myself was interested because my guides, due to meet me at the club station to-morrow, were all half-breed Hurons. But why the French officer? What should a Frenchman of France know about backwaters of Canadian history? And with that he suddenly spoke slowly, and I caught several sentences of incisive if halting English.

"Zey are to astonish, ze Indian Hurong. For ze sort of work special-ment, as like scouting on a stomach. Qu-vick, ver' qu-vick, and ver' quiet. By dark places of danger. One sees zat nozzing at all af-frightens zose Hurongs. Also zey are alike snakes, one cannot catch zem—zey slide; zey are slippy. To me it is to admire zat courage most—personnel—selfeesh—because an Hurong safe my life dere is six mont', when ze Boches make ze drive of ze mont' of March."

At this moment food arrived in a flurry of waiters and I lost what came after. But I had forgotten the Château Frontenac; I had forgotten the group of officers, serious and responsible, who sat on at the next table. I had forgotten even the war. A word had sent my mind roaming. "Huron!" Memory and hope at that repeated word rose and flew away with me. Hope first. To-morrow I was due to drop civilization and its tethers.

"Allah does not count the days spent out of doors." In Walter Pater's story of "Marius the Epicurean" one reads of a Roman country-seat called "Ad Vigilias Albas," "White Nights." A sense of dreamless sleep distils from the name. One remembers such nights, and the fresh world of the awakening in the morning. There are such days. There are days which ripple past as a night of sleep and leave a worn brain at the end with the same satisfaction of renewal; white days. Crystal they are, like the water of streams, as musical and eventless; as elusive of description as the ripple over rocks or brown pools foaming.

The days and months and years of a life race with accelerating pace and youth goes and age comes as the days race, but one is not older for the white days. The clock stops, the blood runs faster, furrows in gray matter smooth out, time forgets to put in tiny crow's-feet and the extra gray hair a day, or to withdraw by the hundredth of an ounce the oxygen from the veins; one grows no older for the days spent out of doors. Allah does not count them.

It was days like these which hope held ahead as I paid earnest attention to the good food set before me. And behold, beside the pleasant vision of hope rose a happy-minded sister called memory. She took the word "Huron," this kindly spirit, and played magic with it, and the walls of the Château rolled into rustling trees and running water.

I was sitting, in my vision, in flannel shirt and knickerbockers, on a log by a little river, putting together fishing-tackle and casting an eye, off and on, where rapids broke cold over rocks and whirled into foam-flecked, shadowy pools. There should be trout in those shadows.

"Take the butt, Rafael, while I string the line."

Rafael slipped across—still in my vision of memory—and was holding my rod as a rod should be held, not too high or too low, or too far or too near—right. He was an old Huron, a chief of Indian

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lorette, and woodscraft was to him as breathing.

"A varry light rod," commented Rafael in his low voice which held no tones out of harmony with water in streams or wind in trees. "A varry light, good rod," paying meanwhile strict attention to his job. "M'sieur go haf a luck to-day. I t'ink m'sieur go catch a beeg feesh on dat river. Water high enough—not too high. And cold." He shivered a little. "Cold last night—varry cold nights begin now. Good hun-ting wedder."

"Have you got a moose ready for me on the little lake, Rafael? It's the 1st of September next week and I expect you to give me a shot before the 3d."

Rafael nodded. "*Oui*, m'sieur. First day." The keen-eyed, aquiline old face was as of a prophet. "We go get moose first day. I show you." With that the laughter-loving Frenchman in him flooded over the Indian hunter; for a second the two inheritances played like colors in shot silk, producing an elusive fabric, Rafael's charm. "If nights get so colder, m'sieur go need moose-skin keep him warm."

I was looking over my flies now, the book open before me, its fascinating pages of color more brilliant than an old missal, and maybe as filled with religion—the peace of God, charity which endureth, love to one's neighbor. I chose a Parmachene Belle for hand-fly, always good in Canadian waters. "A moose-skin hasn't much warmth, has it Rafael?"

The hunter was back, hawk-eyed. "But yes, m'sieur. Moose-skin one time safe me so I don' freeze to death. But it hol' me so tight so I nearly don' get loose in de morning."

"What do you mean?" I was only half listening, for a brown hackle and a Montreal were competing for the middle place on my cast, and it was a vital point. But Rafael liked to tell a story, and had come by now to a confidence in my liking to hear him. He flashed a glance to gather up my attention, and cleared his throat and began: "Dat was one time—I go on de woods—hunt wid my fader-in-law—*mon beau-père*. It was mont' of March—and col'—but ver' col' and wet. So it happen we separate, my fader-in-law and me, to hunt on both side of large enough river. And I kill moose. What, m'sieur? What sort of gun? Yes. It was rifle—what one call flint-lock. Large round bore. I cast dat beeg ball myself, what I kill dat moose. Also it was col'. And so it happen my matches got wet, but yes, ev-very one. So I couldn' buil' fire. I was tired, yes, and much col'. I t'ink in my head to hurry and skin dat moose and wrap myself in dat skin and go sleep on de snow because if not I would die, I was so col' and so tired. I do dat. I skin heem—*je le plumait*—de beeg moose—beeg skin. Skin all warm off moose; I wrap all around me and dig hole and lie down on deep snow and draw skin over head and over feet, and fol' arms, so—" Rafael illustrated— "and I hol' it aroun' wid my hands. And I get warm right away, warm as bread toast. So I been slippy, and heavy wid tired, and I got comfortable in dat moose-skin and I go aslip quick. I wake up early on morning, and dat skin got froze tight, like box made on wood, and I hol' in dat wid my arms fol' so, and my head down so—" illustrations again—"and I can't move, not one inch. No. What, m'sieur? Yes, I was enough warm, me. But I lie lak dat and can't move, and I t'ink somet'ing. I t'ink I got die lak dat, in moose-skin. If no sun come, I did got die. But dat day sun come and be warm, and moose-skin melt lil' bit, slow, and I push lil' bit wid shoulder, and after while I got ice broke, on moose-skin, and I crawl out. Yes. I don' die yet."

Rafael's chuckle was an amen to his saga, and at once, with one of his lightning changes, he was austere.

"M'sieur go need beeg trout to-night; not go need moose-skin till nex' wik. Ze rod is ready take feesh. I see feesh jump by ole log. Not much room to cast, but m'sieur can do it. Shall I carry rod down to river for m'sieur?"

In not so many words as I have written, but in clear pictures which comprehended the words, Memory, that temperamental goddess of moods, had, at the prick of the word "Huron," shaken out this soft-colored tapestry of the forest, and held it before my eyes. And as she withdrew this one, others took its place and at length I was musing profoundly, as I put more of something on my plate and tucked it away into my anatomy. I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mused about Rafael, the guide of sixty, who had begun a life of continued labor at eight years; I considered the undying Indian in him; how with the father who was "French of Picardy"—the white blood being a pride to Rafael—he himself, yes and the father also, for he had married a *sauvagess*, a Huron woman—had belonged to the tribe and were accounted Hurons; I considered Rafael's proud carriage, his good head and well-cut face, his Indian austerity and his French mirth weaving in and out of each other; I considered the fineness and the fearlessness of his spirit, which long hardship had not blunted; I reflected on the tales he had told me of a youth forced to fight the world. "*On a vu de la misère*," Rafael had said: "One has seen trouble"—shaking his head, with lines of old suffering emerging from the reserve of his face like writing in sympathetic ink under heat. And I marvelled that through such fire, out of such neglect, out of lack of opportunity and bitter pressure, the steel of a character should have been tempered to gentleness and bravery and honor.

For it was a very splendid old boy who was cooking for me and greasing my boots and going off with me after moose; putting his keen ancestral instincts of three thousand years at my service for three dollars a day. With my chances would not Rafael have been a bigger man than I? At least never could I have achieved that grand air, that austere repose of manner which he had got with no trouble at all from a line of unwashed but courageous old bucks, thinking highly of themselves for untold generations, and killing everything which thought otherwise. I laughed all but aloud at this spot in my meditations, as a special vision of Rafael rose suddenly, when he had stated, on a day, his views of the great war. He talked plain language about the Germans. He specified why he considered the nation a disgrace to humanity—most people, not German, agree on the thesis and its specifications. Then the fire of his ancient fighting blood blazed through restraint of manner. He drew up his tall figure, slim-waisted, deep-shouldered, every inch sliding muscle. "I am too old to go on first call to army," said Rafael. "Zey will not take me. Yes, and on second call. Maybe zird time. But if time come when army take me—I go. If I may kill four Germans I will be content," stated Rafael concisely. And his warrior forebears would have been proud of him as he stated it.

My reflections were disturbed here by the American general at the next table. He was spoken to by his waiter and shot up and left the room, carrying, however, his napkin in his hand so that I knew he was due to come back. A half sentence suggested a telephone. I watched the soldierly back with plenty of patriotic pride; this was the sort of warrior my country turned out now by tens of thousands. With that he returned and as I looked up into his face, behold it was Fitzhugh.

My chair went banging as I sprang toward him. "Jim!"

And the general's calm dignity suddenly was the radiant grin of the boy who had played and gone to school and stolen apples with me for long bright years—the boy lost sight of these last years of his in the army. "Dave!" he cried out. "Old Davy Cram!" And his arm went around my shoulder regardless of the public. "My word, but I'm glad!" he sputtered. And then: "Come and have dinner—finish having it. Come to our table." He slewed me about and presented me to the three others.

In a minute I was installed, to the pride of my friend the head-waiter, at military headquarters, next to Fitzhugh and the Frenchman. A compact résumé of personal history between Fitzhugh and myself over, I turned to the blue figure on my left hand, Colonel Raffré of the French army. On his broad chest hung thrilling bits of color, not only the bronze war-cross, with its dark-green watered ribbon striped with red, but the blood-red ribbon of the "Great Cross" itself—the cross of the Legion of Honor. I spoke to him in French, which happens to be my second mother tongue, and he met the sound with a beaming welcome.

"I don't do English as one should," he explained in beautiful Parisian. "No gift of tongues in my kit, I fear; also I'm a bit embarrassed at practising on my friends. It's a relief to meet some one who speaks perfectly French, as m'sieur."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M'sieur was gratified not to have lost his facility. "But my ear is getting slower," I said. "For instance, I eavesdropped a while ago when you were talking about your Huron soldiers, and I got most of what you said because you spoke English. I doubt if I could if you'd been speaking French."

The colonel shrugged massive shoulders. "My English is defective but distinct," he explained. "One is forced to speak slowly when one speaks badly. Also the Colonel Chichely"—the Britisher—"it is he at whom I talk carefully. The English ear, it is not imaginative. One must make things clear. You know the Hurons, then?"

I explained.

"Ah!" he breathed out. "The men in my command had been, some of them, what you call guides. They got across to France in charge of troop horses on the ships; then they stayed and enlisted. Fine soldier stuff. Hardy, and of resource and of finesse. Quick and fearless as wildcats. They fit into one niche of the war better than any other material. You heard the story of my rescue?"

I had not. At that point food had interfered, and I asked if it was too much that the colonel should repeat.

"By no means," agreed the polite colonel, ready, moreover, I guessed, for any amount of talk in his native tongue. He launched an epic episode. "I was hit leading, in a charge, two battalions. I need not have done that," another shrug—"but what will you? It was snowing; it was going to be bad work; one could perhaps put courage into the men by being at their head. It is often the duty of an officer to do more than his duty—*n'est-ce-pas?* So that I was hit in the right knee and the left shoulder, *par exemple*, and fell about six yards from the German trenches. A place unhealthy, and one sees I could not run away, being shot on the bias. I shammed dead. An alive French officer would have been too interesting in that scenery. I assure m'sieur that the *entr'actes* are far too long in No Man's Land. I became more and more displeased with the management of that play as I lay, very badly amused with my wounds, and afraid to blink an eye, being a corpse. The Huns demand a high state of immobility in corpses. But I fell happily sidewise, and out of the extreme corner of the left eye I caught a glimpse of our sand-bags. One blessed that twist, though it became enough *ennuyant*, and one would have given a year of good life to turn over. Merely to turn over. Am I fatiguing m'sieur?" the colonel broke in.

I prodded him back eagerly into his tale.

"M'sieur is amiable. The long and short of it is that when it became dark my good lads began to try to rescue my body. Four or five times that one-twentieth of a corner of my eye saw a wriggling form work through sand-bags and start slowly, flat to the earth, toward me. But the ground was snow-covered and the Germans saw too the dark uniform. Each time a fusillade of shots broke out, and the moving figure dropped hastily behind the sand-bags. And each time—" the colonel stopped to light a cigarette, his face ruddy in the glare of the match. "Each time I was—disappointed. I became disgusted with the management of that theatre, till at last the affair seemed beyond hope, and I had about determined to turn over and draw up my bad leg with my good hand for a bit of easement and be shot comfortably, when I was aware that the surface of the ground near by was heaving—the white, snowy ground heaving. I was close enough to madness between cold and pain, and I regarded the phenomenon as a dream. But with that hands came out of the heaving ground, eyes gleamed. A rope was lashed about my middle and I was drawn toward our trenches." The cigarette puffed vigorously at this point. "M'sieur sees?"

I did not.

The colonel laughed. "One of my Hurons had the inspiration to run to a farmhouse not far away and requisition a sheet. He wrapped himself in it, head and all, and, being Indian, it was a bagatelle to him to crawl out on his stomach. They were pleased enough, my good fellows, when they found they had got not only my body but also me in it."

"I can imagine, knowing Hurons, how that Huron enjoyed his success," I said. "It's in their blood to be swift and silent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and adventurous. But they're superstitious; they're afraid of anything supernatural." I hesitated, with a laugh in my mind at a memory. "It's not fitting that I should swap stories with a hero of the Great War, yet—I believe you might be amused with a story of one of my guides." The Frenchman, all civil interest, disclaimed his heroism with hands and shoulders, but smiling too—for he had small chance at disclaiming with those two crosses on his breast.

"I shall be enchanted to hear m'sieur's tale of his guide. For the rest I am myself quite mad over the 'sport.' I love to insanity the out of doors and shooting and fishing. It is a regret that the service has given me no opportunity these four years for a breathing spell in the woods. M'sieur will tell me the tale of his guide's superstition?"

A scheme began to form in my brain at that instant too delightful, it seemed, to come true. I put it aside and went on with my story. "I have one guide, a Huron half-breed," I said, "whom I particularly like. He's an old fellow—sixty—but light and quick and powerful as a boy. More interesting than a boy, because he's full of experiences. Two years ago a bear swam across the lake where my camp is, and I went out in a canoe with this Rafael and got him."

Colonel Raffré made of this fact an event larger than—I am sure—he would have made of his winning of the war-cross.

"You shame me, colonel," I said, and went on hurriedly. "Rafael, the guide, was pleased about the bear. 'When gentlemens kill t'ings, guides is more happy,' he explained to me, and he proceeded to tell an anecdote. He prefaced it by informing me that one time he hunt bear and he see devil. He had been hunting, it seemed, two or three winters before with his brother-in-law at the head-waters of the St. Maurice River, up north there," I elucidated, pointing through the window toward the "long white street of Beauport," across the St. Lawrence. "It's very lonely country, entirely wild, Indian hunting-ground yet. These two Hurons, Rafael and his brother-in-law, were on a two months' trip to hunt and trap, having their meagre belongings and provisions on sleds which they dragged across the snow. They depended for food mostly on what they could trap or shoot—moose, caribou, beaver, and small animals. But they had bad luck. They set many traps but caught nothing, and they saw no game to shoot. So that in a month they were hard pressed. One cold day they went two miles to visit a beaver trap, where they had seen signs. They hoped to find an animal caught and to feast on beaver tail, which is good eating."

Here I had to stop and explain much about beaver tails, and the rest of beavers, to the Frenchman, who was interested like a boy in this new, almost unheard-of beast. At length:

"Rafael and his brother-in-law were disappointed. A beaver had been close and eaten the bark off a birch stick which the men had left, but nothing was in the trap. They turned and began a weary walk through the desolate country back to their little tent. Small comfort waited for them there, as their provisions were low, only flour and bacon left. And they dared not eat much of that. They were downhearted, and to add to it a snow-storm came on and they lost their way. Almost a hopeless situation—an uninhabited country, winter, snow, hunger. And they were lost. '*Egaré. Perdu*,' Rafael said. But the Huron was far from giving up. He peered through the falling snow, not thick yet, and spied a mountain across a valley. He knew that mountain. He had worked near it for two years, logging—the *chantier*, they call it. He knew there was a good camp on a river near the mountain, and he knew there would be a stove in the camp and, as Rafael said, 'Mebbe we haf a luck and somebody done gone and lef' somet'ing to eat.' Rafael prefers to talk English to me. He told me all this in broken English.

"It was three miles to the hypothetical camp, but the two tired, hungry men in their rather wretched clothes started hopefully. And after a hard tramp through unbroken forest they came in sight of a log shanty and their spirits rose. 'Pretty tired work,' Rafael said it was. When they got close to the shanty they heard a noise, something moving inside. They halted and looked at each other. Rafael knew there were no loggers in these parts now, and you'll remember it was absolutely wild country. The men were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

startled. Then something came to the window and looked out."

"*Something?*" repeated the Frenchman in italics. His eyes were wide and he was as intent on Rafael's story as heart could desire.

"They couldn't tell what it was," I went on. "A formless apparition, not exactly white or black, and huge and unknown of likeness. The Indians were frightened by a manner of unearthliness about the thing, and the brother-in-law fell on his knees and began to pray. 'It is the devil,' he murmured to Rafael. 'He will eat us, or carry us to hell.' And he prayed more.

"But old Rafael, scared to death, too, because the thing seemed not to be of this world, yet had his courage with him. 'Mebbe it devil,' he said—such was his report to me—'anyhow I'm cold and hungry, me. I want dat camp. I go shoot dat devil.'

"He crept up to the camp alone, the brother still praying in the bush. Rafael was rather convinced, mind you, that he was going to face the powers of darkness, but he had his rifle loaded and was ready for business. The door was open and he stepped inside. Something—'great beeg somet'ing' he put it—rose up and came at him, and he fired. And down fell the devil."

"In the name of a sacred pig, what was it?" demanded my Frenchman.

"That was what I asked. It was a bear. The men who had been logging in the camp two months back had left a keg of maple-syrup and a half barrel of flour, and the bear broke into both—successively—and alternately. He probably thought he was in bear-heaven for a while, but it must have gotten irksome. For his head was eighteen inches wide when they found him, white, with black touches. They soaked him in the river two days, and sold his skin for twenty dollars. 'Pretty good for devil skin,' Rafael said."

The Frenchman stared at me a moment and then leaned back in his chair and shouted with laughter. The greedy bear's finish had hit his funny-bone. And the three others stopped talking and demanded the story told over, which I did, condensing.

"I like zat Hurong for my soldier," Colonel Raffré stated heartily. "Ze man what are not afraid of man *or* of devil—zat is ze man to fight ze Boches." He was talking English now because Colonel Chichely was listening. He went on. "Zere is human devils—oh, but plentee—what we fight in France. I haf not heard of ozzers. But I believe well ze man who pull me out in sheet would be as your guide Rafael—he also would creep up wiz his rifle on real devil out of hell. But yes. I haf not told you how my Indian soldier bring in prisoners—no?"

We all agreed no, and put in a request.

"He brings zem in not one by one always—not always." The colonel grinned. He went on to tell this tale, which I shift into the vernacular from his laborious English.

It appears that he had discerned the aptitude of his Hurons for reconnaissance work. If he needed information out of the dangerous country lying in front, if he needed a prisoner to question, these men were eager to go and get either, get anything. The more hazardous the job the better, and for a long time they came out of it untouched. In the group one man—nicknamed by the poilus, his comrades,—Hirondelle—the Swallow—supposedly because of his lightness and swiftness, was easily chief. He had a fault, however, his dislike to bring in prisoners alive. Four times he had haled a German corpse before the colonel, seeming not rightly to understand that a dead enemy was useless for information.

"The Boches are good killing," he had elucidated to his officer. And finally: "It is well, m'sieur, the colonel. One failed to understand that the colonel prefers a live Boche to a dead one. Me, I am otherwise. It appears a pity to let live such vermin. Has the colonel, by chance, heard the things these savages did in Belgium? Yes? But then— Yet I will bring to m'sieur, the colonel, all there is to be desired of German prisoners alive—*en vie;* fat ones; *en masse.*"

That night Hirondelle was sent out with four of his fellow Hurons to get, if possible, a prisoner. Pretty soon he was separated from the others; all but himself returning empty-handed in a couple of hours. No Germans seemed to be abroad. But Hirondelle did not return.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He risks too far," grumbled his captain. "He has been captured at last. I always knew they would kill him, one night."

But that was not the night. At one o'clock there was suddenly a sound of lamentation in the front trench of the French on that sector. The soldiers who were sleeping crawled out of their holes in the sides of the trench walls, and crowded around the zigzag, narrow way and rubbed their eyes and listened to the laughter of officers and soldiers on duty. There was Hirondelle, solemn as a church, yet with a dancing light in his eyes. There, around him, crowded as sheep to a shepherd, twenty figures in German uniform stood with hands up and wet tears running down pasty cheeks. And they were fat, it was noticeable that all of them were bulging of figure beyond even the German average. They wailed "Kamerad! Gut Kamerad!" in a chorus that was sickening to the plucky poilu make-up. Hirondelle, interrogated of many, kept his lips shut till the first excitement quieted. Then: "I report to my colonel," he stated, and finally he and his twenty were led back through the winding trench, and the colonel was waked to receive them. This was what had happened: Hirondelle had wandered about, mostly on his stomach, through the darkness and peril of No Man's Land, enjoying himself heartily; when suddenly he missed his companions and realized that he had had no sign of them for some time. That did not trouble him. He explained to the colonel that he felt "more free." Also that if he pulled off a success he would have "more glory." After two hours of this midnight amusement, in deadly danger every second, Hirondelle heard steps. He froze to the earth, as he had learned from wild things in North American forests. The steps came nearer. A star-shell away down the line lighted the scene so that Hirondelle, motionless on the ground, all keen eyes, saw two Germans coming toward him. Instantly he had a scheme. In a subdued growl, yet distinctly, he threw over his shoulder an order that eight men should go to the right and eight to the left. Then, on his feet, he sent into the darkness a stern "Halt!" Instantly there was a sputter, arms thrown up, the inevitable "Kamerad!" and Hirondelle ordered the first German to pass him, then a second. Out of the darkness emerged a third. Hirondelle waved him on, and with that there was a fourth. And a fifth. Behold a sixth. About then Hirondelle judged it wise to give more orders to his imaginary squad of sixteen. But such a panic had seized this German mob that little acting was necessary. Dark figure followed dark figure out of the darker night—arms up. They whimpered as they came, and on and on they came out of shadows. Hirondelle stated that he began to think the Crown Prince's army was surrendering to him. At last, when the procession stopped, he—and his mythical sixteen—marched the entire covey, without any objection from them, only abject obedience, to the French trenches.

The colonel, with this whining crowd weeping about him, with Hirondelle's erect figure confronting him, his black eyes regarding the cowards with scorn as he made his report—the colonel simply could not understand the situation. All these men! "What are you—soldiers?" he flung at the wretched group. And one answered. "No, my officer. We are not soldiers, we are the cooks." At that there was a wail. "Ach! Who, then, will the breakfast cook for my general? He will *schrecklich* angry be for his sausage and his sauerkraut."

By degrees the colonel got the story. A number of cooks had combined to protest against new regulations, and the general, to punish this astounding insubordination, had sent them out unarmed, petrified with terror, into No Man's Land for an hour. They had there encountered Hirondelle. Hirondelle drew the attention of the colonel to the fact that he had promised prisoners, fat ones. "Will my colonel regard the shape of these pigs," suggested Hirondelle. "And also that they are twenty in number. Enough *en masse* for one man to take, is it not, my colonel?"

The little dinner-party at the Frontenac discussed this episode. "Almost too good to be true, colonel," I objected. "You're sure it *is* true? Bring out your Hirondelle. He ought to be home wounded, with a war-cross on his breast, by now."

The colonel smiled and shook his head.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It is that which I cannot do—show you my Hirondelle. Not here, and not in France, by *malheur*. For he ventured once too often and too far, as the captain prophesied, and he is dead. God rest the brave! Also a Croix de Guerre is indeed his, but no Hirondelle is there to claim it."

The silence of a moment was a salute to the soul of a warrior passed to the happy hunting-grounds. And then I began on another story of Rafael's adventures which something in the colonel's tale suggested.

The colonel, his winning face all a smile, interrupted. "Does one believe, then, in this Rafael of m'sieur who caps me each time my tales of my Huron Hirondelle? It appears to me that m'sieur has the brain of a story-teller and hangs good stories on a figure which he has built and named so—Rafael. Me, I cannot believe there exists this Rafael. I believe there is only one such gallant d'Artagnan of the Hurons, and it is—it was—my Hirondelle. Show me your Rafael, then!" demanded the colonel.

At that challenge the scheme which had flashed into my mind an hour ago gathered shape and power. "I will show him to you, colonel," I took up the challenge, "if you will allow me." I turned to include the others. "Isn't it possible for you all to call a truce and come up tomorrow to my club to be my guests for as long or as short a time as you will? I can't say how much pleasure it would give me, and I believe I could give you something also—great fishing, shooting, a moose, likely, or at least a caribou—and Rafael. I promise Rafael. It's not unlikely, colonel, that he may have known the Hirondelle. The Hurons are few. Do come," I threw at them.

They took it after their kind. The Englishman stared and murmured: "Awfully kind, I'm sure, but quite impossible." The Canadian, our next of kin, smiled, shaking his head like a brother. Fitzhugh put his arm of brawn about me again till that glorious star gleamed almost on my own shoulder, and patted me lovingly as he said: "Old son, I'd give my eyes to go, if I wasn't up to my ears in job."

But the Frenchman's dark face shone, and he lifted a finger that was like a sentence. It spoke reflection and eagerness and suspense. The rest of us gazed at that finger as if it were about to address us. And the colonel spoke. "I t'ink," brought out the colonel emphatically, "I t'ink I damn go."

And I snatched the finger and the hand of steel to which it grew, and wrung both. This was a delightful Frenchman. "Good!" I cried out. "Glorious! I want you all, but I'm mightily pleased to get one. Colonel, you're a sport."

"But, yes," agreed the colonel happily, "I am sport. Why not? I haf four days to wait till my sheep sail. Why not kip—how you say?—kip in my hand for shooting—go kill moose? I may talk immensely of zat moose in France—hein? Much more *chic* as to kill Germans, *n'est-ce-pas?* Everybody kill Germans."

At one o'clock next day the out-of-breath little train which had gasped up mountains for five hours from Quebec uttered a relieved shriek and stopped at a doll-house club station situated by itself in the wilderness. Four or five men in worn but clean clothes—they always start clean—waited on the platform, and there was a rapid fire of "*Bon jour*, m'sieur," as we alighted. Then ten quick eyes took in my colonel in his horizon-blue uniform. I was aware of a throb of interest. At once there was a scurry for luggage because the train must be held till it was off, and the guides ran forward to the baggage-car to help. I bundled the colonel down a sharp, short hill to the river, while smiling, observant Hurons, missing not a line of braid or a glitter of button, passed with bags and *pacquetons* as we descended. The blue and black and gold was loaded into a canoe with an Indian at bow and stern for the three-mile paddle to the club-house. He was already a schoolboy on a holiday with unashamed enthusiasm.

"But it is fun—fun, zis," he shouted to me from his canoe. "And *lequel*, m'sieur, which is Rafael?"

Rafael, in the bow of my boat, missed a beat of his paddle. It seemed to me he looked older than two years back, when I last saw him. His shoulders were bent, and his merry and stately personality was less in evidence. He appeared subdued. He did not turn with a smile or a grave glance of inquiry at the question, as I had expected. I nodded toward him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"*Mais oui*," cried out the colonel. "One has heard of you, *mon ami*. One will talk to you later of shooting."

Rafael, not lifting his head, answered quietly: "*C'est bien*, m'sieur."

Just then the canoes slipped past a sandy bar decorated with a fresh moose track; the excitement of the colonel set us laughing. This man was certainly a joy! And with that, after the long paddle down the winding river and across two breezy lakes, we were at the club-house. We lunched, and in short order—for we wanted to make camp that night—I dug into my *pacquetons* and transformed my officer into a sportsman, his huge delight in Abernethy & Flitch's creations being a part of the game. Then we were off.

One has small chance for associating with guides while travelling in the woods. One sits in a canoe between two, but if there is a wind and the boat is *chargé* their hands are full with the small craft and its heavy load; when the landing is made and the "messieurs" are *débarqués*, instantly the men are busy lifting canoes on their heads and packs on their backs in bizarre, piled-up masses to be carried from a leather tump-line, a strap of two inches wide going around the forehead. The whole length of the spine helps in the carrying. My colonel watched Delphise, a husky specimen, load. With a grunt he swung up a canvas U. S. mail-bag stuffed with *butin*, which includes clothes and books and shoes and tobacco and cartridges and more. With a half-syllable Delphise indicated to Laurent a bag of potatoes weighing eighty pounds, a box of tinned biscuit, a wooden package of cans of condensed milk, a rod case, and a raincoat. These Laurent added to the spine of Delphise.

"How many pounds?" I asked, as the dark head bent forward to equalize the strain.

Delphise shifted weight with another grunt to gauge the pull. "About a hundred and eighty pounds, m'sieur—quite heavy—*assez pesant*." Off he trotted uphill, head bent forward.

The colonel was entranced. "Hardy fellows—the making of fine soldiers," he commented, tossing his cigarette away to stare.

That night after dinner—but it was called supper—the colonel and I went into the big, airy log kitchen with the lake looking in at three windows and the forest at two doors. We gunned over with the men plans for the next day, for the most must be made of every minute of this precious military holiday. I explained how precious it was, and then I spoke a few words about the honor of having as our guest a soldier who had come from the front, and who was going back to the front. For the life of me I could not resist a sentence more about the two crosses they had seen on his uniform that day. The Cross of War, the Legion of Honor! I could not let my men miss that! Rafael had been quiet and colorless, and I was disappointed in the show qualities of my show guide. But the colonel beamed with satisfaction in everything and everybody, and received my small introduction with a bow and a flourish worthy of Carnegie Hall.

"I am happy to be in this so charming camp, in this forest magnificent, on these ancient mountains," orated the colonel floridly. "I am most pleased of all to have Huron Indians as my guides, because between Hurons and me there are memories." The men were listening spell-bound. "But yes. I had Huron soldiers serving in my regiment, just now at the western front, of whom I thought highly. They were all that there is, those Hurons of mine, of most fearless, most skilful. One among them was pre-eminent. Some of you may have known him. I regret to say that I never knew his real name, but among his comrades he went by the name of l'Hirondelle. From that name one guesses his qualities—swift as a swallow, untamable, gay, brave to a foolishness, moving in dashes not to be followed—such was my Hirondelle. And yet this swift bird was in the end shot down."

At this point in the colonel's speech I happened to look at Rafael, back in the shadows of the half-lighted big room. His eyes glittered out of the dimness like disks of fire, his face was strained, and his figure bent forward. "He must have known this chap, the Swallow," I thought to myself. "Just possibly a son or brother or nephew of his." The colonel was going on, telling in fluent, beautiful French the story of how Hirondelle, wrapped in a sheet, had rescued him. The men drank it in. "When those guides are old, old

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fellows, they'll talk about this night and the colonel's speech to their great-grandchildren," I considered, and again the colonel went on.

"Have I m'sieur's permission to *raconter* a short story of the most amusing which was the last escapade of my Hirondelle before he was killed?"

M'sieur gave his permission eagerly, and the low murmur of the voices of the hypnotized guides, standing in a group before the colonel, added to its force and set him smiling.

"It was like this," he stated. "My Hirondelle was out in No Man's Land of a night, strictly charged to behave in a manner *comme il faut*, for he was of a rashness, and we did not wish to lose him. He was valuable to us, and beyond that the regiment had an affection for him. For such reasons his captain tried—but, yes—to keep him within bounds. As I say, on this night he had received particular orders to be *sage*. So that the first thing the fellow does is to lose his comrades, for which he had a *penchant*, one knows. After that he crawls over that accursed country, in and out of shell-holes, rifle in his teeth likely—the good God knows where else, for one need be all hands and feet for such crawling. He crawled in that fashion till at last he lost himself. And then he was concerned to find out where might be our trenches, till in time he heard a sound of snoring and was well content. Home at last. He tumbled into a dark trench, remarking only that it was filled with men since he left, and so tired he was with his adventure that he pushed away the man next, who was at the end, to gain space, and he rolled over to sleep. But that troublesome man next still took too much room. Our Hirondelle planted him a kick in the middle of the back. At which the man half waked and swore at him—in German. And dropped off to sleep again with his leg of a pig slung across Hirondelle's chest. At that second a star-shell lighted up the affair, and Hirondelle, staring with much interest, believe me, saw a trench filled with sleeping Boches. To get out of that as quietly as might be was the game—*n'est-ce-pas, mes amis?* But not for Hirondelle.

"'My colonel has a liking for prisoners,' he reported later. 'My captain's orders were to conduct oneself *très comme il faut*. It is always *comme il faut* to please the colonel. Therefore it seemed *en règle* to take a prisoner. I took him. *Le v'là.*'

"What the fellow did was to wait till the Boche next door was well asleep, then slowly remove his rifle, then fasten on his throat with a grip which Hirondelle understood, and finally to overpower the Boche till he was ready enough to crawl out at the muzzle of Hirondelle's rifle."

There was a stir in the little group of guides, and from the shadows Rafael's voice spoke.

"Mon colonel—pardon!"

The colonel turned sharply. "Who is that?"

"There were two Germans," spoke the voice out of the shadows.

The colonel, too astonished to answer, stared. The voice, trembling, old, went on. "The second man waked and one was obliged to strangle him also. One brought the brace to the captain at the end of the carabine—rifle."

"In heaven's name who are you?" demanded the colonel.

From where old Rafael had been, bowed and limp in his humble, worn clothes, stepped at a stride a soldier, head up, shoulders squared, glittering eyes forward, and stood at attention. It was like magic. One hand snapped up in a smart salute.

"Who are you?" whispered the colonel.

"If the colonel pleases—l'Hirondelle."

I heard the colonel's breath come and go as he peered, leaning forward to the soldierly figure. "*Nom de Ciel*," he murmured, "I believe it is." Then in sharp sentences: "You were reported killed. Are you a deserter?"

The steady image of a soldier dropped back a step.

"My colonel—no."

"Explain this."

Rafael—l'Hirondelle—explained. He had not been killed, but captured and sent to a German prison-camp.

"You escaped?" the colonel threw in.

"But yes, my colonel."

The colonel laughed. "One would know it. The clumsy Boches could not hold the Swallow."

"But no, my colonel."

"Go on."

"One went to work before light, my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

colonel, in that accursed prison-camp. One was out of sight from the guard for a moment, turning a corner, so that on a morning I slipped into some bushes and hid in a dugout—for it was an old camp—all day. That night I walked. I walked for seven nights and lay hid for seven days, eating, my colonel, very little. Then, *v'là*, I was in front of the French lines."

"You ran across to our lines?"

"But not exactly. One sees that I was yet in dirty German prison clothes, and looked like an infantryman of the Boches, so that a poilu rushed at me with a bayonet. I believed, then, that I had come upon a German patrol. Each thought the other a Hun. I managed to wrest from the poilu his rifle with the bayonet, but as we fought another shot me—in the side."

"You were wounded?"

"Yes, my colonel."

"In hospital?"

"Yes, my colonel."

"How long?"

"Three months, my colonel."

"Why are you not again in the army?"

The face of the erect soldier, Hirondelle, the dare-devil, was suddenly the face of a man grown old, ill, and broken-hearted. He stared at the stalwart French officer, gathering himself with an effort. "I—was discharged, my colonel, as—unfit." His head in its old felt hat dropped into his hands suddenly, and he broke beyond control into sobs that shook not only him but every man there.

The colonel stepped forward and put an arm around the bent shoulders. "*Mon héros!*" said the colonel.

With that Rafael found words, never a hard task for him. Yet they came with gasps between.

"To be cast out as an old horse—at the moment of glory! I had dreamed all my life—of fighting. And I had it—oh, my colonel—I had it! The glory came when I was old and knew how to be happy in it. Not as a boy who laughs and takes all as his right. I was old, yes, but I was good to kill the vermin. I avenged the children and the women whom those savages— My people, the savages of the wood, knew no better, yet they have not done things as bad as these vile ones who were educated, who knew. Therefore I killed them. I was old, but I was strong, my colonel knows. Not for nothing have I lived a hard life. *On a vu de la misère*, I have hunted moose and bear and kept my muscles of steel and my eyes of a hawk. It is in my blood to be a fighting man. I fought with pleasure, and I was troubled with no fear. I was old, but I could have killed many devils more. And so I was shot down by my own friend after seven days of hard life. And the young soldier-doctor discharged me as unfit to fight. And so I came home very fast to hide myself, for I am ashamed. I am finished. The fighting and the glory are for me no more."

The colonel stepped back a bit and his face flamed. "Glory!" he whispered. "Glory no more for the Hirondelle? What of the Croix de Guerre?"

Rafael shook his head. "I haf heard my colonel who said they would have given me—me, the Hirondelle—the war-cross. That now is lost too."

"Lost!" The colonel's deep tone was full of the vibration which only a French voice carries. With a quick movement he unfastened the catch that held the green ribbon, red-striped, of his own cross of war. He turned and pinned the thing which men die for on the shabby coat of the guide. Then he kissed him on either cheek. "My comrade," he said, "your glory will never be old."

There was deep silence in the camp kitchen. The crackling of wood that fell apart, the splashing of the waves of the lake on the pebbles by the shore were the only sounds on earth. For a long minute the men stood as if rooted; the colonel, poised and dramatic, and I, stirred to the depths of my soul by this great ceremony which had come out of the skies to its humble setting in the forest—the men and the colonel and I, we all watched Rafael.

And Rafael slowly, yet with the iron tenacity of his race, got back his control. "My colonel," he began, and then failed. The Swallow did not dare trust his broken wings. It could not be done—to speak his thanks. He looked up with black eyes shining through tears which spoke everything.

"To-morrow," he stated brokenly, "if we haf a luck, my colonel and I go kill a moose."

They had a luck.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE BRITISH INDUSTRIAL CRISIS

## BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

### I

ONE is startled to see to-day on the Gothic tower of the Hôtel de Ville at Douai a golden figure weakly swinging a lilting palm which ever seems about to fall. In this curious phenomenon there appears some likeness of the way Great Britain is now swinging uneasily in the shifting winds of economic uncertainty. The end of the war with Germany has not been the end of difficult problems for the British. While peace-making was still going on, while over 2,000,000 had been demobilized, while there was serious unemployment, and while foreign trade was badly disorganized, employers and the government were faced with the most extreme demands of organized labor. These demands may or may not be justified. However that may be, just at a time when every nerve was quivering under heavy strain, when in a period of transition industry was anxious and uncertain, Great Britain was called upon to meet a new strain, economic and political, as critical as anything she has faced in a century. What makes the prospect more ominous is that this new and pressing danger is—consciously or unconsciously—aimed directly at the productive power of British industry. Without any regard to their effects on the general prosperity of the nation industrial and political elements have chosen this critical moment to make demands which touch the very nerve-centre of industry and even of social order. The methods of obtaining these extreme demands concern the thinking men of every country, including our own.

### II

THE setting of this new conflict is worth some description. As is obvious, no one of the various economic questions stands by itself. They are all more or less closely related. The matters of industry and production intimately affect the carrying of the huge war debt. In Austin Chamberlain's recent preference budget it was placed at $38,400,000,000. If there be subtracted from this total the loans to allies and to British Dominions, perhaps $8,400,000,000, the annual interest at 5 per cent on the balance of $30,000,000,000 is $1,500,000,000. Not only must Great Britain carry this war debt together with a sinking fund for the ultimate extinction of the principal, but she must meet heavy demands arising from the war, such as heavy pensions, aids to families of dead and maimed soldiers, and all the outlays of demobilization and reconstruction—in addition to the burden of a normal budget for the ordinary expenses of government. This estimate is the very minimum for the future. For 1919–1920, however, the charge for National Debt Service is $1,800,000,000, while the total expenditure is $7,174,550,000. Under all the high pressure of war necessities the total income for the same year is placed at $6,005,500,000. From taxes alone, $4,700,000,000 are counted upon. Thus, in brief, we get a view of the prodigious burden placed by the war on British industry. Can her industry withstand this pressure? The war demands can be met only by taking out of the country's production enormously greater sums than was ever dreamed of in the past. If her productive efficiency can be increased by greater effort on the part of all the factors of production, the task can be performed. But if anything should be introduced into the situation which would lower the output for the same units of labor, capital, and management, then the task may well be regarded as insuperable.

### III

THE power to meet the demands of the most expensive war in all history, therefore, is primarily related to the efficiency of British production. It is on this matter that the eyes of the economic world are



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now converging. Here is to be found the chief interest in studying the future of British industry and commerce.

It is to be recalled that Great Britain rose to the highest position in the world of commerce by being the first to change from the limited productivity of handicraft to the amazing productivity and low costs due to the invention and use of labor-saving machinery. By supplying the world with goods more cheaply than any other producers, she had the means by which she could feed and enrich a large manufacturing population. Even with the spread of science and mechanical skill throughout other countries, Great Britain thus far has succeeded in retaining her relative supremacy. Can she, however, continue to hold it?

Before the war, Germany engaged in a fanatical crusade to take away the supremacy from British industry. Fifty years late she also changed from handicraft to machine-made production, making an amazing absolute progress, but still not gaining a relative superiority over Great Britain. Obsessed by her material development, she thought the time had arrived to destroy her commercial rival by the sheer force of military might. As we know, wanton, unjustifiable, brutal force failed. But it is a question whether the tyranny of German military autocracy has been a more dangerous menace to the commercial existence of Great Britain than a new form of tyranny which is now rising to grasp the very throat of industry. It is the essence of tyranny that a group tries to rule by forcing its own opinions down the throats of those who do not agree with them. It makes no difference whether this is a military group led by a Napoleon or a Bismarck, or a group of fanatics who organize under the name of Bolsheviki. To-day in Great Britain industry is faced by an organized tyranny, not of Bolsheviki, but of organized labor. Even though this may be an unconscious outcome of the efforts of labor to improve its conditions, yet it remains, whether fully realized or not, as great a menace as the forces from which she has just been delivered. The total body of labor is but one element, or one part—of course, an essential part—of society, but organized labor is only a part of the whole body of labor. And yet the labor leaders in Great Britain to-day have industry and the government by the throat. They propose to force their views, or that of a minority, on the country as a whole. When an organized minority regulates an unorganized majority we have a form of tyranny, against which the elements of democracy must sooner or later begin to create an organized opposition. Such is the British labor situation.

## IV

In sympathy with the hopes of the labor organization, it must be obviously said that the lives of many working men are passed under conditions so drab and depressing that all fair-minded persons should join in every effort for their improvement. The pigsties and living places where many pass the time when out of the mine or factory are causes for degradation and waste of human lives. However, it is believed by many of them that this war has brought in a new order of thinking, a desire not to go back to old ways of life, old ways of labor, and the old social order. In its essence, the basis of discontent seems to be found in a dissatisfaction with the share of the industrial product going to labor; that is, with the material rewards of labor. So large have been the payments to munitions-workers during the war that they have become accustomed to an expenditure never before known; they have bought unprecedented quantities of jewelry, furs, and cheap luxuries, for which they wish to retain a purchasing power in the future. Although much higher wages without the character to spend them is not the solution of social discontent, yet the ethics of expenditure by the rich cannot be said to be of a sort to set an example to the munitions-workers now looking to the future. Therefore, much is to be said in support of the very natural and justifiable demands by the less-well-paid members of society for higher wages and for more leisure for improvement in mind and health. For a better life and higher conditions of existence to workmen in all industries there can be only a common and hearty Godspeed from all decent persons. The industrial system should be a means to an end resulting in a fuller and freer life. On this we are all agreed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The only question of doubt and disagreement remains as to the means to bring about the desired end.

## V

THE means chosen to gain more material rewards makes all the difference in the world as to their acceptance. Morals and justice still remain the only foundations for a permanent social structure. Right, not might, is without question the main inheritance from this awful war. The power to take by force from others cannot for a moment be recognized as a means for bringing in a new social order. Every proposal must be justified on grounds of justice and right. Is any form of "direct action" to be accepted as the true remedy for impatient workers who long for a larger consumption? Shall the man who wants take? Or shall there be some test of the relation between a worker's power to consume and his power to produce?

The crisis in British industry brought about by the demands of organized labor is to be studied in the light of the means proposed to gain its end. Fortunately, for our enlightenment we have a clear and recent statement of its purposes.* Are these demands to be had from society for the asking, or is their realization directly related to the productive efficiency of British industry? Can the hopes for a better and fuller life for the worker be reached without regard to the present or future output of the united factors of production?

(1) Labor demands a new share in, if not the whole, control of industry. "With increasing vehemence labor is challenging the whole structure of capitalistic industry as it now exists." That is, the new order is to be socialistic. "Unrest proceeds not only from more immediate and special grievances but also, to an increasing extent, from a desire to substitute a democratic system of public ownership and production for use with an increasing element of control by the organized workers themselves for the existing capitalistic organization of industry." Labor "holds strongly that the development of national resources under public ownership is the most urgent need of industry at the present time." "This extension of public ownership over vital industries should be accompanied by the granting to the organized workers of the greatest practicable amount of control over the conditions and the management of the various industries." In brief, that important factor of production, management—which is a function separate from labor or capital—is to be handed over to labor. The greater share demanded by labor is thus to be obtained by giving the management to labor, on the supposition—as yet unsupported by reason or experience—that industry will thereby become more productive; or, if not, that existing shares will nevertheless be altered in favor of higher wages.

(2) Nationalization, or a socialistic control over industry, is to be had by threats to employers and the government that failure to grant it will be followed by wide-spread unrest which may assume "dangerous forms." Lloyd George has had his rash utterances amusingly thrown in his teeth. "The most prominent spokesmen of the government . . . have constantly told the workers that we should never revert to the old conditions of industry and that an altogether higher standard of life and an altogether superior status for the worker in industry would be secured as soon as the immediate burden of hostilities was removed. . . . The Prime Minister's own words to the Labor Party Deputation are worth quoting. He said:

"I am not afraid of the audacity of these proposals. I believe the settlement after the war will succeed in proportion to its audacity. . . . Therefore, what I should be looking forward to, I am certain, if I could have presumed to have been the adviser of the working classes, would be this: I should say to them audacity is the thing for you. Think out new ways; think out new methods; think out even new ways of dealing with old problems. Don't always be thinking of getting back to where you were before the war; get a really new world."

A new socialistic order is the response of the worker to the Prime Minister. The political value of the labor vote to him seems to be the reason for the following threats:

*Industrial Conference. Report of Provisional Joint Committee. April 4, 1919. Appendix—Trade Union Memorandum.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It is clear that unless and until the government is prepared to realize the need for comprehensive reconstruction on a democratic basis, and to formulate a constructive policy leading toward economic democracy, there can be at most no more than a temporary diminution of industrial unrest to be followed inevitably by further waves of constantly growing magnitude."

"The changes involved in this reconstruction must, of course, be gradual, but if unrest is to be prevented from assuming *dangerous forms* an adequate assurance must be given immediately to the workers that the whole problem is being taken courageously in hand. It is not enough merely to tinker with particular grievances or to endeavor to reconstruct the old system by slight adjustments to meet the new demands of labor. It is essential to question the whole basis on which our industry has been conducted in the past and to endeavor to find, in substitution for the motive of private gain, some other motive which will serve better as the foundation of a democratic system. That motive can be no other than the motive of public service, which . . . should be the dominant motive throughout the whole industrial system."

These quotations sufficiently illustrate the purpose to gain the industrial ends of organized British labor by political means.

There was a familiar sound in the words of President Wilson's message to the extra session of Congress when he said that a community of interest between capital and labor "can be made operative and manifest only in a new organization of industry" and that "the object of all reform in this essential matter must be a genuine *democratization* of industry." Does this mean nationalization, or a new control of industry?

## VI

Such being the objective of organized labor, and the means being almost entirely political, the real issue before the British public is unmistakably clear. Nowhere in the scheme is there any admission that the possibility of higher industrial rewards should have any relation whatever to increasing productivity of industry. If politics should give a new control over industry, that power would change the present distribution of its output. Take the coal industry as an illustration, and because its operations have been recently given full publicity. There are some questions as to the disposition and rights to certain royalties which involve matters of inheritance and property rights under English law which stand by themselves. These apart, the possibility of increasing wages for a given quality of labor touches directly the cost of producing coal and its price at home and in international markets. High wages can go only with low costs. The United States with low costs was able to pay high wages and yet sell at a low price a unit of product in countries whose wages were low, because the number of units of product put out by labor and capital were large. For Great Britain to act so as to increase the cost of coal is to reduce her export of coal and to raise its price to home producers. To do so is to strike at the very prop of British industry. And yet the miners—in conjunction with the railway and transport workers constituting the Triple Alliance—in March, 1919, held industry by the throat until the most of their demands were granted; the principle of nationalization was insisted upon. Thus the government was driven to create an industrial conference between employers and workers. For the success of the governmental scheme the employers were urged to favor organization of labor in order that labor could be negotiated with in the conferences, even though the political policy of the government generally implied yielding to the demands of labor at the expense of the employers. Those Americans who have been impressed by the British political programme on labor have little basis for recommending to the United States that organization of labor should be encouraged by employers, because not only is the British situation very different from ours, but also the investigator should not be trapped by the purely political view of the problem to the exclusion of its industrial phases. The government scheme is an evident palliative to meet the positive and extreme demands of labor. Labor knows this. It takes all it can get by threats in this critical time of transition

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from war to peace. It consolidates its position at every advance only to make a further demand and another advance at the first opportunity toward its ultimate goal of socialistic control. In contrast with the masterly offensive of organized labor, the employers are inarticulate and make a pitiable presentation of their case. Thus the situation grows more and more dangerous for British industry. There seems to be in sight no leader, no body of opinion, capable of stopping this easy descent to Avernus—unless there arises an unconscious resistance from the conservative tendencies of the mass of British workers and the middle classes so soon as the radical character of the labor plans loom up as possible certainties. Already the by-elections show an unwillingness of the voters to follow the startling policies of the government.

## VII

Looking at the crisis from the labor point of view, and with full sympathy for its desire to have a fuller life and a higher standard of living, there is much to be said for its accomplishment. How can the workers obtain this? Obviously, not merely by having more wages to spend. In Wales, where housing conditions among the coal-miners have been pictured as exceptionally bad, it has been shown that war wages have been more than sufficient to obtain decent houses but that adherence to old habits is so strong as to prevent an improvement in the standard of living. A reduction in hours of labor by no means leads inevitably to mental or moral improvement, but only too generally to more hours in the public houses. Improvements in moral standards and in the quality and efficiency of British education is of far more importance than more money to spend.

Granting, however, that higher wages would bring a higher standard of living, can it be obtained by political action, or by merely shifting the forms of control over industry? If nationalization were realized—which, of course, is very doubtful—there would come with it two questionable results: (1) Should higher wages be reached without higher productivity of industry, the increase in costs would mean that the higher wages would be thrown either upon the consumer or the taxpayer. (2) Should a larger share of the management of industry be transferred from the best-trained experts to those who are chosen because of affiliation with organized labor, we are likely to see a reduction in the efficiency of technical and financial management which can have no other outcome than higher costs and a blow at British commercial supremacy. That is, the labor programme, if wages are increased according to its theories, aims directly at a result which must militate against the very maintenance of these higher wages. Anything which works to destroy industry also works to destroy the source of wages. It can hardly be more clear that the labor programme is obstinately directed against the prosperity of the nation as a whole. Its success inevitably means a crisis in British industry.

Yet every friend of the workers must hope that they will gain a higher standard of living. That consummation would be a happy result not only for them but for society as a whole. The really important matter is the decision on the means to obtain that end. It can scarcely be denied that, as advised by their present leaders, they are following a hopeless quest. To take because they want is not a safe guide of action. On the contrary, it can scarcely be denied that a higher standard of living can be had only through changes which will bring in higher ethical standards and a system of education which will create a wide-spread intelligence and skill. There should be progress of a kind that would be effective in controlling conduct and expenditures. Such progress, of course, must be necessarily slow. But with these ethical and educational changes there must be combined a steady industrial progress in all the equipment and in the various devices by which the productivity of the industrial factors—of which the chief is management—should be enlarged. And yet the present labor programme consists mainly of reasons why higher wages should be paid; while the means to obtain them, such as nationalization and an increasing share in management, do not provide for increasing productivity.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If we should be asked to follow the example of Great Britain in her labor experiments, it would be much as if a person filled with emulation at the success of a menagerie should borrow for his private use a lion which would be certain to eat him up. On our official tower of economic authority it can scarcely be wise to set up a symbol of uncertainty like that on the Hôtel de Ville at Douai.

---

# MY FRIEND PETE LEBEAUX

By Frank B. Linderman

Hi'm lak de fall—well, spring-tam, too.
An' winter, jist de sam;
But hon de fall, Oh! my; Oh! my,
Dat's sure de busy tam.
Hol beaver's workin' 'ard she can,
De pine-squirrel's ronnin' roun'
Among de leaf de quakin'-asp
Is trowin' hon de groun'.
De white-tail deer, tsst-tsst, tsst-tsst:
She's jist so fat kin be;
An' dock an' goose hupon de marsh,
An' pheasant hon de tree.
Hol Moosh-rat's talkin' to hisself,
A-swimmin' near de shore,
An' touch canoe wid paddle-blade—
Echo! Ba Oui, Encore.
Dat bird—I don't know nam English—
Got very 'ard de face—
She's poun' hon tree, Brrrrrrrrrrrr, dat way,
Den pass hon nodder place.
Wood-pecker, Oui, sure, dat's de boy,
She's look por bog, maybe,
An' mak de noise w'en mornin's bring
De sunlight hon de tree.
Hol Pete, she's comin' for de hont:
She's holler hout "Lenore,
Wat for you stay hon bed Mon Cher.
De daylight's hon de door.
Wak hup! Wak hup! and 'ear de loon
She's cryin' hon de lak,
An' chickadee he's 'appy too
From all de row he's mak."
Of course hi'm laugh; Pete mak believe
Hi'm sleep hon bonk, you know,
An' stop houtside an' play lak dat;
She's good man, Pete LeBeaux.
Hi'm ope de door—hol Pete's is bow;
Bonjure, monsieur Lenore,
Hi'm comin' 'ere as prearrange'
Las' night hon trader's store.
Hi'm tak my gon—maybe some grub,
An' den hol Pete an' me,
We're 'appy jist lak leetle boy;
She's good friend, Pete, por me.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I interrupted a heart-to-heart talk between a Zulu chief and a Theda Bara vampire."

# THE PARTHENON FREEZE

## By Sarah Redington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. E. HILL

HE came into the studio whistling, his fuzzy green hat cocked at a rakish angle, and his smile a challenge to a whole army of glooms. "Hello, Sid!" he shouted, with a staggering clap on his friend's shoulder. "How's the boy?"

"Fine and dandy!" The artist thrust out a paint-stained hand, and clapped back with interest. "Have any trouble finding your way to my shop?"

"Believe me, I did!" Matherson mopped a heated forehead and dropped into a big chair with a sigh of exhaustion, real or feigned. "Talk of getting lost in the streets of London; that's nothing to wandering around in the mazes of a movie city! I was from Missouri, all right. Well, at last I interrupted a heart-to-heart talk between a Zulu chief and a Theda Bara vampire, and they put me straight. They took a gloomy view of my finding you in, though—said you might be painting sets in the Belgian village."

"Well, you're here, anyway, and I'm glad to see you, Ed," the artist interrupted. "And you brought the kid—good enough! Say, I don't believe I've seen him since he sat in his go-cart with a bottle. Looks like you a lot." He said this with conviction, knowing it would please, and the proud father smiled fatuously.

"He's some kid, all right," he began. "Listen, Sid, the other day—" The artist interrupted the saga with an alarmed "Here, don't let him touch that scene; it's fresh paint!" He made a grab at the seat of the pink-chambray rompers, and the three-year-old set up a roar and fled to sanctuary. Matherson smiled patronizingly at the bachelor's alarm.

"He'll be all right, Sid, I'll keep tabs on him. Hi, Buster, stop yelling, nobody's going to hurt you." He applied



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his crumpled handkerchief to the button of a pink nose, with a whispered "Blow—blow *hard!*" and pulled the soft little body into the cuddling curve of his big arm. "There now, you sit still while dad talks to the gentleman. You got my letter, Sid?"

The artist nodded, and handed his guest a fat cigar. "Have a smoke while you're unloading the Big Idea. You wrote me you wanted to see me on business, but you didn't say what. Taken to writing scenarios and want them placed—is that it?" He looked quizzically at his guest, adding with emphasis: "If it's war stuff, nothing doing. We're just about fed up with heart-interest films about soldiers and Red Cross dames, especially since everybody thinks the U. S. should come into the fight, too."

Matherson shook his head. "Gosh, no," he said. "I couldn't write a scenario if I tried, and a war in Europe don't come my way much. What I want you to help me in is something quite different." He began to beat a tattoo on the table edge, avoiding his host's eye. "Listen, Sid, you don't have to spend *all* your time painting sets for the Mammoth Movies, do you? Could you get around to decorating my ice-cream parlors? Say, I know what you're thinking," with an embarrassed laugh. "And you're right. I sure brought my nerve with me to ask you to take on a job like that. But I'm asking you because I've got to have a real artist to put the thing over. Here, wait a minute." He got up with infinite care, went over to the big divan in the corner, and deposited a little bundle of pink chambray among the cushions. "He's sound asleep; that's good. Now we can talk."

"Play ball, then, Ed," said the artist, hiding a yawn. "You want me to make a noise like Michael Angelo on the ceiling of your ice-cream joint. Is that it?"

"Was Michael Angelo a Greek?"

"No, he hailed from sunny Italy."

Matherson shook his head. "It's Greek stuff, not Dago, I'm looking for. I want you to make a noise like the old fellows who sculped in Athens—B. C. something or other. And it isn't ceiling work, it's a frieze. You know what that is, don't you, all around the top of the wall? Look here." He opened the big book he had brought, and flicked the pages with a strong, square thumb and finger. "Here it is! Rows and rows of Greek girls in draped nighties, carrying things. Bright colors, I guess—I mean, I want my color scheme to be kinder cheerful. Get the idea?"

The artist nodded. "Highbrow stuff for a college town—I'm on. You call your joint the 'Cap and Apron,' don't you?"

"'Cap and Gown,' you bonehead!" The scorn in Matherson's voice was blasting, but the artist merely grinned. "All right, Ed, don't get sore. I knew it was something that sounded like waitresses. Now, let's see." He looked at the picture proffered him, and nodded understandingly. "An endless chain of Greek waitresses, carrying sundaes and sodas—yes, that's not a bad idea. Might take with the co-eds, anyway. What's this paragraph all pencil-marked for?"

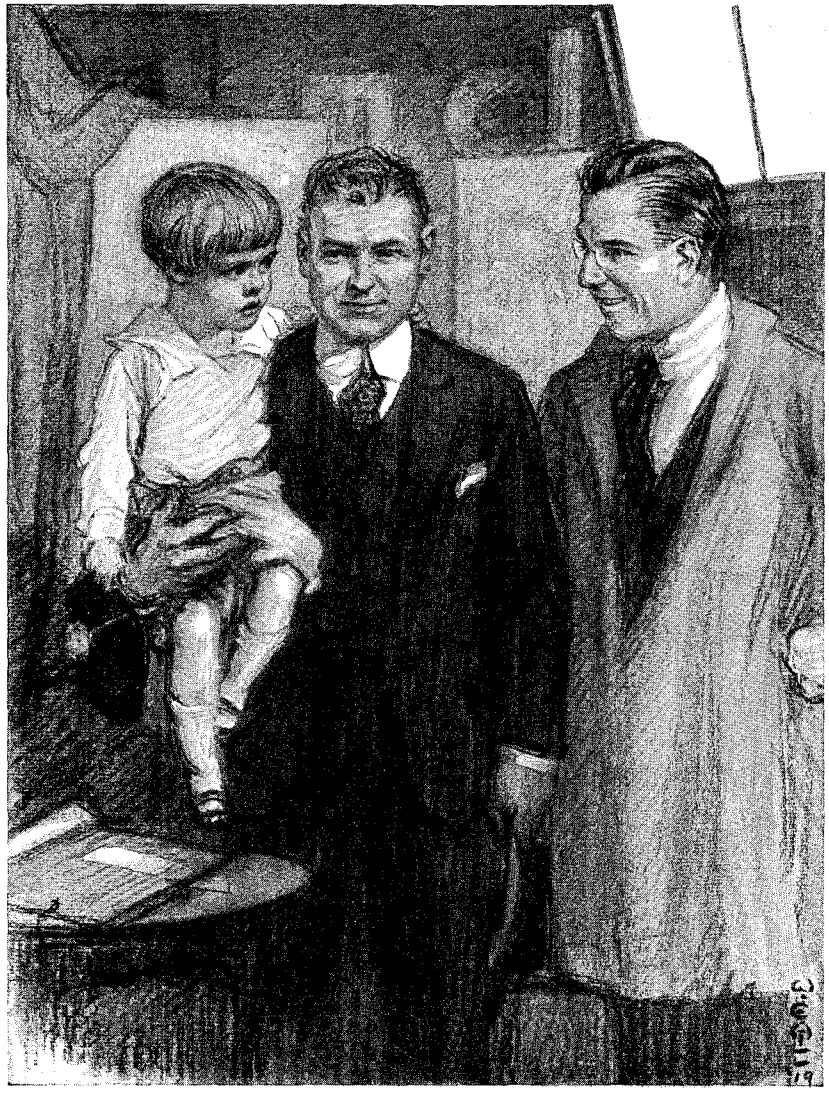
"Wait, I'll read you that later." Matherson shut the book on his half-smoked cigar, and turned to the artist, his eyes dancing. "I want to tell you first why I'm doping out this idea. I'm going to change the name of the store—'Cap and Gown' is old stuff, and it doesn't make a hit with students at an up-to-date, brand-new college like Wharton University. Now that you've seen the picture, can't you guess the name?" His hands fumbled with a folded piece of paper, which, at the artist's lazy "Haven't the slightest," he spread before him with a happy grin. "There! What do you think of that for some little idea?"

It was a masterpiece of careful lettering, artistically done in red and black ink. It read as follows:

AT THE
SIGN OF THE PARTHENON FREEZE
Frozen Dainties
CLASSY DRINKS IN CLASSIC SHADES!

"Well, what do you know about that?" the artist said in frank admiration. "Spelling it 'freeze' for an ice-cream joint, say, that's great! Lemme see the picture again; I've got a big idea. Does that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Poor Buster, where's his tongue?"—Page 174.

stuff you marked describe the frieze at all?"

"Yep, I'll read it to you. 'In this procession, starting from the southwestern corner'—well, we can cut all that out, and begin with the dope about the figures. Here you are. 'All that was beautiful and excellent in Athens is seen united: The noble bloom of maidenhood, the fresh strength of youths trained in gymnastic exercise, and the solemn dignity of magistrates chosen by the people.'" Matherson slammed the book shut, and grabbed the artist by the shoulder. "Co-eds and football-players, Sid," he shouted. "Won't it be great? Can you do it?" The artist nodded, almost as excited as his client, and began making preliminary sketches on the cover page of a scenario entitled "Hearts and Gas-Masks." "We'll have a highbrow or two for the solemn dignity of magistrates," he chuckled. "Say, Ed, could you get a picture of any of the faculty?"

"The Greek professor, that's the boy you want!" Matherson's voice rose to



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a crow of joy. "Some compliment, all right, putting him into the frieze, for he's just written a book about all that sort of thing—that's how I could get a picture for you. The *Purple and Green* had his photo in the last number, on account of the book. He's got a beard and a high forehead; he'll look perfectly dandy all dolled up in drapes."

The artist did an imaginary Greek professor on the scenario cover, and chuckled to himself. "I'm not so sure about the compliment," he said, "but I guess he belongs in the frieze more than any old professor of bug-ology. Hullo, look who's here!" The three-year-old had waked up, and slid down from the divan; now he trotted over to put a fat little fist on his father's hand. At the soft touch Matherson's face became one glow of pride and tenderness. "Buster, old man," he said, "dad's going to make a pile of money, and he's got his plans well doped out for you, all right. Come on now, we'll go home and tell mother what a nice trolley ride we had. Through with those books, Sid? Adele got 'em out of the library, and I've got to take 'em back in a day or so, but if you need the pictures——"

"No, I've got the idea all right." The artist swept his sketch into a portfolio, and became the host again. "Come again," he said heartily, shaking the pudgy hand that Buster, audibly prompted by his father, was thrusting forward. "I'll have some candy for you next time, or an ice-cream cone." Then he added with a grin: "But I don't suppose that would make a hit with him; he probably has ice-cream for breakfast, if daddy's in the business. Is he going to run the Parthenon Freeze twenty years from now, Ed, when you retire?"

"Not much; I've got other plans for him. Tell the gentleman what you're going to be when you grow up, son." But Buster preserved a lofty and dignified silence.

"I guess he's lost his tongue," the artist suggested, his mind throwing back to the painful jocosities of his childhood. "Poor Buster, where's his tongue?" Buster looked unutterable scorn at the pleasantry, and remained obstinately silent. "Well, never mind," Matherson interposed hastily, "he'll tell you next time. We've got to beat it now; it's getting late for his supper. Come on, sonny, dad'll carry you pickaback." He put careful arms under the fat socked legs that straddled his waist, then turned back at the open door to grin appreciatively at the artist. "Sid, you're a good old scout. If you put that thing over for me, I'll be on Easy Street. 'Phone me when you'll come out and start work." He swung down the dusty and spectacular streets of the great film city in a haze of rose-colored dreams.

On the way home, as the trolley rocked and swung through the gold and green of the orange-ranches, he said, half to himself, half to the drowsy child: "Wonder how much it'll cost to put him through college. Well, he'll get a start with art and that sort of thing with the Parthenon Freeze. I bet Sid will make it just as good-looking as the real one!" As he got out at Orangeville and saw the classic lines of the university buildings etched against a glowing sunset, he said aloud, with a loving squeeze of the plump little body cuddled in his arms:

"Say, Buster, we'll dress you up in a tunic thingamajig and sandals, and have you in the shop on opening day. That ought to make a hit, all right!"

It did. In a tunic thingamajig of pink silkaline over his rompers, and a gold fillet around his blond, bobbed head, Buster was an absolutely satisfactory Greek godling. True, he couldn't be kept in the shop more than five minutes at a time, but his passion for roving was good business, his parents decided, for whenever he sauntered out on the sidewalk to suck a stick of striped peppermint under "The Sign of the Parthenon Freeze," the passers-by stopped to admire, exclaim, and enter. They entered a transformed shop; nobody could have recognized the one-time "Cap and Gown" in this up-to-date "Parthenon Freeze." The artist's endless chain of Greek waitresses carrying sundaes and sodas stretched around the four sides of the room, in shades of pink, green, and light brown, happily suggestive of strawberry, pistache, and chocolate. The sacrificial vessels of the Greek temple had turned into the mugs and small glass dishes of the modern ice-cream parlors, and an even more up-to-date touch

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was supplied by the tennis-rackets and ukŭleles carried by the "youths trained in gymnastic exercises." Instead of such old stuff as four-horse chariots, there were natty little touring-cars, driven by charioteers who bore a striking resemblance to the popular football eleven. And, crowning touch, the "magistrates chosen by the people" were, to quote the grateful Matherson, enough like the Greek professor to be his long-lost brothers. Sid had put it over, there was no doubt about that.

The hot afternoon of opening day was beginning to be full of long, hazy shadows, and Matherson, here, there, and everywhere at one and the same time, had just hurried to the door to hale Buster in from the sidewalk, when he saw a tall figure in the doorway halt and gaze. A minute later Matherson, the unwilling Greek godling pulling at his restraining hand, was behind the cashier's wire cage, whispering excitedly:

"She can't wear those big round spectacles while she's waiting."

"Adele, pipe who's just come in! Over there at Miss Bascome's table. Watch him look up at the frieze—gosh! I'd like to know what he thinks of it!"

Adele Matherson turned her pleasant young face in the direction pointed, and frowned slightly. "I'll have to tell Miss Bascome she can't wear those big round spectacles while she's waiting," she said dubiously. "They look real funny with the Greek costume. And will you look what that awful little Maisie Jones has done to her skirt—hiked it up at least ten inches from the ground! I knew I'd have trouble with that girl; she was real ugly about the costume; said long, trailing skirts were out of date, and she didn't see why the waitresses had to wear them. I guess my work's cut out for me, all right, keeping all those girls looking like that frieze." She sighed resignedly, then put out an affectionate hand and gave her husband a little reassuring pat. "But that don't mean that I'm throwing cold water on your plan, Ed. I think it's just the greatest ever! What were you saying about the gentleman at Miss Bascome's table?"

"Why, he's the Greek professor, hun—I just wanted you to see him. We've got him in the frieze, you know." Matherson took another look at his distinguished client, and turned to his wife dubiously. "Seems peeved about something, don't he?" he said. "And look at that, Adele, he isn't taking anything; he just read the card, and shook his head when Miss Bascome asked him his order. Now he's going out—that's too bad. I'd hoped the faculty would patronize this place, now we've got such a classy atmos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phere about it, with the frieze and the new name, and all."

"I wish he'd try the Sappho Special," the little wife rejoined, wiping the Greek godling's sticky paws preparatory to letting him pretend to play the cash-register. "There's been more orders for that than for anything else, Miss Bascome says. Bananas and nuts and whipped cream and hot chocolate sauce—that's a fine combination for a specialty, for we can keep it going all winter when fresh fruits are high. Did you try it, Ed? I saw you eating something."

"Will you look what that awful little Maisie Jones has done to her skirt!"—Page 175.

"No, that was a Delphi Delight; that made a hit, too. And I heard that bunch of co-eds over by the window say the Doric Dazzle was simply great. You certainly doped out some swell names for the drinks, honey." Matherson beamed at his wife with affectionate pride, and gave her hand a little squeeze behind the cash-register. She blushed happily at the compliment. "Oh, that wasn't hard; I got the ideas from that big history of art, and a book called 'Tales of Greek Mythology.' I'm real glad if they've made a hit with the co-eds, for I guess Wharton is going to be mostly women next year, if we go to war the way they say we may. The boys are sure to enlist, like those ambulance fellows did, so we'd better keep our eyes open for what the girls like."

Matherson nodded. "The candy end of the business will keep up all right, sure, with co-eds for customers. Have you thought of anything besides 'Niobe Nibbles' and 'Corinth Caramels'?"

Adele consulted the back of a menu card. "Yes, I wrote it down here: 'Juno Jujubes' and 'Marathon Mints.' And listen, Ed, isn't Sorosis a Greek word?"

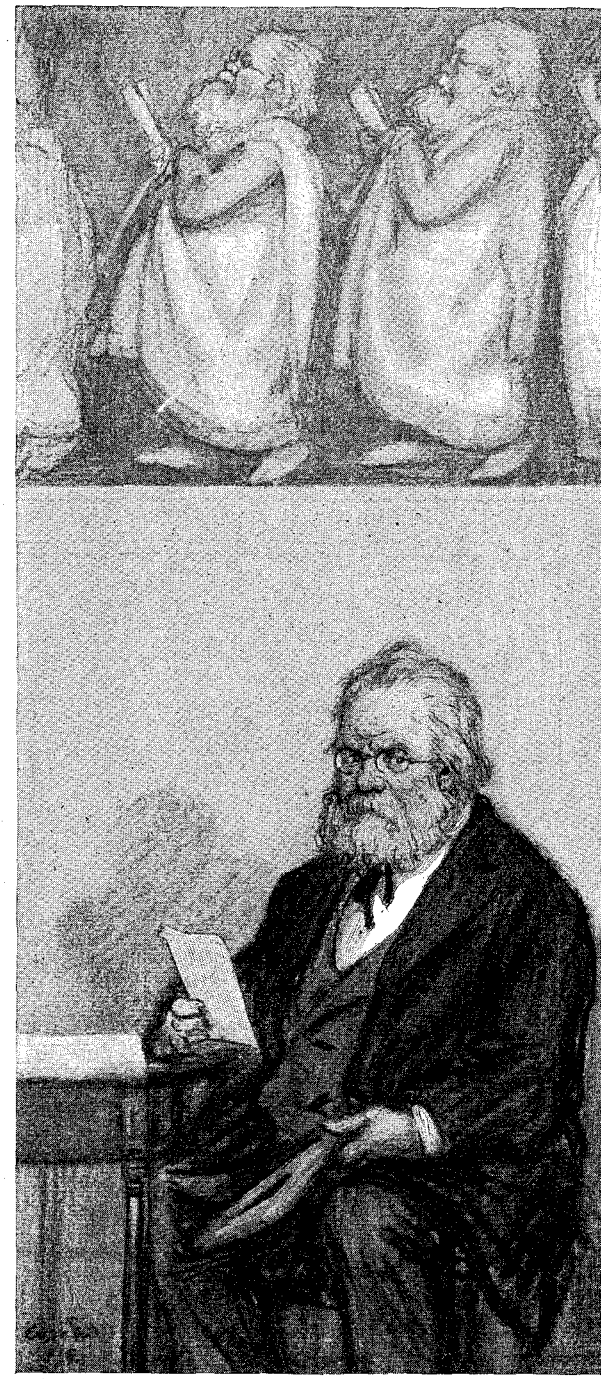
"Sure! 'Sorosis Sundae,' that's the idea—that'll do fine for the raspberry-and-melon one you say you're going to try. Here, I'll take Buster home and put him to bed, then I'll come back and spell you a bit." He picked up the chubby Greek godling, then stopped for a last look at the pictorial march of his captured dream. "Gee, Adele, we've put it over all, right!" And Adele, wearily straightening the gold fillet that bound her near-psyche knot, flashed back a proud and affectionate smile.

There was no doubt in Matherson's mind that the Parthenon Freeze was bound to be a colossal success. But he was business man enough to see that the receipts of the first month were gobbled up by the expenses of the alterations, and that the advertising campaign that began

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in October cost a lot more than he liked to think about. When November arrived, and it was time to order papier-maché turkey favors for the Thanksgiving trade, he examined his bank-book, and whistled softly. Then he jammed his hat over his eyes and took the trolley out to Film City.

He came home three hours later, whistling ragtime, and one-stepping to his own music. He was boy enough to hold back the new Big Idea as a glorious surprise, only hinting darkly that Adele and Buster had better look all dolled up Monday morning, or they might kick themselves afterward, and catechised her searchingly as to what she considered his most becoming suit and hat. Adele had not lived in a movie country for nothing, so long before Monday came she guessed about the film that was to be "shot" in the Parthenon Freeze, but with her tender tact she pretended to be struck dumb with amazement and delight when the movie people arrived and the camera man began to set up his machine on the sidewalk. It was a marvellous scenario, written by one of the big men of the Mammoth Movies especially for this occasion; that was what it meant to have a good old scout like Sid Hale for a friend. Crowds collected, just as he knew they would, and—oh, joy, oh, bliss!—who should come down the street at the most exciting moment but Charlie Parker, the reporter of Orangeville's livest paper, the *Times-Star*. And Parker sometimes wrote things for the Los Angeles *Globe*. . . . Matherson, obeying the



"He just read the card, and shook his head when Miss Bascome asked him his order."—Page 175.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

director's orders to register extreme terror in the doorway (the film was preparedness stuff, and a dangerous German spy was disguised as one of the Greek waitresses), saw the rosy heavens open and rain sweet publicity on him and his wife, his child and his shop, and everything that was his.

The vision came true. The *Times-Star* gave the story a whole column, and the business manager called it "free advertising," and accused Parker of having been bribed by a pass to the soda-fountain. This unjust accusation had the happiest results. Parker had written up the "shooting" only because his sense of humor had clamored for self-expression when he had seen the Greek professor and the professor of ancient history come down the street and unconsciously get into the picture, finding themselves in a wild welter of movie policemen and Greek maidens before they knew what had happened to them. By way of showing the business manager that he didn't care a whoop in Chinatown for what that gentleman thought, Parker wrote it up at even greater length for the Los Angeles *Globe*, and that journal, always glad to keep on the right side of the Mammoth Movies, their very good advertisers, gave the story a prominent place in the Sunday paper, with glaring head-lines. One of the immediate results of this glorious publicity was a sending of tourists from the near-by Junipero Inn, who began to flock to the Parthenon Freeze for sundaes and candies every pleasant afternoon. It was the thing to "have something at that cute little place near the college, the one the *Globe* wrote about, you know." Matherson bought a Victrola on the instalment plan, and took to reading automobile catalogues.

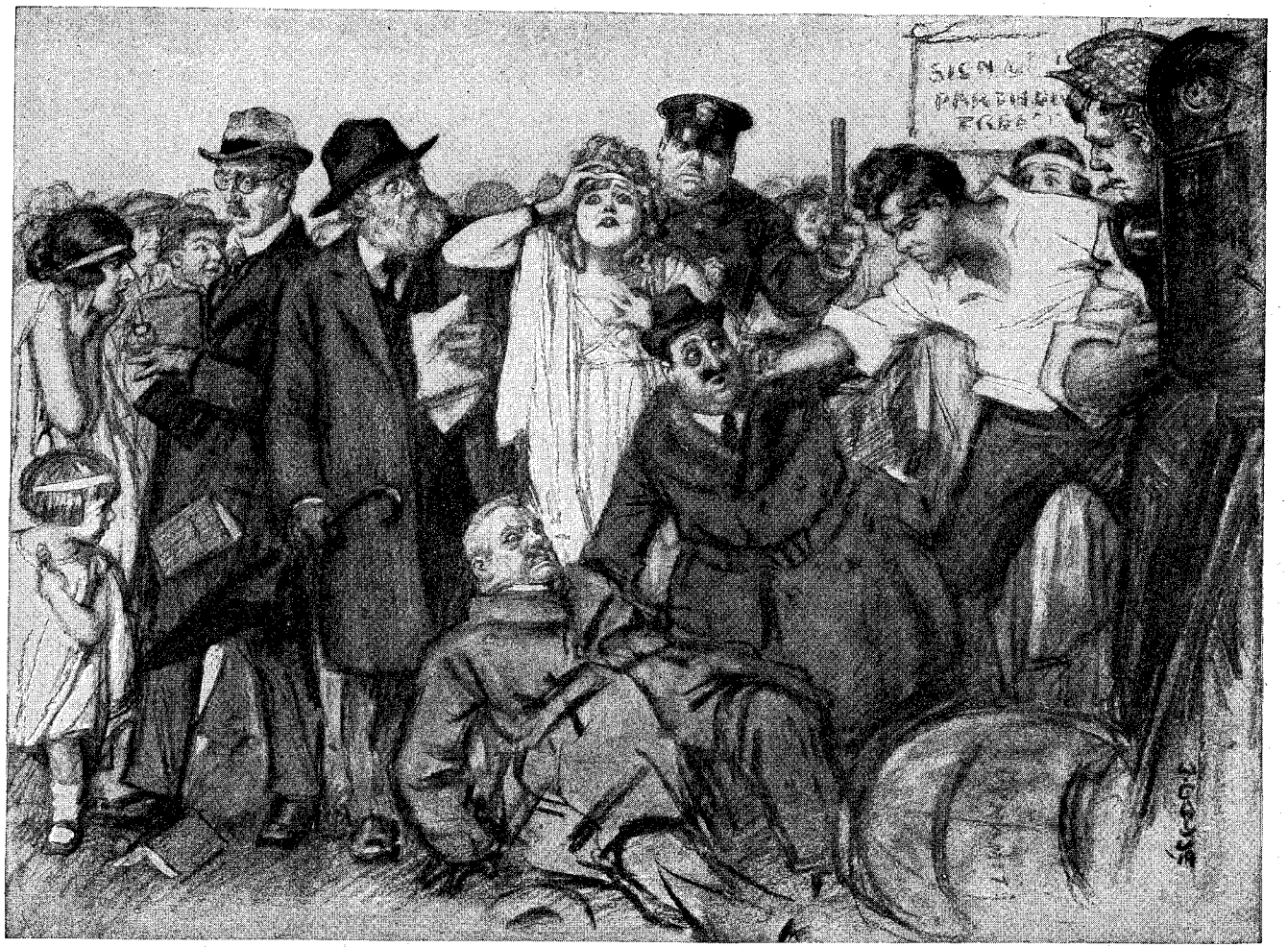
Then suddenly, after serene months of prosperity, the blow fell. Matherson came into the Parthenon Freeze one afternoon and told his wife to come home with him for a little while; Miss Bascome could look after the cash-register while she was gone. No, nothing was the matter with Buster, but there was something they had to talk about together. They hurried back to the bungalow on the unfashionable street, and he made her come into the dining-room and drink a glass of water. Then he put her in the Morris chair they had got as a premium, and he sat down on the edge and put his arm around her. "I'm drafted, Adele," he said with stiff lips.

She went very white, and said piteously and futilely, "Oh, isn't there some mistake?" and then, "Ed, can't you claim exemption?" He didn't answer, just looked at her. Then she began to cry (when had he ever seen Adele cry?) and gasped between her sobs: "No, no, I wouldn't want you to do that. If other women can stand it, I guess I can." He looked at her gravely. "It's up to you," he said.

Then they talked it out, backward and forward. Once he said: "I guess there's lots of fellers like me, who wouldn't think of enlisting, but who kinder feel as if it was decided for them when the draft gets them." And she answered, fumbling at the damp little ball that had once been a handkerchief: "And I guess there's lots of women like me, who cry and make fools of themselves, but who'd never forgive themselves if they held their husbands back." He got up abruptly and walked over to the window. When his shoulders were quite steady again, he turned round and faced his wife and his problem once more.

He got up earlier than usual the next morning, and was at the shop before eight o'clock. It seemed to him as if he could think things out better there than in the little house, and he had to do some tall thinking. He was drafted, and he wouldn't claim exemption; that was all settled. Adele had faced the music, and they were both going to be good sports. But . . . what about the business? Sell out, yes, that was all very well, but who would buy? This was no time to get a good price for a candy and ice-cream proposition, with a sugar shortage, maybe (you never knew in war-time), and people beginning to economize on the non-essentials. His hopeless eyes roving around the tidy little shop, he realized suddenly how he would hate to leave it. He could run it all right, war or no war, and so could Adele, if things were only different, but with a baby coming—no, it was out of the question. He stared up at the parti-colored frieze, as if to get inspiration, and, for the first time in its existence,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*Drawn by W. E. Hill.*]

Finding themselves in a wild welter of movie policemen and Greek maidens.—Page 178.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hated it fiercely. He dropped into one of the bent-wood chairs and picked up a menu card, which he read unseeingly over and over again—"Sorosis Sundae, Doric Dazzle," and all the rest. He tore it suddenly and furiously into little bits.

Then the business day began. There were lots of customers, and that was the cruel part of it; it was a good business, and he ought to sell for a handsome price, but—and it was such a big but—who would want to take a chance in war-time? He was sitting in the little office he had fixed for himself behind the parlors, hopelessly working over a column of figures, when the faithful Miss Bascome put her Greek-filleted head cautiously in at the door. "Two gentlemen to see you, Mr. Matherson," she whispered.

"All right, show them in." They might be book-agents, but if they were, he reflected, he could bite a piece out of them, and that would make him feel better. Whoever they were, they made a break in the hideous afternoon. He turned at the sound of creaking footsteps, and stood facing—the Greek professor and old Homer Adams, of Whitney and Adams, the biggest law firm in town. Matherson almost asked, "Gentlemen, to what do I owe the honor of this visit?" like the swell hero in a novel he and Adele had been reading aloud. But he managed to keep his wits about him and say instead: "Have some chairs." They sat down.

What on earth had they come for? Matherson was so busy wondering that he lost the preliminary speech, something about "a possible intrusion," and only waked up to the statement that Mr. Wharton was in town, for the first time in ten months. The lawyer emphasized the "ten months," and Matherson wondered why. He came and went as he pleased, this eccentric old Josiah Wharton, who had spent his millions on the university he had built among the palms and oranges of the little southern Californian town, and if he hadn't been seen on the campus all winter, why get excited about it now? And why come to the Parthenon Freeze with the news? Matherson looked his perplexity, and the lawyer said more briskly, giving his chair a nervous little hitch: "And this—er—establishment of yours came as a surprise to him, Mr. Matherson, and not, I must confess, a very agreeable one."

Matherson stared blankly at his caller. "I don't get you, sir," he blurted out.

The lawyer opened his brief-case and took out a folded newspaper. "Some rather officious person, Mr. Matherson, took it upon himself to show Mr. Wharton yesterday this article in an old Los Angeles paper, describing, in the most extravagant journalese, a scene enacted here last November, when a moving picture was staged in this shop and on the sidewalk outside. I must tell you frankly that Mr. Wharton was excessively annoyed, and that a visit to your establishment yesterday afternoon in nowise lessened his annoyance. He feels——"

"What's he sore about?" Matherson asked impatiently. "It was good advertising for the university, all right, wasn't it?" He glanced meaningly at his watch; he wanted to get to the bank before three o'clock to see about a loan. "Seems to me I've done him a good turn, if anything."

"Publicity of that kind is hardly what this college desires, Mr. Matherson," the lawyer returned. "If you will just glance at the offending article"—he opened the newspaper and laid it on the young man's knee, pointing to the screaming headlines—"you may perhaps better realize our point of view. The implication that the college needs to be advertised either by your—er—oddly named refreshment parlors, or by a moving-picture company, no matter how famous, is an unfortunate one. The trustees and the faculty regretted the incident at the time, regretted it very much, but after some consultation, they decided it would be more dignified to ignore it. Mr. Wharton, however——"

"It got the old man's goat. I see." Matherson tapped the offending article and chuckled. "I suppose this is what you mean: 'It's a good thing, push it along, is what the Parthenon Freeze, E. W. Matherson's popular ice-cream parlors, thinks of Wharton University. The Parthenon Freeze is doing its bit to put the Southland's newest and wealthiest institution of learning into the limelight.' Good stuff, that—Parker sure can write."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He slapped his knee and burst out laughing, his guests watching him with disgusted expressions. "Say, ain't this a peach of a head-line?—'C. stands for Caramels and Culture—Film Drama Staged in Candy Store Will Tell the Southland All About Wharton University.' I'd forgotten what a great old write-up that was! Old man Wharton ought to have the sense to see——"

The lawyer puffed an impatient sigh through his thin lips. "Need we discuss the article at such length, Mr. Matherson?" he interrupted. "Let me come to the point, and inform you that, as Mr. Wharton's legal representative, I am here to ask you to change the name of this establishment and to remove any suggestion of Greek learning and culture from your decorative scheme. Of course, Mr. Wharton will be glad to bear all expense connected with the change of name, and will pay for a reasonable amount of *dignified* advertising." He glanced at his companion and cleared his throat. "Professor Roberts, here, consented to come with me to make the collegiate point of view plain to you. Professor, suppose you take the floor?"

"I confess I would like to ask a question, Mr. Matherson." The professor glanced suavely at his host. "Would you mind telling me how this—er—unique idea happened to come to you? Why a Greek ice-cream establishment? I confess my curiosity is considerably aroused." At this moment the door of the office opened, disclosing that portion of the frieze on which Sid's joyous brush had blithely portrayed "the solemn dignity of the magistrates." The professor gazed at it with an inscrutable expression.

"It's up to you."—Page 178.

Matherson glared at him. "I guess I'll answer the most important question first," he said. Then, wheeling round on the lawyer, he shouted: "Will I make this place over and take all the pep and the punch out of it just because an old sore-head like Wharton asks me to? Not on your life! It's a good-paying business, and I'll be darned if I have anything to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do with your proposition! Here, who left that door open?" He got up and shut it with a slam, then sat down and faced his callers defiantly.

"Daddy, I opened the door because I wanted to come in." Buster, logical and unperturbed, sauntered around from behind his father's chair, staring at the strangers with a child's unwinking gaze. Matherson's face softened at the touch of the sticky little hand on his knee. "Hullo, look who's here!" he said cheerfully, then he pulled out his handkerchief and removed traces of what looked like a pink face-cream from Buster's freckled cheeks. "Say, sonny," he admonished in a stage whisper, "you remember what mother said about too many ice-cream cones. You don't want any more stomachaches, do you?"

The callers looked vaguely embarrassed at this intimate question, and the lawyer took off his eye-glasses and snapped them into their case, as if to change the subject abruptly. "Well, Mr. Matherson," he said, "if you won't consider my proposition, will you sell out? I may offer you this price for the business," and he named a generous sum.

The little room swam before Matherson's eyes, and he gripped Buster's arm so hard that there was a squeal of protest. "I mustn't let those old stiffs think I'm going to jump at it," he thought. "They'll pull it back with a string if I eat it alive." He could see that they were watching him eagerly, and his spirits went up with an inward shout. "Well, gentlemen," he said, putting on a drawl that didn't match the thumping of his heart, "I don't know if you realize you're asking me to give up a mighty good thing. If I sell out now I might be making all kinds of a mistake, and I've got my family to consider." He stopped abruptly, and put his lips to the ruffled thatch of Buster's round head, with a sudden leap of affection for the child he was so soon to leave behind him, then came to himself with a start. "Gosh!" he thought shamefacedly. "They'll think I was doing that just to show off." He straightened up in his chair, and looked defiantly at his visitors.

The old lawyer tapped a dry and legal-sounding tattoo on the table edge, pursing his lips. Matherson stared at him, his heart thumping until he was afraid. Then . . . "Well, Mr. Matherson"—the voice seemed to come from an immense distance—"name your own price. I fancy I can make that all right with my client."

"I'll have to consult my wife, if you'll excuse me a minute." Matherson rose to unsteady feet, and walked slowly and nonchalantly into the store, Buster gambolling at his side like a frolicsome puppy. He went over to the cashier's desk and gripped his wife's hand behind the cash-register. "Honey," he whispered, "pretend you're talking with me, that we're discussing something important, only don't look too glad, or you'll spoil the show. We're going to sell out—big. It'll put you on Easy Street before I leave you."

"Oh, thank God!" said the little wife tremulously.

"Oh, thank God, thank God!" The words rang in Matherson's ears as he walked back to his office; he wondered, half dazed with his good luck, if he would say them to his visitors, instead of naming the price he was going to demand for the Parthenon Freeze. But it was all right; he heard himself talking of figures, big ones, and saw the lawyer pulling out a fountain pen. "Sign this, please"—and there was a paper, he must read it carefully first. Yes, it was all right. Then there was something about "preliminary payments," and he was clutching a check. Could he see Mr. Adams on Monday, at ten, to wind up the matter? Yes, certainly he could. His visitors had got up, and mechanically he was opening the door for them—in another minute they would be gone, and he could show the check to Adele. He ought to shake hands with them, he supposed. The lawyer gave him a tepid bunch of fingers, but the Greek professor returned his clasp with something like an interest, looking at him with a puzzled, searching look. Matherson remembered; the old fellow had wanted to know about what started the Parthenon Freeze scheme.

"Say, professor," he found himself saying impulsively. "You were asking me how I happened to dope out that idea? Well, I thought it would make a hit in a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We're going to sell out—big."—Page 182.

college town, and I wanted to make money to give the kid a first-class education. That's all. You've got to put some new idea, something with pep and punch, into an ice-cream joint nowadays, if you mean to make a good thing out of it. I'm kinder sorry Mr. Wharton can't see what a dandy idea this was." His eyes lingered lovingly on his captured dream, but his fingers clasped the check tighter, and with the other hand he drew Buster to his side, and tousled his hair affectionately. "You're going to grow up and study hard, the way your dad never had a chance to," he said to the child. Then he turned to the professor with a sudden radiant smile. "I hope you'll be in the university fifteen years from now, sir, when the kid's a freshman. Maybe he'll want to study Greek; you never can tell."

"They said good-by pleasant enough," he confided to his wife five minutes later. "And that old professor, he's not half as much of a stiff as you'd think. Shook my hand good and hard, and said he hoped my son would justify all my expectations—gosh, what a line of talk those highbrows hand out! Say, Adele, put on your hat, and you and me and Buster'll all go down to the bank and deposit that check."



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Drawn by Frank Tenney Johnson.*

"Glennie, it points right at us, like it used to come down this way."—Page 191.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# GOLDEN FRUIT

By Calvin H. Luther
Author of "The Hunting of Bud Howland"

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON

MY first glance at Glennie Budlong, there in the lobby of The Palms, at Santa Barbara, told me that what I had heard of him was true. Yet, to tease him a little, I took everything as a matter of course, asking about his health, how long he would be in the neighborhood, whether he had taken up golf, and so on—he growing visibly more restless with every word. Finally he could bear it no longer.

"Didn't expect to find me here, and everything, did you?" he asked, not without complacence, his eye beckoning mine to a survey of his fancy waistcoat, his yellow shoes, his yellowish diamond.

"Oh, yes. Up in the mountains they think you're still fruit-ranching; but I met Jacky Slingerland in Sacramento, and he told me you'd sold out and might be down here along the coast."

He scowled a little.

"Sold out! Was that all he said?"

"Well, you know what Jacky is. He talked a lot, but I put salt in it, of course."

"Put salt in it, did you? Well, say—" But he had caught my eye. "Stung!" he murmured, affectionately, gratefully. "I ought to have known better." And we laughed uproariously.

Then he settled back in his new clothes, in the deep leather chair, in the mission-finished hotel—eying his yellowish diamond—and told me all about it.

It wasn't long after you left (said Glennie, with no preface at all) that Talky-Talk Hance, the freighter, brought word about the new diggings up Telfair way. Funny we should have took stock in anything he had to say, but we did. He wa'n't clear of the wash, hardly, afore all the boys had struck work to talk it over. And the upshot was— Oh, well, you've been all through it yourself.

"You coming, Glennie?" Big Jim Willis hollers out to me. "Ain't I just!" I yells back. Everybody was yelling. "Let me get my mail and lock up the limousine," I says, "and then, if your eyes are good, you'll see a dust-storm and me in the middle of it!"

So I went into the post-office—and there was a letter from the old man!

I turned it over, and turned it over, and held it up to the light; but I didn't open it up for quite some time. Just stood there studying. You see, I kind of sensed trouble. One thing, it had mostly been my luck with the old man to get a jolt about when I didn't want it the most. Another thing, he'd never wrote me before when things was going well; only when there was frost, or the water give out, or a brush fire run down into his peach-trees. And besides, he was getting old—'way past seventy. He was liable to be bad news himself, you might say, any time along.

After a while I read the letter, though, standing inside the post-office, with about twenty-seven thousand men yelling at me all the time; and then I went out and read it in the road. It was short. The old man said the apricots was doing well; he liked the new mule, only the harness was giving out; Bob Gilroy was flattering himself on having a chance for sheriff, and maybe I'd feel like coming home—he hadn't been quite up to the mark lately himself.

"Hurry on, Glennie," the boys was calling.

"You bet you!" I hollers, and went back into the post-office for to get paper and ink.

Not for mine: that's what I wrote the old man. The prospects was good right where I was, with nobody to order me round but myself; and placer-mining was a lot more my style than ranching. Besides, he knew as well as I did that we'd never get along. "You and me is like



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oil and water, though no offense meant," I says in the letter. So I stamped it up and dropped it through the hole.

"You fellows wait for me up by Miller's sluice," I told Hecky and the others. Then—I don't know why—I sat down on the steps and read that letter again. It was some blotted and the lines was about fifteen per cent down grade, and everything ragged-looking. He was getting old for sure. Well, it couldn't be helped, and anyway I'd go down and see him before another year, I says to myself, standing up. I didn't walk off, though; I sat down. Sudden! . . . It struck me! . . . I don't hardly know how to tell you.

Get down to that, who was this here Amos Budlong? Who was he, now? Why, my father. Those fellows out there ramping up and down the road, screeching—they wa'n't no kin of mine. Good boys, I'm telling you, but not Budlongs by a whole lot! And here he was, my old man, getting down as far as his knees would bend, asking me a favor. It amounted to that. He'd always been plenty on telling me what I could do, and what I couldn't do; but look how he was putting it this time: "So I thought maybe you'd feel like coming down to see me pretty soon!" That was talking some, for him! . . . There was Hecky, dancing in the dust; and all them hills up along the sky—pines here and there, and the roar of them waterfalls on Little Sister. I groaned inside; I sure did. But then I looked at the end of the letter: "As ever your father, Amos Budlong." . . . I went back into the post-office.

You know old Sol. Why, he fair ground his teeth at me when I asked for my letter back! Allowed it was up to the gov'ment now, in him repersented and affiliated and so forth. So there I was, up against it hard and plenty. I couldn't beat the letter down to Vail's Grade, because the stage was due right then, and I had a heap of things to settle up before I went.

"What you looking so raw about?" says Big Jim to me. "Where you going like that?"

"Reckon I'll have to get out my gun," I tells him. "There's always got to be a first time," I says, "and this looks like it." Then I opens up.

Big Jim walks into the post-office, heavy, first one foot and then the other.

"Sol, my boy," he says, sticking that red head of his into the window, not taking the cigareet out of his face at all, "there's a new rule what Wilson and me has just got up. So you shove out that letter, Sol. Glennie, he's up and seen the light. You can keep the stamp for to send on to Wash'n'ton, but Glennie and me has got use for that letter ourselves." He waited, but Sol didn't say nothing. "Or do you want I should identify myself in the usual manner?" Big Jim says, grinning.

Sol done the only thing he could do.

So the word I really sent was this: I'd clean up and leave in a couple of days. Vail's Grade and fruit-ranching sounded fine to me; and if he was agreeable, him and me would take a whirl at being pardners. Trouble with the mountains was, I tells him, that there wa'n't no Budlongs there. . . . And don't make no mistake, I meant it. The thing had fair tore me apart—but the biggest half was heading for Vail's Grade, you bet you!

All this time, only I didn't know it (Glennie was not quite successful in steadying his voice) the old man was sick, mighty sick. Old Doc Jessup was looking after him right close, coming up every day; and that morning it was him that brought the mail, just to accommodate. The Doc tells me afterward that when the old man had read my letter he held it out, his hand shaking terrible.

"Pardners," he says, all weak.

And when the Doc had read it he looked up—and he could see it was all off. The old man was going fast. . . . Seems like he'd been holding up only for to get word from me.

Glennie paused for a few moments.

"I got there in time to plant two bushes on his grave," he muttered, looking away from me.

It seemed best and kindest to break the silence after a little. So I laid my cigarcase on Glennie's knee, remarking, with a glance at his brown hand:

"That's a fine diamond, old man."

He brightened instantly.

"Ain't it? The old lady got her watch and her black silk, and I got my stone the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same day; and we didn't buy 'em in Sacramento either. Frisco for us, that time! . . . Oh, you didn't know about her, did you? Well, I was just going to tell you."

My mother died so far back I can't rightly remember her, and there wa'n't nobody in the house but the old man and me for a good many years. Then he married again: I couldn't see why, at the time. Name was Simis; her whole family was named Simis, over and over and over. They come from Topeka or Omaha—somewheres out there in the East. When I was growing up it wa'n't safe to mention none of them places to me, I felt so keen about the Simises. (He laughed heartily, pounding his knee.) And I've heard her say that one reason why she didn't take the old man sooner was on account of me. I made her suspicion the whole breed, like. And father couldn't explain me away nohow!

But somehow the old lady and me made out to get along, now that we was alone together in that little house. I never could quarrel with a woman much: it's onhandy, kind of; you don't know rightly how to go at it, like you do with a man. Besides, I reckoned she'd been a good wife to the old man—I knew blame well she had—and so it was straight up to me. She was old, too, and little, and terrible round-shouldered, like she'd been overworked too long. When you looked at her first, it just seemed she'd lived till she was tired of it and wanted a rest. But when she looked back to you, them black eyes a-shining, you knew different right away. She hadn't lived her life out by a good deal; there was a hongry way with her, like she wanted nice clothes and a chance to travel around and see things. And as for resting, that was just exactly what she wa'n't figuring on. . . . And oh, my— To think the old man was able enough to keep himself head of that house all them years! Enough to make you feel proud, that was!

She made a right good start with me all round. Cooked regular man's food; you know what I mean. And neat—I can't tell you! I tried her out on smoking, too; one hand on the door-knob, you might say.

"It's terrible bad for you, Glenwood," she says, "but you ain't my own, and I don't feel responsible. Besides," she says, "smoking does kind of strengthen up a house. The Simises was all smokers."

That letter of mine, too: she wa'n't laying that up against me—not by no means. Said so, snappy as you please, but meaning well, I could see. And she owned up to being lonesome and needing a man around.

"It ain't only the young folks feels so, Glenwood," she says that night. "Take it when a woman has got along in years, without any means and no children of her own—" She stopped rocking and begun to finger a necklace she had, made out of them eucalyptus buds. "Anyhow," she goes on, "here we are, Glenwood, and we ought to get along; we got to get along. We're some older and wiser than we was, and that'll help. Of course, I don't look for no 'ma' business—and don't want it. 'Twould make me feel too settled. And far as that goes, I don't aim to make you over; it's all I can do to handle myself," she says.

"I couldn't be much improved anyhow," I says. You know how it is; I get fresh.

"That's a true word," she snaps, "even if you did mean it to be smart. Nobody can't improve you; you got to do it yourself. But lucky for you, people run true to breed, usually. You take the Simis family, for instance. . . . But what I was going to say, Glenwood, was this: you've got a right to live your own life, and I'm aiming to leave you be—just leave you be. And when you get to be satisfied with yourself—real satisfied, I mean, Glenwood—then you'll find I'm satisfied with you."

I stands up and makes a big bow, but didn't say anything.

"Out with it, Glenwood," she says, kind of half suspicious.

"Do you know what I was thinking—honest?" I answers. "I was thinking it would help some if I was part Simis."

She stares at me, a kind of happy look coming in her eyes. Then she stiffens up—and starts to go out, them buds all clattering.

"Seems to me," she says, keen as a razor, "you couldn't do much better than try to be a genuine Budlong!"

But I didn't tell you. Father's will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

left me considerable tied up, like; roped by the forefoot. The place was mine, free and clear, but I'd got to settle down on it and make a good home for his wife—"in return for her many years of devotion," was what the paper says. There was thirty acres, thereabouts: ten in peaches, eight in apricots, plumcots, and plums, with some few grapes and enough alfalfa to keep the mule. So far so good; only I couldn't do anything much but wear myself out on it—couldn't sell or mortgage or rent while the old lady was alive; and besides, when it come to a show-down about things, little things, why, she was boss. What she said was the Ten Commandments and the by-laws, with no back talk. . . . Showed what he thought of me, didn't it? Wouldn't trust me the length of a lariat. I was powerful sore, let me instruct you. But finally I went out to the pump-house and had a little seeance with myself.

"G. Budlong," I says to the gentleman named, "there was some sense to that will. 'Cause you ain't to be trusted—and that's a fact. Foller it all through from the time you run away from home till you got back, and what is there to it? Cow-puncher, shingle-mill hand, freighter, quartz-driller, lost-mine hunter, and gen'l desert rat—you never saved nothing, never helped your father, never made one damn good enemy, even. What do folks call you? I asks myself. Why, Glennie—n-i-e—Glennie: kind of a little-Willie name! . . ." Right then I'd have sold out my equity in myself for two and a half Confederate greenbacks.

She spots me as I come out of the pump-house.

"What you been doing, to look like that?" she wants to know.

"Little argyment between me and myself," I tells her.

"Well, supper won't be ready for an hour yet. What did you stop for?" she says—and, mean as she spoke, I could see she was laughing at me with her eyes.

All's I could do was walk off into the alfalfa along with the mule; and darned if he didn't start braying at me, like I was a blood relation!

(Glennie shook his head in gloom, recalling those first days at home.)

I looked the place over—trying to make up my mind when it was made up all the time—and here's what there was to it, just: a rusty house with two palmettos half alive and some red geraniums half dead, and some white stones to lead you around to the side door on account of the front porch falling sideways; a pump-house for my prayer-meetings, place for chickens, shed for the mule and the different things the poor cuss had to lug around, and a lot of little trees, and a lot more little trees, and some vines. East and north there was Holy Hill, hard, rough and unpretty, cut most in two by Lost Horse Canyon; the other way, in clear weather, you could see the smoke of Sacramento—where you didn't have time or money to go and buy the things you wanted. Furthermore and whatever, what wasn't raw gravel and boulders—like the orchard—was adobe, so sticky I could have got a patent on it. You had to keep peddlers and strangers off, in wet weather, for fear they'd carry away the west half of the property on their feet. And in good, nice, dry weather, when you started to irrigate, the water would strike a crack that would hold the Sacramento River and be thirsty for more. Fact! . . . I put it straight to you. Is it any wonder I dragged around that place like a coyote in a cage, them first few days? But what could G. Budlong do? I didn't want the property, and didn't have no feeling at all for the house, even, I'd been away so long; but the old lady—she was up to me, for them "years of devotion." There was the situation, kind of surrounding me.

Yes, I was a coyote in a cage, as I says; and one morning at breakfast I lifts up my howl.

"Vail's Grade don't handsome any to me," I says, real out loud. "I don't hanker to be handmaiden to a mule and a lot of scraggly fruit-trees, so called, either. I can't breathe in a tight house, either. I never aimed to be staked down in such a little bit of North America, either," I says. "Now what do you suppose I've made up what's left of my mind to do?"

"Pass your cup, Glenwood," she says, calm as that. "Why, I reckon you aim to mend that cultivator after breakfast."

"Bull's-eye!" I says, "only I mended it yesterday."

"How do you like my coffee, Glennie?" she says, fingering them eucalyptus buds.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Made me jump, that did! First time she'd called me so; and say, it didn't sound bad, at that!

So, first thing you know, there I was, full pardner with the mule in the fruit-ranching business—all peeved up with blisters and sore in the back, praying for rain like the neighbors was, only I wanted it so I could take a day off to rest. And not being wise about fruit, as you may say, I didn't have no comfort in it, didn't have no feeling that it was worth doing; no real, inside feeling, I mean. To be any kind of rancher you've got to have hope; got to believe in the ground and sunshine and seasons, and know they'll make good if you do. But me, I hadn't no confidence in anything except my own hard luck, them days. I soon got over telling the old lady about it, though.

"Your father stood for it, many's the year," she'd say, and foller it up with a look from them black eyes that would fetch the blushes out on me like a rash. She had me there. What was good enough for the old man ought to be good enough for me.

But them winter months learned me one thing for sure: they learned me why the old man married again. That snappy way she had—why, it was only ginger, when you come to know her; and that tight look around her mouth wasn't meanness—it come from holding in, from doing without things and doing things she didn't like. And could she wait, and keep still? And say, could she mind her own business? You show me the beat of her, any weight or age! . . . Couple of times I sort of eased up with the boys down at the village, for instance. She wouldn't have said a word if I'd let her be—only I thought she was going to, and my hair was hurting me that morning.

"I suppose the Simises didn't none of 'em flirt with the demon Rum," I says to her.

"There's fools in every family," she says, extra quiet; "some for drinking and some for letting 'em drink. But I'll say to you, Glenwood Budlong," and she pushed back from the table, "I don't belong to either kind!"

There she stood, little and mighty big, her eyes burning.

"I'll drink when I feel like it!" I calls out, mad clear through.

"I expect so," she says, mighty calm, looking at me steady; "and I don't know as I think the worse of you for being a man that can't be run. Yes, you'll drink when you feel like it," she says again, and waited. "But it strikes me, Glenwood," she says, "that you ain't going to feel like it no more."

"Bull's-eye!" I says, "and signed—G. Budlong."

I felt rotten all round. I put my head on the table. She touched my shoulder—just touched it.

"Glennie, you better drink your coffee clear this time. I've heard tell it's a good thing, if took in plenty"—and she went into the kitchen and shut the door.

(Glennie stole a look at me.)

Oh, well, come to that, liquor never meant nothing to me. Couldn't make myself care for it, somehow.

(He stole another look—but did not catch me smiling.)

But it wa'n't long, after all, before the blossoms come—and things went better. They come in the night. Have you ever seen 'em? Acres and acres of plums and peaches and apricots, one after the other, blossoming till it looked like there'd been a colored snow-storm? Bees and birds come a dozen miles to visit you, and a smell in the air? Do you know (his voice fell to the measured, serious utterance of the scientist), do you know, there ain't no rose or lily ever been got up that could stand beside a peach-blossom? Not to my mind. Take it from the road, say, a big field full; or close up, right in your fingers. Smell of 'em. Put 'em under the mikerscope. Where's your rose, now? Take it or leave it—where's your rose or your lily?

"What made you so slow to breakfast?" the old lady wants to know, that morning.

"Just forgot, that's all," I says. "I was down looking at the peach blows."

She looked at me, her face all soft.

"That's your father, right over," she says. "He used to forget his meals, too. Ain't it a pity, Glennie—" and she choked up.

Well, the blossoms give me a start, but new things kept happening right along, after that. Come a wind, and afore you knew it the trees was bare again, only a little greened up; and the ground was so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pretty you couldn't make yourself walk on it, hardly. Then the trees got busy with their leaves: busted right out with leaves, I'm telling you. You could stand in the rows and hear 'em rustling and smell 'em growing. Fact. . . . I was plumb well satisfied; didn't feel to ask anything else. But one day I found out something more: fruit! Yes, sir, danged if there wasn't little green peaches on them trees already! Not some, you understand, but any quantity. It wasn't one tree, neither, but every blasted one of 'em.

Take, for instance, down at the end of the back rows, there was two measly little peach-trees that was always right in the way when I swung the plough. I'd swore at 'em plenty; I was going to take 'em out. Now, I'm telling you, them two trees had specially laid themselves out to make good: little peaches all over 'em, fighting for room like sparrows on a limb. I stood there, all warmed up inside, and I swore they'd get a fair show from then on, if the plough had to be carried around 'em in my arms.

Well, we can't set here all night, and it would sure take that long to tell you about that summer. It was good times for me, and darned if I don't think it was for the mule, too. As for the old lady, honest, now—it's a fact!—she used to come out and watch me; wait for me at the end of the rows, so's to talk a little. And sometimes she'd get excited like, and wave her apron at me from the back steps.

"Plough deep!" she'd call out. Or—"Work the pay-dirt right into the roots, Glennie; that's what gives 'em the color!"—or else she'd stand there quiet, kind of down-looking, and I knowed she was sorry the old man wa'n't there.

Then the peaches began to blush—then they took fire—and first thing you know, I had a check in my fist. Peach money! Talk about pocket-mining and nuggets!

"Going to bank it, Glennie? Or pay it on the debts?" the old lady asks me. But I made out not to hear her, being on my way to the road afore the stage come by.

So I went down to Sacramento and did one thing and another, and it was most morning afore I got home. But the old lady was waiting up. I'd seen her for the last mile, rocking back and forth in front of the lamp.

"Thought you might feel for a cup of coffee," she says.

"Was you worrying about me?" I asks, looking at her straight.

"No, Glennie, never any more; not the way you mean," she says, real gentle. "It was the street-cars and automobiles—and things. There's lots of accidents happen nowadays. And—well, Glennie, I'm a foolish old woman, but you're all I got." She looked down and begun to finger them eucalyptus buds.

"Well, you've got me. We belong to each other—and you can bank on it!" I says—and took a whirl round the room. Then I stepped up to her and forked over a little package.

"That's for you," I says, careless like.

She give me one quick look, and tore the thing wide open. They was beads, real gold ones. Danged if she didn't go to pieces, almost.

"Glennie," she whimpers, "they're wonderful! They ain't gold; you couldn't afford real gold ones, Glennie, and I know it. But, Glennie, I'm going to pertend they be!" She choked up again. "I never did like them buds real well."

So I went off to bed and left her sitting there, pouring her beads from one hand into the other, putting 'em on and taking 'em off, holding 'em up to the light and laying 'em back in the box to look at 'em there.

And when I woke up in the morning things started to happen!

(Glennie had thrown away his cigar and was sitting up, facing me earnestly.)

First thing, when I come in from feeding the mule, I smelled potatoes burning. And there was the old lady, just rocking quiet and looking down the road.

"Set down a minute, Glennie," she says. "I wanted to ask you: do you like fruit-ranching?"

"Maybe you won't believe me," I says, "but I do; I sure do."

"Day after day, along in the winter, I seen you walking up and down, looking at the mountains. It made me feel right sorry. You used to bite your lip, Glennie, and look at the mountains. Was you wishful for to go back?" I never knowed her voice to shake afore.

"I was so," I tells her. "But I ain't no more. It's done with."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Never going to look up in Lost Horse Canyon, there," she goes on, "and bite your lip and wish you was washing gravel?"

"That's done with." I spoke strong, for I seen she needed it. "As for Lost Horse, they cleaned that all out long afore I was born; scoured the whole wash clear down to Antonio's Gap, I've heard my father tell."

"I've heard him tell," she says. "Glennie, he was an awful good man, your father was."

"I found that out—too late." I had to set down, somehow.

"An onselfish man, he was," she says, not taking her eyes off me, "a sacrificing man."

"That's a true word," I says, miserable, remembering everything I hadn't done to help him.

"He wanted to have nice things and visit around some; we both did." She was half crying now and trembling all over. "And I begged him for years to fix the porch and get a new carpet for the front room. But no, he'd got to clear off the debts; got to square up Lowenstein's mortgage. 'When the place goes to Glennie,' he'd say, 'I want it clear, a clear gift, from man to man.' . . . And it was clear, Glennie, when he went—wa'n't it, boy? Tell me, wa'n't it?"

I couldn't nod, even.

"And your father says, over and over—specially when he was ailing the worst, these last two years—he says: 'You won't be left alone, Sarah. Glennie will stand by you. He's a sure-enough Budlong, sound in wind and limb. Only give him all the rope he wants. Leave him loose and he'll come round about the same age I did.' That's what he used to say, like I'm telling you, Glennie."

By that time I was terrible stirred up. And you know how a man does: tries to think up something common to say, like getting your feet back on the ground. So, after she'd been quiet for a little while—just rocking, fingering her beads, and looking 'way off through the window—I says to her:

"Cup of coffee wouldn't go so bad, would it?"

"Coffee?" she says, calm as can be, but the tears running down her cheeks. "We got something better to do than drink coffee. You come with me, Glennie"—and out she goes to the peach orchard, head up, light on her feet as a girl.

When she got to the lower end, she stopped and pointed to Lost Horse Canyon again.

"I've seen you look up there a thousand times," she says. "But that's all done with, you tell me. You've settled down."

"Don't think no more of it!" I broke out on her. But she stopped me with her hand.

"Lost Horse Canyon was terrible rich dirt, I've heard your father say. And, Glennie, it points right at us, like it used to come down this way. Maybe there's an old wash— Maybe this 'ere gravel we're standing on——"

I was pretty near off my head by then, mostly mad to be stirred up so, after all them fevers had died 'way down.

"Look here," I says, shaking off her hand from my arm, "the wash turns west up on the Milburn place. There never was a time it come down here. It couldn't. There's bed-rock in the way—you can see it from the road."

She laid hold of me again.

"It ain't bed-rock, Glennie," she says, like in a whisper.

"Jiminy!" I says. I knowed what she was driving at.

"Folks think it's bed-rock, but your father found out different, two years back. Glennie, look at me! It's only a big boulder!"

"Jiminy!" I says, sitting down on the ground.

She leaned over me, smiling like she was mighty happy, but shaking, too.

"Oh, Glennie, how bad your father wanted to tell you himself! But he was afraid. 'It might be his ruination,' he says. 'When he's had his fling, then we'll show him!' And he says, laying down the law like he could: 'Wait, Sarah. Let him and you get to understand each other first. He'll be a good son to you; give him a little time to get his bearings.' . . . And, Glennie," she cries out, fooling with my hair, "you been a good son to me; a real good son. It's been hard to wait, Glennie; but when I see them beads— Oh, that was just like a son; I've always wanted beads!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I patted her hand—but I couldn't talk.

"All summer I've watched you ploughing back and forth over the old wash of Lost Horse Creek—and never suspicioning! Why, Glennie, all them trees with tin tags on 'em, beginning with these two little ones at the end—they ain't really there for the fruit at all: they're what your father called his monyments. It's pay-dirt all over here, three foot down. Glennie, Glennie, we're rich folks!"

"Oh, Lord!" I says.

"Your father said right away—and I always suspicioned he meant it, partly—that the pay-dirt was what give such color to his clingstones and apricots. 'Wait till Glennie sees the yellow in his own fruit—he won't care for no other mining,' he says. 'I've sent up in the mountains for him—and he'll sure come. And once we get him home again, it won't be long.'

"'I can wait,' I says to him, that last day. 'It won't be long. There's good stock in the Budlongs, same as there is in the Simises.'"

Glennie stopped and looked at his watch.

"Nigh ten o'clock!" he exclaimed, rising. "See you first thing in the morning. You see, it ain't right to keep her up. Takes lots of stren'th, this travelling and sightseeing does—and she ain't as young as she might be. But then again, you can stand a heap when you're happy."

---

# FRIMAIRE

## By Amy Lowell

DEAREST, we are like two flowers
Blooming last in a yellowing garden,
A purple aster flower and a red one
Standing alone in a withered desolation.

The garden plants are shattered and seeded,
One brittle leaf scrapes against another,
Fiddling echoes of a rush of petals.
Now only you and I nodding together.

Many were with us; they have all faded.
Only we are purple and crimson,
Only we in the dew-clear mornings,
Smarten into color as the sun rises.

When I scarcely see you in the flat moonlight,
And later when my cold roots tighten,
I am anxious for the morning,
I cannot rest in fear of what may happen.

You or I—and I am a coward.
Surely frost should take the crimson.
Purple is a finer color,
Very splendid in isolation.

So we nod above the broken
Stems of flowers almost rotted.
Many mornings there cannot be now
For us both. Ah, Dear, I love you!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

By Robert Grant

Judge of the Probate Court, Boston; Author of "Woman and Property," etc.

THAT there is urgent need of a uniform divorce law and even more of a uniform marriage law to reconcile the diversities of our several States seems to be generally admitted, and yet nothing dies harder in this country than local custom and prejudice concerning the legal formalities of matrimony and of its dissolution. Those familiar with the subject are virtually in accord that there is little likelihood of securing the passage of a national constitutional amendment, and are resting their hopes on the gradual influence of the commissions on uniform State laws established over twenty years ago. The commissioners appointed from the several States have framed and recommended to the legislatures among other bills affecting all classes in the United States both a uniform marriage and a uniform divorce act, the former divided into two parts, a marriage license act approved by the conference of commissioners, August, 1911, and a marriage evasion act, approved August, 1912. Nevertheless, up to 1918 the marriage license act has been adopted in only two out of fifty-one States and Territories, the marriage evasion act in only five, and the uniform divorce act, approved 1907, in only three. In the summer of 1918 the uniform divorce act was subdivided by the conference of commissioners into two parts, one relating to practice and procedure, the other to annulment of marriage and to divorce. This is a pitiful showing from the point of view of readiness to subordinate community sentiment to a carefully considered code that would unify the laws in their application to family life from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

To be sure, the attention of the United States has been centred on the World War since 1914, yet in the interim a crusade to establish national prohibition has been successful and numerous palliative measures in aid of social justice have been enacted. But when inquiry is made why so little has been done to obliterate the interstate confusion which makes a wife in one jurisdiction a concubine or bigamist in another, we are told in the words of the commissioners that the legislators report lack of public interest. "Sanctity of the home" is a favorite buttered phrase in the mouth of Americans, not to be gainsaid by the taunt that we are the most divorce-ridden people in the universe except Japan, for we have a certificate from the historian Lecky in his comment "it is remarkable that this great facility of divorce should exist in a country which has long been conspicuous for its high standard of sexual morality and for its deep sense of the sanctity of marriage," and another from so exact an observer as Mr. Bryce, who wrote nearly a generation ago that "there seems no ground for concluding that the increase of divorce in America necessarily points to a decline in the standard of domestic morality, except, perhaps, in a small section of the wealthy class, though it must be admitted that, if this increase should continue, it may tend to induce such a decline." "It may well be questioned," too, according to a native authority, Howard, in his "A History of Matrimonial Institutions," (1904), "whether the complexity or the conflict in the American codes is so pronounced as in the numerous systems of divorce law maintained in the states of the German Empire until the enactment of the code of 1900."

Yet why this lack of current popular interest in what would seem to lie at the very roots of national character? Against what more discreditable evil could the next nation-wide crusade direct itself than the lack of harmony in the States of the Union in all which appertains to marriage? Our spiritual need of an interstate marriage and divorce law is quite as great as was our economic need of an interstate commerce law—some compromise of local customs that shall weld



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

baneful contradictions of principle and practice into serviceable unity. And here let it be said that the obstacles to this are in very small part clerical, but result in the main from the tenacity of State traditions and self-satisfied indifference to the value of exact records. The churches as such, except in especial communities, continue to be powerless as ever in this country to control legislation concerning the requisites for marriage or validity of divorce. South Carolina is the one State where divorce is not permitted; the divorce laws were repealed in 1878. But with this air of superiority she presents the anomaly of requiring neither a marriage license nor a return or record of marriage. If the parties simply agree that they are married it is enough, and no formalities are necessary either before or after. Confirmation of this can be found in the last report of the National Bureau of the Census, on marriage and divorce (1916), to which I shall revert presently, and in the section of the South Carolina statutes which reads: "Nothing herein contained shall render any marriage illegal without the issuance of a license." Life in a community where the sole legal test of matrimony is the say so of the contracting parties, seems, however pastoral or independent, casual from the point of view of domestic stability, and lovers of formalities will be apt to condone the irony of an English commentator not many years ago who proposed "to abolish divorce altogether and to establish the idyllic conditions of a certain American State where, owing to the absence of divorce, the laws of succession are adapted to the complicated requirements of polygamy and concubinage."

The intensity of certain prejudices regarding marriage and how irrational they appear to other mortals, if not to the community concerned after a short lapse of time, was never better illustrated than by the declaration of another Englishman, previously lord chancellor, that if marriage with a deceased wife's sister ever became legal the decadence of England was inevitable, and that he would rather see 300,000 Frenchmen landed on the English coasts. This was before the day when any one would have been apt to inquire if he would feel the same way if they happened to be Boches, and in the meantime the ban against marrying a deceased wife's sister which was likened by a bishop of Exeter to the horror of marrying one's own mother has been removed in Great Britain to the relief of a highly entertained world, though ludicrously enough the act of 1907 which accomplished this omitted to sanction the marriage of a woman to her deceased husband's brother. This particular restriction by way of affinity never took root in the United States, but was virtually repudiated from the outset as inconsistent with the common-sense argument that if a wife with young children happens to die, the most suitable person in the world to be her successor may be her own sister. Even the Roman Catholic Church regards the prohibition as resting not on direct or natural law, but merely on an ecclesiastical command, and therefore claims and constantly exercises the right of dispensing with it.

But at this point native uniformity virtually ceases and the idiosyncrasies of separate or more frequently groups of States as to whom one may marry or under what conditions one may marry are very far from identical. Happily, many of the newer and a few of the older States have taken for granted and refrained from prescribing in cold type that marriage with one's mother, grandmother or grandchild is forbidden, but as to more debatable restrictions the statute-books remain decidedly at odds. For example, there is no consensus of opinion as to whether wedlock with a stepmother or mother-in-law is permissible, and a woman brought up on Tennyson looked aghast the other day when informed by me that in a number of States of the Union the intermarriage of first cousins is unlawful. As to the age of consent to marriage, in some States the common-law rule of fourteen for boys and twelve for girls obtains, but this absence of legislation is almost invariably safeguarded by a statute fixing an age limit, twenty-one for males and ordinarily eighteen for females, below which parental consent to marriage is requisite. In other States the age of consent to marriage is defined by statute, varying according to locality all the way from twenty-one to fourteen for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

males, ringing the intervening changes, and from twenty-one to twelve for females. In the provisions which relate to the celebration itself there is no less dissimilarity. If it will astonish some to be told that in the early days of New England, magistrates not clergymen had power to bind people in matrimony, and that prior to 1686 no marriage with "prayer-book and ring" was legal in Massachusetts, it will seem more surprising to others that though marriage by civil authorities is sanctioned universally elsewhere in the country, the laws of three States (Maryland, West Virginia, and Delaware) inhibit lay celebration. On the other hand, in Pennsylvania, for instance (affirmed by express statute in 1885), a bride and groom may solemnize their own marriage by taking each other by the hand and plighting their vows in the presence of twelve witnesses, one of whom should be but need not be a justice of the peace. In certain States no witnesses at all are essential, nor is the taking out of a license invariably a prerequisite, while with respect to record of the evidences of marriage, there has existed not only wide divergence as to practice, but in many jurisdictions, especially in the South and Southwest, much slovenliness and unconcern in the tabulation of these social statistics. At present, to quote from the report of the Bureau of the Census (1916) already referred to, "all of the States except South Carolina require every marriage solemnized to be reported to some official specified by law, and for nearly two-thirds of the States there is legal provision for the State registration of marriages even though in some of these States this provision of law is not fully carried out." While this shows an improving tendency toward uniformity in the methods of preserving these highly important details concerning family life, it is obvious that at least one-third of the sovereign States are still lukewarm on the subject.

This random survey of interstate idiosyncrasies reveals a national crazy-quilt of legislation concerning all that bears on matrimony, the pattern of which displays broad strips of conformity in custom variegated by patches of repugnancy, and the cardinal difficulty in the way of reconciling these numerous disparities so that the marriage laws of the nation may be virtually if not wholly similar is the tenacity of tradition and community sentiment. Perhaps the most pressing immediate need is general adoption of the so-called marriage evasion act, the aim of which is to prevent couples disabled or prohibited from marrying under the laws of the State where they dwell from going elsewhere to be married and returning to their native State to set up housekeeping unchallenged. There is no difficulty whatever in preventing this dire and disgraceful consequence, which results solely from the legal necessity—an odd one to laymen—of recognizing the marriage requirements sanctioned by a sister State, although the laws of the original domicile would pronounce the parties fornicators; any State has the power to prescribe by statute that the marriage of those who leave it for such a purpose shall be void within its borders and, reciprocally, that before issuing a license to a person who resides or intends to continue to reside in another State, the officer having authority shall satisfy himself by affidavit that the petitioner is not prohibited from marrying by the laws of that other jurisdiction. This meets the case of offenders both going and coming, so to speak, and seems solely in the interest of decent living; nevertheless, as has been already pointed out, no alacrity has thus far been shown by the separate States in adopting it, though a few of them have kindred provisions already. This dilatoriness is due mainly to jealousy of outside dictation or interference, but in part to a wide-spread easy-going sneaking sympathy on the part of democracy for people who wish to be married and are debarred by the law. In the consciousness of the courts the tendency is familiar that where a couple bent on matrimony is concerned, most people free from responsibility and some of those charged with it will let down the bars rather than put searching questions, and also that the runaway finds constantly an accomplice in the wearer of holy orders. As Mr. Howard (already quoted) well asks in his closing pages: "Is there any boy or girl so immature, if only the legal age of consent has been reached; is there any 'delinquent' so dangerous through

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inherited tendencies to disease or crime; is there any worn-out debauchee who can not somewhere find a magistrate or priest to tie the 'sacred' knot?"

False sentimentality in alliance with the vulgarly independent notion that marriage in a democracy is nobody's real business except the bride's and groom's has a tendency to nip and retard measures which like forward shoots in a heterogeneous garden mark the vitality of social ethics, for lack of uniformity has proved by no means a bar to separate development. No less than six States have registered their faith in eugenics by legislation which requires either an affidavit or certificate from persons intending to marry that they are free from sexual disease. Yet the attempts to prove these laws unconstitutional on the ground, among others, that they interfere with the religious liberty of the contracting parties illustrate the reluctance of both the prudish and the ignorant to trammel the so-called rights of the individual for the sake of the general welfare. One would assume that the marriage of the epileptic, imbecile, or feeble-minded would be universally prohibited as tending to perpetuate idiocy, shiftlessness, and crime, but the roll-call of the States would show that the statutes restraining this are almost as infrequent as those to prevent the clandestine marriage outside the State of residents who thus seek to evade the requirements of their own laws.

It will be long, perhaps, if ever, before all the local peculiarities of marriage are reconciled and the United States becomes one table-land of conformity to the detriment possibly of racial flavor and distinction. But though the several communities are likely to continue hard to convince when the issue is merely the superiority of other tribal customs to their own, it should be clear to all who think of them in terms of a nation that the existence of a separate marriage code in each of forty-eight independent, sovereign, and contiguous commonwealths, providing usually a passport for all who wish to evade it to seek some less exacting jurisdiction with impunity, is a menace to the stability as well as the repute of American family life, and that the domestic purity on which we pride ourselves is sadly discredited by such a hydra-headed condition of the body politic. Is it strange that foreigners should shrug their shoulders and decline to believe that the institutions of a country where a woman may be adjudged wife, concubine, or bigamist, according as she inhabits one or another of several cities within the radius of a hundred miles, can be either exemplary or a stimulus to virtue? Yet the real stigma attaching to the American institution of marriage should not be ascribed to the mere prevalence of divorce, but rather to the facilities afforded by prejudice against interstate co-operation to the lawless and evil-disposed to utilize the map of the United States for a "three-card monte" game which leaves alike the priest, the lawgiver, and the man in the street perpetually misled as to the permanence of any marriage if the contracting parties are bent on dissolving it. Nor may we cavil at those who challenge the sincerity of a people who could so easily, if they chose, eradicate much of this scandal by an offensive defensive interstate alliance such as is provided by the uniform evasion act, which would leave few loopholes, if any, for the lascivious and godless. It is erroneous to suppose that there is at present much variance between the States in the grounds on which divorce is granted; with few exceptions they are identical in the main.

It was brought out at the conference of the International Law Association at London in 1910 that there is not a cause for divorce in the United States which can not be duplicated on the continent of Europe, and that in most European countries mutual assent is a cause for divorce under certain restrictions. The confusion that throws a shadow on our family life and gives to foreigners a wrong impression regarding it is due largely to the flitting from State to State which too much insistence on local sovereignty safeguards to the peril of national domestic morals.

Yet with this abuse remedied, we have still to reckon with collusive divorce which when both parties are agreed on severance of the bonds of matrimony makes incompatibility the decisive factor provided sufficient evidence be trumped up to satisfy one of the legal statutory

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grounds—roughly speaking, adultery, cruelty, desertion, drunkenness, neglect to provide.

In his highly entertaining but frankly cynical play "Why Marry?" Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams holds up a mirror to the American people in which the only benedicts who remain unblemished are the couple who just before the curtain falls are saved from the radical expedient of consorting together unconventionally by a quick-witted lawyer who pronounces them man and wife according to the law of the State they were in in spite of themselves, because they had so declared themselves to the assembled company. The interrogation of the comedy is a timely challenge to that American self-consciousness which reads into the marriage service the proviso that "until death do us part" is merely a Pickwickian phrase; but the satire is directed quite as much at the lack of spiritual consideration with which matrimony is entered into as at the ease with which it is shuffled off. Even the mercenary and utilitarian marriages of European countries acquire a certain dignity when compared with those of the same sort here from the formalities which attend them and from the lack of reserves as to their endurance. People in Europe still expect to stay married even though disillusioned and are correspondingly circumspect in consenting to wed; but with us the deliberation which ought to precede the most solemn function in life is too apt to yield to the democratic innuendo: "Why worry when escape is so easy if one wearies of it?"

That consciousness of the courts which sees in the refusal of the churches to countenance divorce except for a single cause, if any, only a losing battle that grows more hopeless every year, is not, on the other hand, blind to a tendency among the people of the United States to substitute incompatibility for graver grounds and thus to make the dissolution of marriage hinge on caprice instead of some tangible grievance. The latest report of the National Census Bureau once more discloses not only an increase in the ratio of divorce to marriage, but in the ratio of divorce to growth of population—112 divorces to every 100,000 people in 1916, as against 84 in 1906, and 73 in 1900. There were 112,036 divorces granted in the country in 1916, concerning 108,702 of which there are exact statistics; of these, 39,990, more than a third, were for desertion, with cruelty second, the two combined accounting for very nearly two-thirds (65.1 per cent) of all the divorces granted in that year, adultery figuring far behind, and drunkenness lagging in the rear. While these causes preserve the same order as in the two previous censuses of twenty years apart and are deceptive so far as they may sometimes conceal the real reason for separation, they serve notice on their face that one or the other spouse had wearied of the association—a decision the social morality of which rests on the individual conscience. Once more, too, it appears that the proportion of divorces granted to the wife in comparison with the husband has not stood still, the 66.6 per cent determined by the twenty-year investigation from 1887 to 1906 having risen to 68.9 per cent of the whole. While a portion of this discrepancy between the sexes is explicable on the ground that the wife has a legal cause for divorce more frequently than the husband, and that certain grievances such as failure to support and cruelty are more peculiar to the wife, the assumption that married life in this country continues to be purer than elsewhere in the world must face the dual knowledge that more people continue to obtain divorces in the United States than ever before and that a larger number of the applicants are women. While the vital social conviction of our day that both sexes—and especially wives—have a right to demand a larger measure of decent living from a partner for life may partly account for and justify this, there are signs that the mere weariness with the marriage relation, which results when love flies out of the window independent of tangible causes, offends the scruples of fewer wives than formerly as a self-respecting ground for divorce. In this connection it is interesting to note that at the very moment when the mutual obligations of matrimony are in a state of flux, owing mainly to the revolt of woman, the Bolshevist programme should out of its murky consciousness prescribe as a panacea that her right to suit herself in hus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bands should be abrogated and turned topsyturvy.

It should be added that where innocent parties to marriage are concerned the policy of the legislatures and the courts has generally, though by no means universally, kept pace with the humanitarian tendencies of the age. Offspring born out of wedlock become legitimate nearly everywhere on the marriage of their parents. It is law in some States and should be in all that a marriage solemnized by any one falsely professing legal authority to perform it is valid if either the man or woman thus united is honestly deceived; the parties remain husband and wife, and the bogus clergyman or justice of the peace is subject to fine or imprisonment. In the same spirit the statutes often provide that, if a man or woman marry during the lifetime of a husband or wife with whom marriage is in force, but in good faith and full, though erroneous, belief that the previous marriage has been terminated by death or divorce, the second marriage becomes valid as soon as the impediment is removed by the death or divorce of the other party to the former marriage, and the issue of the second marriage are legitimized.

It was bitterly claimed in a case before me that "good faith" implied that the second wife should have taken proper precautions to ascertain whether the story which the man told her as to his divorce was true, but each court which considered the point held that all the statute required was honest intention, not prudence. Indeed, it may be said that in most jurisdictions in this country the law already stretches a point to avert the full consequences of an irregular marriage involving an innocent person—a course which subsequent uniformity will perfect. Couples who wish to stay married are given ample protection under our legal systems. The vital question for Americans to consider is whether refusing to stay married by hook or crook and incidentally hoodwinking the courts is to be rated as a perquisite of liberty plus respectability if the petitioner has missed happiness—for what else does the growth in our divorce rate portend?

---

# TALKING AT LARGE

## BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

IT is of the main new factors which have come into the life of the civilized world that I would speak.

The division deep and subtle between those who have fought and those who have not—concerns us in Europe far more than you in America; for in proportion to your population the number of your soldiers who actually fought has been small, compared with the number in any belligerent European country. And I think that so far as you are concerned the division will soon disappear, for the iron had not time to enter into the souls of your soldiers. For us in Europe, however, this factor is very tremendous, and will take a long time to wear away. In my country the, as it were, professional English dislike to the expression of feeling, which strikes every American so forcibly, covers very deep hearts and highly sensitive nerves. The average Briton is now not at all stolid underneath; I think he has changed a great deal in this last century, owing to the town life which seven-tenths of our population lead. Perhaps only of the Briton may one still invent the picture which appeared in *Punch* in the autumn of 1914—of the steward on a battleship asking the naval lieutenant: "Will you take your bath before or after the engagement, sir?" and only among Britons overhear one stoker say to another in the heat of a sea-fight: "Well, wot I say is—'E ought to 'ave married 'er." For all that, the Briton feels deeply; and on those who have fought the experiences of the battlefield have had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an effect which almost amounts to metamorphosis. There are now two breeds of British people—such as have been long in the danger zones, and such as have not; shading of course into each other through the many who have just smelled powder and peril, and the very few whose imaginations are vibrant enough to have lived the two lives, while only living one.

In a certain cool paper called: "The Balance-sheet of the Soldier Workman" I tried to come at the effect of the war; but purposely pitched it in a low and sober key; and there is a much more poignant tale of change to tell of each individual human being.

Take a man who, when the war broke out (or had been raging perhaps a year), was living the ordinary Briton's life, in factory, shop, and home. Suppose that he went through that deep, sharp struggle between the pull of home love and interests, and the pull of country (for I hope it will never be forgotten that five million Britons were volunteers)—and came out committed to his country. That then he had to submit to being rattled at great speed into the soldier-shape which we Britons and you Americans have been brought up to regard as but the half of a free man; that then he was plunged into such a hideous hell of horrible danger and discomfort as this planet has never seen; came out of it time and again, went back into it time and again; and finally emerged, shattered or unscathed, with a spirit at once uplifted and enlarged, yet bruised and ungeared for the old life of Peace. Imagine such a man set back among those who have not been driven and grilled and crucified. What would he feel, and how bear himself? On the surface he would no doubt disguise the fact that he felt different from his neighbors—he would conform; but something within him would ever be stirring, a sort of superiority, an impatient sense that he had been through it and they had not; the feeling, too, that he had seen the bottom of things, that nothing he could ever experience again would give him the sensations he had had out there; that he had lived, and there could be nothing more to it. I don't think that we others quite realize what it must mean to those men, most of them under thirty, to have been stretched to the uttermost, to have no illusions left, and yet have perhaps forty years still to live. There is something gained in them, but there's something gone from them. The old sanctions, the old values won't hold; are there any sanctions and values which can be made to hold? A kind of unreality must needs cling about their lives henceforth. This is a finespun way of putting it, but I think, at bottom, true.

The old professional soldier lived for his soldiering. At the end of a war (however terrible) there was left to him a vista of more wars, more of what had become to him the ultimate reality—his business in life. For these temporary soldiers of what has been not so much a war as a prolonged piece of very horrible carnage, there succeeds something so mild in sensation that it simply will not fill the void. When the dish of Life has lost its savor, by reason of violent and uttermost experience, wherewith shall it be salted?

The American Civil War was very long and very dreadful, but it was a human and humane business compared to what Europe has just come through. There is no analogy in history for the present moment. An old soldier of that Civil War, after hearing these words, wrote me an account of his after-career which shows that in exceptional cases a life so stirring, full, and even dangerful may be lived that no void is felt. But one swallow does not make a summer, nor will a few hundreds or even thousands of such lives leaven to any extent the vast lump of human material used in this war. The spiritual point is this: In front of a man in ordinary civilized existence there hovers ever that moment in the future when he expects to prove himself more of a man than he has yet proved himself. For these soldiers of the Great Carnage the moment of probation is already in the past. They *have* proved themselves as they will never have the chance to do again, and secretly they know it. One talks of their powers of heroism and sacrifice being wanted just as much in time of Peace; but that cannot really be so, because Peace times do not demand men's lives —which is the ultimate test—with every minute that passes. No, the great

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moment of their existence lies behind them, young though so many of them are. This makes them at once greater than us, yet in a way smaller, because they have lost the power and hope of expansion. They have lived their masterpiece already. Human nature is elastic, and hope springs eternal; but a *climax* of experience and sensation cannot be repeated; I think these have reached and passed the uttermost climax; and in Europe they number millions.

This is a veritable portent, and I am glad that in America you will not have it to any great extent.

Now how does this affect the future? Roughly speaking it must, I think, have a diminishing effect on what I may call loosely—Creative ability. People have often said to me: "We shall have great writings and paintings from these young men when they come back." We shall certainly have poignant expression of their experiences and sufferings; and the best books and paintings of the war itself are probably yet to come. But, taking the long view, I do not believe we shall have from them, in the end, as much creative art and literature as we should have had if they had not been through the war. Illusion about life, and interest in ordinary daily experience and emotion, which after all are to be the stuff of their future as of ours, has in a way been blunted or destroyed for them. And in the other provinces of life, in industry, in trade, in affairs, how can we expect from men who have seen the utter uselessness of money or comfort or power in the last resort, the same naïve faith in these things, or the same driving energy towards the attaining of them that we others exhibit?

It may be cheering to assume that those who have been almost superhuman these last four years in one environment will continue to be almost superhuman under conditions the very opposite. But alack! it is not logical.

On the other hand I think that those who have had this great and racking experience will be left, for the most part, with a real passion for Justice; and that this will have a profoundly modifying effect on social conditions. I think, too, that many of them will have a sort of passion for humaneness, which will, if you will suffer me to say so, come in very handy; for I have observed that the rest of us, through reading about horrors, have lost the edge of our gentleness, and have got into the habit of thinking that it is the business of women and children to starve if they happen to be German; of creatures to be underfed and overworked if they happen to be horses; of families to be broken up if they happen to be aliens; and that a general carelessness as to what suffering is necessary and what is not has set in. And, queer as it may seem, I look to those who have been in the thick of the worst suffering the world has ever seen, to set us in the right path again, and to correct the vitriolic sentiments engendered by the armchair and the inkpot, in times such as we have been and are still passing through. A cloistered life in times like these engenders bile; in fact, I think it always does. For sheer ferocity there is no place, you will have noticed, like a Club full of old gentlemen. I expect the men who have come home from killing each other to show us the way back to brotherliness! And not before it's wanted. Here is a little true story of war-time, when all men were supposed to be brothers if they belonged to the same nation. In the fifth year of the war two men sat alone in a railway carriage. One, pale, young, a little shabby, had an unlighted cigarette in his mouth. The other, elderly, prosperous, and of a ruddy countenance, was smoking a large cigar.

The young man, who looked as if his days were strenuous, took his unlighted cigarette from his mouth, gazed at it, searched his pockets, and looked at the elderly man. His nose twitched, vibrated by the scent of the cigar, and he said suddenly:

"Could you give me a light, sir?"

The elderly man regarded him for a moment, dropped his eyelids, and murmured:

"I've no matches."

The young man sighed, mumbling the cigarette in his watering lips, then said very suddenly:

"Perhaps you'll kindly give me a light from your cigar, sir."

The elderly man moved throughout his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

body, as if something very sacred had been touched within him.

"I'd rather not," he said; "if you don't mind."

A quarter of an hour passed, while the young man's cigarette grew moister, and the elder man's cigar shorter. Then the latter stirred, took it from under his gray mustache, looked critically at it, held it out a little way towards the other with the side which was least burnt-down foremost, and said:

"Unless you'd like to take it from the edge."

On the other hand one has often travelled in these last years with extreme embarrassment because our soldiers were so extraordinarily anxious that one should smoke their cigarettes, eat their apples, and their sausages. The marvels of comradeship they have performed would fill the libraries of the world.

The second main new factor in the world's life is the disappearance of the old autocracies.

In 1910, walking in Hyde Park with a writer friend, I remember saying: "It's the hereditary autocracies in Germany, Austria, and Russia which make the danger of war." He did not agree—but no two writers agree with each other at any given moment. "If only Autocracies go down in the wreckage of this war!" was almost the first thought I put down in writing when the war broke out. Well, they are gone! They were an anachronism, and without them and the bureaucracies and secrecy which buttressed them we should not, I think, have had this world catastrophe. But let us not too glibly assume that the forms of government which take their place can steer the battered ships of the nations in the very troubled waters of to-day, or that they will be truly democratic. Even highly democratic statesmen have been known to resort to the way of the headmaster at my old school, who put a motion to the masters' meeting and asked for a show of hands in its favor. Not one hand was held up. "Then," he said, "I shall adopt it with the greater regret." Nevertheless, the essential new factor is, that, whereas in 1914 civilization was on two planes, it is now, theoretically at least, on the one democratic plane or level. That is a great easing of the world-situation, and removes a chief cause of international misunderstanding. The rest depends on what we can now make of democracy. Surely no word can so easily be taken in vain; to have got rid of the hereditary principle in government is by no means to have made democracy a real thing. Democracy is neither government by rabble, nor government by caucus. Its measure as a beneficent principle is the measure of the intelligence, honesty, public spirit, and independence of the average voter. The voter who goes to the poll blind of an eye and with a cast in the other, so that he sees no issue clear, and every issue only in so far as it affects him personally, is not precisely the sort of ultimate administrative power we want. Intelligent, honest, public-spirited, and independent voters guarantee an honest and intelligent governing body. The best men the best government is a truism which cannot be refuted. Democracy to be real and effective must succeed in throwing up into the positions of administrative power the most trustworthy of its able citizens. In other words it must incorporate and make use of the principle of aristocracy; government by the best—*best in spirit*, not best-born. Rightly seen, there is no tug between democracy and aristocracy; aristocracy should be the means and machinery by which democracy works itself out. What then can be done to increase in the average voter intelligence and honesty, public spirit and independence? Nothing save by education. The Arts, the Schools, the Press. It is impossible to overestimate the need for vigour, breadth, restraint, good taste, enlightenment, and honesty in these three agencies. The artist, the teacher (and among teachers one includes, of course, religious teachers in so far as they concern themselves with the affairs of this world), and the journalist have the future in their hands. As they are fine the future will be fine; as they are mean the future will be mean. The burden is very specially on the shoulders of Public Men, and that most powerful agency the Press which reports them. Do we realize the extent to which the modern world relies for its opinions, on public utterances and



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Press? Do we realize how completely we are all in the power of Report? Any little lie or exaggerated sentiment uttered by one with a bee in his bonnet, with a principle, or an end to serve, can, if cleverly expressed and distributed, distort the views of thousands, sometimes of millions. Any wilful suppression of truth for party or personal ends can so falsify our vision of things as to plunge us into endless cruelties and follies. Honesty of thought and speech and written word is a jewel, and they who curb prejudice and seek honorably to know and speak the truth are the only true builders of a better life. But what a dull world if we can't chatter and write irresponsibly, can't slop over with hatred, or pursue our own ends without scruple! To be tied to the apron-strings of Truth, or coiffed with the nightcap of Silence; who in this age of cheap ink and oratory will submit to such a fate? And yet, if we do not want another eight million violent deaths, another eight million maimed and halt and blind, and if we do not want anarchy, our tongues must be sober, and we must tell the truth. Report, I would almost say, now rules the world and holds the fate of man on the sayings of its many tongues. If the good sense of mankind cannot somehow restrain utterance and cleanse report, Democracy, so highly vaunted, will not save us; and all the glib words of promise spoken might as well have lain unuttered in the throats of orators. We are always in peril under Democracy of taking the line of least resistance and immediate material profit. The gentleman, for instance, whoever he was, who first discovered that he could sell his papers better by undercutting the standard of his rivals, and, appealing to the lower tastes of the Public under the flag of that convenient expression "what the Public wants," made a most evil discovery. The Press is for the most part in the hands of men who know what is good and right. It can be a great agency for levelling up. But whether on the whole it is so or not, one continually hears doubted. There ought to be no room for doubt in any of our minds that the Press is on the side of the angels. It can do as much as any other single agency to raise the level of honesty, intelligence, public spirit, and taste in the average voter, in other words to build Democracy on a sure foundation. This is a truly tremendous trust; for the safety of civilization and the happiness of mankind hangs thereby. The saying about little children and the kingdom of Heaven was meant for the ears of all those who have it in their power to influence simple folk. To be a good and honest editor, a good and honest journalist is in these days to be a veritable benefactor of mankind.

Now take the function of the artist, of the man who in stone, or music, marble, bronze, paint, or words, can express himself, and his vision of life, truly and beautifully. Can we set limit to his value? The answer is in the affirmative. We set such limitation to his value that he has been known to die of it. And I would only venture to say here that if we don't increase the store we set by him, we shall, in this reach-me-down age of machines and wholesale standardizations, emulate the Goths who did their best to destroy the art of Rome, and all these centuries later, by way of atonement, have filled the Thiergarten at Berlin and the City of London with peculiar brands of statuary, and are always writing their names on the Sphynx.

I suppose the hardest lesson we all have to learn in life is that we can't have things both ways. If we want to have Beauty, that which appeals not merely to the stomach and the epidermis (which is the function of the greater part of industrialism), but to what lies deeper within the human organism, the heart and the brain, we must have conditions which permit and even foster the production of beauty. The artist, unfortunately, no less than the rest of mankind, must eat to live. Now, if we insist that we will pay the artist only for what fascinates the popular uneducated instincts, he will either produce Beauty, remain unpaid and starve; or he will give us shoddy, and fare sumptuously every day. My experience tells me this: An artist who is by accident of independent means can, if he has talent, give the Public what he, the artist, wants, and sooner or later the public will take whatever he gives it, at his own valuation. But very few artists, *who have no*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*independent means*, have enough character to hold out until they can sit on the Public's head and pull the Public's beard, to use the old Sikh saying. How many times have I not heard over here—and it's very much the same over there—that a man must produce this or that kind of work or else of course he can't live. My advice—at all events to young artists and writers—is: "Sooner than do that and have some one sitting on *your* head and pulling your beard all the time, go out of business—there are other means of making a living, besides faked or degraded art. Become a dentist and revenge yourself on the Public's teeth—even editors and picture dealers go to the dentist!" The artist has got to make a stand against being exploited, and he has got, also, to live the kind of life which will give him a chance to see clearly, to feel truly, and to express beautifully. He too is a trustee for the future of mankind. Money has one inestimable value—it guarantees independence, the power of going your own way and giving out the best that's in you. But, generally speaking, we don't stop there in our desire for money; and I would say that any artist who doesn't stop there is not "playing the game" neither towards himself nor towards mankind; he is not standing up for the faith that is in him, and the future of civilisation.

And now what of the teacher? One of the discouraging truths of life is the fact that a man cannot raise himself from the ground by the hair of his own head. And if one took Democracy logically, one would have to give up the idea of improvement. But things are not always what they seem, as somebody once said; and fortunately, government "of the people by the people for the people" does not in practice prevent the people from using those saving graces—Commonsense and Selection. In fact, only by the use of those graces will democracy work at all. When twelve men get together to serve on a jury, their commonsense makes them select the least stupid among them to be their foreman. Each of them, of course, feels that he is that least stupid man, but since a man cannot vote for himself, he votes for the least dense among his neighbours, and the foreman comes to life. The same principle applied thoroughly enough throughout the social system produces government by the best. And it is more vital to apply it *thoroughly* in matters of education than in other branches of human activity. But when we have secured our best heads of education, we must trust them and give them real power, for they are the hope—well nigh the only hope—of our future. They alone, by the selection and instruction of their subordinates and the curricula which they lay down, can do anything substantial in the way of raising the standard of general taste, conduct, and learning. They alone can give the starting push towards greater dignity and simplicity; promote the love of proportion, and the feeling for beauty. They alone can gradually instil into the body politic the understanding that education is not a means towards wealth as such, or learning as such, but towards the broader ends of Health and Happiness. The first necessity for improvement in modern life is that our teachers should have the wide view, and be provided with the means and the curricula which make it possible to apply this enlightenment to their pupils. Can we take too much trouble to secure the best men as heads of education—that most responsible of all positions in the modern State? The child is father to the man. We think too much of politics and too little of education. We treat it almost as cavalierly as the undergraduate treated the Master of Balliol. "Yes," he said, showing his people round the quadrangle, "that's the Master's window"; then, picking up a pebble, he threw it against the window pane. "And that," he said, as a face appeared, "is the Master!" Democracy has come, and on Education Democracy hangs; the thread as yet is slender.

It is a far cry to the third new factor: Exploitation of the air. We were warned by Sir Hiram Maxim about 1910 that a year or so of war would do more for the conquest of the air than many years of peace. It has. We hear of a man flying 260 miles in 90 minutes; of the Atlantic being flown in 24 hours; of airships which will have a lifting capacity of 300 tons; of air mail-routes all over the world. The time will perhaps come when we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shall live in the air, and come down to earth on Sundays.

I confess that, mechanically marvellous as all this is, it interests me chiefly as a prime instance of the way human beings prefer the shadow of existence to its substance. Granted that we speed up everything, that we annihilate space, that we increase the powers of trade, leave no point of the earth unsurveyed, and are able to perform air-stunts which people will pay five dollars a-piece to see—how shall we have furthered human health, happiness, and virtue, speaking in the big sense of these words? It is an advantage, of course, to be able to carry food to a starving community in some desert; to rescue shipwrecked mariners; to have a letter from one's wife four days sooner than one could otherwise; and generally to save time in the swopping of our commodities and the journeys we make. But how does all this help human beings to inner contentment of spirit, and health of body? Did the arrival of motor cars, bicycles, telephones, trains, and steamships do much for them in that line? Anything which serves to stretch human capabilities to the utmost, would help human happiness, if each new mechanical activity, each new human toy as it were, did not so run away with our sense of proportion as to debauch our energies. A man, for instance, takes to motoring, who used to ride or walk; it becomes a passion with him, so that he now never rides or walks—and his calves become flabby and his liver enlarged. A man puts a telephone into his house to save time and trouble, and is straightway a slave to the tinkle of its bell. The few human activities in themselves and of themselves pure good are just: Eating, drinking, sleeping, and the affections—in moderation; the inhaling of pure air, exercise in most of its forms, and interesting creative work—in moderation; the study and contemplation of the arts and nature—in moderation; thinking of others and not thinking of yourself—in moderation; doing kind acts and thinking kind thoughts. All the rest seems to be what the prophet had in mind when he said: "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!" Ah! but the one great activity—adventure and the craving for sensation! It is that for which the human being really lives, and all his restless activity is caused by the desire for it. True; yet adventure and sensation without rhyme or reason lead to disharmony and disproportion. We may take civilisation to the South Sea Islands, but it would be better to leave the islanders naked and healthy than to improve them with trousers and civilisation off the face of the earth. We may invent new cocktails, but it would be better to stay dry. In mechanical matters I am reactionary, for I cannot believe in inventions and machinery unless they can be so controlled as to minister definitely to health and happiness—and how difficult that is! In my own country the townsman has become physically inferior to the countryman (speaking in the large), and I infer from this that we British—at all events—are not so in command of ourselves and our wonderful inventions and machines that we are putting them to uses which are really beneficent. If we had proper command of ourselves no doubt we could do this, but we haven't; and if you look about you in America, the same doubt may possibly attack you.

But there is another side to the exploitation of the air which does not as yet affect you in America as it does us in Europe—the destructive side. Britain, for instance, is no longer an island. In five or ten years it will, I think, be impossible to guarantee the safety of Britain and Britain's commerce, by sea-power; and those who continue to pin faith to that formula will find themselves nearly as much back-numbered as people who continued to prefer wooden ships to iron, when the iron age came in. Armaments on land and sea will be limited; not, I think, so much by a League of Nations, if it comes, as by the commonsense of people who begin to observe that with the development of the powers of destruction and of transport from the air, land and sea armaments are becoming of little use. We may all disarm completely, and yet—so long as there are flying machines and high explosives—remain almost as formidably destructive as ever. So difficult to control, so infinite in its possibilities for evil and so limited in its possibilities for good do I consider this exploitation of the air that, personally, I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would rejoice to see the nations in solemn conclave agree this very minute to ban the use of the air altogether, whether for trade, travel, or war; destroy every flying machine and every airship, and forbid their construction. That, of course, is a consummation which will remain devoutly to be wished. Every day one reads in one's paper that some country or other is to take the lead in the air. What a wild-goose chase we are in for! I verily believe mankind will come one day in their underground dwellings to the annual practice of burning in effigy the Guy (whoever he was) who first rose off the earth. After I had talked in this strain once before, a young airman came up to me and said: "Have you been up?" I shook my head. "You wait!" he said. When I do go up I shall take great pains not to go up with that one.

We come now to the fourth great new factor—Bolshevism, and the social unrest. But I am shy of saying anything about it, for my knowledge and experience are insufficient. I will only offer one observation. Whatever philosophic cloak may be thrown over the shoulders of Bolshevism, it is obviously—like every revolutionary movement of the past—an aggregation of individual discontents, the sum of millions of human moods of dissatisfaction with the existing state of things; and whatever philosophic cloak we drape on the body of Liberalism, if by that name we may designate our present social and political system—that system has clearly not yet justified its claim to the word evolutionary, so long as the disproportion between the very rich and the very poor continues (as hitherto it has) to grow. No system can properly be called evolutionary which provokes against it the rising of so formidable a revolutionary wave of discontent. One hears that co-operation is now regarded as *vieux jeu*. If that be so, it is because co-operation in its true sense of spontaneous friendliness between man and man, has never been tried. Perhaps human nature in the large can never rise to that ideal. But if it cannot, if industrialism cannot achieve a change of heart, so that in effect employers would rather their profits (beyond a quite moderate scale) were used for the amelioration of the lot of those they employ, it looks to me uncommonly like being the end of the present order of things, after an era of class-struggle which will shake civilization to its foundations. Being myself an evolutionist, who fundamentally distrusts violence, and admires the old Greek saying: "God is the helping of man by man," I yet hope it will not come to that; I yet believe we may succeed in striking the balance, without civil wars. But I feel that (speaking of Europe) it is touch and go. In America, in Canada, in Australia, the conditions are different, the powers of expansion still large, the individual hopefulness much greater. There is little analogy with the state of things in Europe; but, whatever happens in Europe must have its infectious influence in America. The wise man takes Time by the forelock—and goes in front of events.

Let me turn away to the fifth great new factor: The impetus towards a League of Nations.

This, to my thinking, so wholly advisable, would inspire more hopefulness, if the condition of Europe was not so terribly confused, and if the most salient characteristics of human nature were not elasticity, bluntness of imagination, and shortness of memory. Those of us who, while affirming the principle of the League, are afraid of committing ourselves to what obviously cannot at the start be a perfect piece of machinery, seem inclined to forget that if the assembled Statesmen fail to *place in running order, now*, some definite machinery for the consideration of international disputes, the chance will certainly slip. We cannot reckon on more than a very short time during which the horror of war will rule our thoughts and actions. And during that short time it is essential that the League should have had some tangible success in preventing war. Mankind puts its faith in facts, not theories; in proven, and not in problematic success. One can imagine with what profound suspicion and contempt the armed individualists of the Neolithic Age regarded the first organised tribunal; with what surprise they found that it actually worked so well that they felt justified in dropping their habit of taking the lives and property of their neighbors first and think-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing over it afterwards. Not till the Tribunal of the League of Nations has had successes of conciliation, visible to all, will the armed individualist nations of to-day begin to rub their cynical and suspicious eyes, and to sprinkle their armor with moth-powder. No one who, like myself, has recently experienced the sensation of landing in America after having lived in Europe throughout the war, can fail to realize the reluctance of Americans to commit themselves, and the difficulty Americans have in realizing the need for doing so. But may I remind Americans that during the first years of the war there was practically the same general American reluctance to interfere in an old world struggle; and that in the end America found that it was not an old-world but a world-struggle. It is entirely reasonable to dislike snatching chestnuts out of the fire for other people, and to shun departure from the letter of cherished tradition; but things do not stand still in this world; storm centres shift; and live doctrine often becomes dead dogma.

The League of Nations is but an incorporation of the co-operative principle in world affairs. We have seen to what the lack of that principle leads both in international and national life. Americans seem almost unanimously in favor of a League of Nations, so long as it is sufficiently airy—perhaps one might say "hot-airy"; but when it comes to earth, many of them fear the risk. I would only say that no great change ever comes about in the lives of men unless they take risks; no progress can be made. As to the other objection taken to the League, not only by Americans—that it won't work, well we shall never know the rights of that unless we try it. The two chief factors in avoiding war are publicity and delay. If there is some better plan for bringing these two factors into play than the machinery of a League of Nations, I have yet to learn of it. The League which, I think, will come in spite of all our hesitations, may very likely make claims larger than its real powers; and there is, of course, danger in that; but there is also wisdom and advantage, for the success of the League must depend enormously on how far it succeeds in rivetting the imaginations of mankind in its first years. The League should therefore make bold claims. After all, there is solidity and truth in this notion of a Society of Nations. The world is really growing towards it beneath all surface rivalries. We must admit it to be in the line of natural development, unless we turn our back on all analogy. Don't then let us be ashamed of it, as if it were a piece of unpractical idealism. It is much more truly real than the state of things which has led to the misery of these last four years. The soldiers who have fought and suffered and known the horrors of war, desire it. The objections come from those who have but watched them fight and suffer. Like every other change in the life of mankind, and like every new development in industry or art, the League needs faith. Let us have faith and give it a good "send-off."

I have left what I deem the greatest new factor till the last—Anglo-American unity. Greater it is even than the impetus towards a League of Nations, because without it the League of Nations has surely not the chance of a lost dog.

I have been reading a Life of George Washington, which has filled me with admiration of your stand against our Junkers of those days. And I am familiar with the way we outraged the sentiment of both the North and the South, in the days of your Civil War. No wonder your history books were not precisely Anglophile, and that Americans grew up in a traditional dislike of Great Britain! I am realist enough to know that the past will not vanish like a ghost—just because we have fought side by side in this war; and realist enough to recognize the other elements which make for patches of hearty dislike between our peoples. But, surveying the whole field, I believe there are links and influences too strong for the disruptive forces; and I am sure that the first duty of English and American citizens to-day is to be fair and open to understanding about each other. If anyone will take down the map of the world and study it, he will see at once how that world is ballasted by the English-speaking countries; how, so long as they remain friends, holding as they do the trade routes and the main material resources of the world under their control, the world

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must needs sail on an even keel. And if he will turn to the less visible chart of the world's mental qualities, he will find a certain reassuring identity of ideals between the various English-speaking races, which form a sort of guarantee of stable unity. Thirdly, in community of language we have a factor in producing unity of ethics, potent as blood itself; for community of language is ever unconsciously producing unity of traditions and ideas. Americans and Britons, we are both, of course, very competitive peoples, and I suppose consider our respective nations the chosen people of the earth. That is a weakness which, though natural, is extremely silly, and merely proves that we have not yet outgrown provincialism. But competition is possible without reckless rivalry. There was once a bootmaker who put over his shop: "Mens conscia recti"; ("A mind conscious of right"). He did quite well, till a rival bootmaker came along, established himself opposite, and put over *his* shop the words: "Men's, Women's, and Children's conscia recti," and did even better. The way nations try to cut each others' commercial throats is what makes the stars twinkle—that smile on the face of the heavens. It has the even more ruinous effect of making bad blood in the veins of the nations. Let us try playing the game of commerce like sportsmen, and respect each others' qualities and efforts. Sportsmanship has been rather ridiculed of late, yet I dare make the assertion that she will yet hold the field, both in your country and in mine; and if in our countries—then in the world.

It is ignorance of each other, not knowledge, which has always made us push each other off—the habit, you know, is almost endemic in strangers, so that they do it even in their sleep. There were once two travellers, a very large man and a very little man, strangers to each other, whom fate condemned to share a bed at an inn. In his sleep the big man stirred, and pushed the little man out on to the floor. The little man got up in silence, climbed carefully over the big man who was still asleep, got his back against the wall and his feet firmly planted against the small of the big man's back, gave a tremendous revengeful push and—pushed the bed away from the wall and fell down in between. Such is the unevenness of fate, and the result of taking things too seriously. America and England must not push each other out, even in their sleep, nor resent the unconscious shoves they give each other, too violently. Since we have been comrades in this war we have taken to speaking well of each other, even in public print. To cease doing that now will show that we spoke nicely of each other only because we were afraid of the consequences if we did not. Well, we both have a sense of humor.

But not only self-preservation and the fear of ridicule guard our friendship. We have, I hope, also the feeling that we stand, by geographical and political accident, trustees for the health and happiness of all mankind. The magnitude of this trust cannot be exaggerated, and I would wish that every American and British boy and girl could be brought up to reverence it—not to believe that they are there to whip creation. We are here to *serve* creation, that creation may be ever better all over the earth, and life more humane, more just, more free. The habit of being charitable to each other will grow if we give it a little chance. If we English-speaking peoples bear with each others' foibles, help each other over the stiles we come on, and keep the peace of the world, there is still hope that some day that world may come to be God's own.

Let us be just and tolerant; let us stand fast, and stand together—for light and liberty, for humanity and Peace!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It's not easy for knowing the reason that you love a girl, Mrs. Dickson."

# BEING A MAN

## By Edna Mary Booth

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

IT was the first day of June. Soon after sundown, as he'd done all of the two years he's taken charge of my farm, Frank came into the sitting-room. When Frank came I knew that everything was ready for the night.

"Fella across the road doesn't like me," he announced in his peculiar intonation. He spoke as good English as most of the farmers in Kingsville, but there were traces of his Italian birth.

Through the twilight I could see from my chair the man Frank spoke of, Danford Gilmore, moving about between his house and barns.

"Why doesn't he like you, Frank?" I asked, turning from the window.

Frank's lips twitched—he had a good mouth—then he grinned.

"You *know*," he claimed.

"You're making love to Mattie," I said.

"She's a good girl," Frank declared stoutly, but he looked sheepish.

"And you love her because she's a good girl," I laughed. I got up and lighted the two big lamps, for I hate a room half lighted. I supposed Frank would laugh, too, and let it go at that. I never was quite ready for the way he could surprise me.

He repeated my words slowly: "Because she's a good girl? I don't know. I've seen other girls—good girls. It's not easy for knowing the reason that you love a girl, Mrs. Dickson."



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I thought as I listened: "Mattie is all right, but she hasn't your intellect." Then I said: "I guess you are right, Frank. We don't always know why we love folks, much less why we go on loving year after year."

He looked me straight in the eyes until I turned away to gather up some sewing I'd been doing.

"Don't be afraid of Danford Gilmore," I said. "You marry Mattie if you want to."

Frank grinned again.

"The lady—" he began.

"Oh," I caught him up, "doesn't Mattie want to?"

"Why, yes, some time, most time. Still, he has been good to her—Gilmore. It is not as if he were her father. Then it is expected—the care and kindness. It is not necessary that the brother of a girl's mother give her so good a home. She don't like to make him mad."

"Poof!" I cried. "He'll soon get over it."

Frank got up and walked toward the door. He was of medium height, rather dark, but clear-skinned. He was not handsome—just good to look at. Near the door he turned.

"How mad do you think he'd get?" he asked as though he were pretty sure I could answer the question. Again he looked me straight in the eyes.

"Oh," I charged, "folks have been telling you why Danford Gilmore wears a beard."

"Sure," acknowledged Frank.

I was more shaken than I wished Frank to know. I tried to speak naturally.

"You go ahead," I said. "Don't you be afraid of Danford Gilmore. He won't ever do anything desperate like that again. There's a good deal of a man to him after all. It was twenty-six years ago that happened, Frank, and he was only twenty-one. From the time we were little children his father and mine had planned for us to marry. Our wedding-day was four weeks away when those two men quarrelled. It was the kind of quarrel that is mighty hard to wipe out. Father swore no son of Emerson Gilmore should have his daughter. Dan was crazed—just plain crazed for a minute. It was long enough for him to get at his throat with a knife he happened to have in his hand. He wasn't man enough. Don't be afraid, Frank; take Mattie if you want her."

"Would you?" asked Frank, and he showed the two rows of his white teeth. "Mattie likes me," he said afterward, as though he liked the sound of it.

"You go ahead," I urged.

"Thank you, Mrs. Dickson"; he laughed as he went out.

As soon as he was whistling in the yard I heard Susan Jarvis pattering across the kitchen floor. She came to the door of my sitting-room.

"You beat the Old Harry, Duella King," she let out at me. She'd come to work for my mother when I was ten years old and she'd never quite known her place. "You're the Old Boy and all, you are," she went on. "What you playing in this game for? What you doing it for? It ain't right, nohow, for Mattie to marry that Frank."

"What's the matter with Frank?" I asked her.

"He's an I-tal-yon," she blazed with forward jerks of her head.

"Mattie's an American," I laughed. "Oh, don't you fuss, Susan. One is as good as the other."

"There might be another way of thinking," muttered Susan.

"Frank's smarter," I said.

"Humph," grunted Susan.

We stood looking at each other.

"Well?" said I.

"You're doing it to be mean," said she. "You've no call to take the only comfort Dan has away from him. What'll he do in that big house alone?"

"Take Frank and Mattie in with him," I answered. "It'll be right handy for Frank."

"Humph," she grunted again. "You ought to be 'shamed of yourself, Duella King."

"Poof, what for?" I asked, and, without answering, she pattered back to the kitchen.

The next day, with Gertrude, I had the same thing over again. She came for her fortnightly visit in the little car I gave her when she married Burnett Crane.

After her father died Gertrude stayed with me only a year. She is like him—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dickson from head to toe. The Cranes are peas out of the same pod. Gertrude came to spend the day with me once in two weeks because she thought it was her duty, when living only seven miles away, to see her mother as often as that. Dickson all over. Duty and order and a blue-lettered law. Everything just as it had been and should be. Oh, how I had hated my life of it. I never really knew how I'd come to marry Oliver Dickson. Sometimes a woman is hurt so hard she doesn't know what she's doing.

Frank came in as usual to have dinner with us. Gertrude had never approved of it, but Frank was a trained man and the manager of my farm. His place was with me at my table. He didn't like to come when Gertrude was at home. He was there because I insisted upon it and he always asked to be excused and left the table before Gertrude or I did.

"He's not so bad," she remarked when he had gone out the door, "but I cannot understand what Mattie is thinking of."

"What did Mattie say?" I questioned, for Gertrude had taken a half hour before dinner to spend at the house across the road.

"She is *so* foolish," Gertrude asserted in her superior manner. "She really believes she likes him."

"She loves him," I said quietly.

"Oh, she thinks she does," grudged my daughter impatiently.

"Well, why not?" I asked.

"You're standing up for this—that's what I thought," fumed Gertrude.

"Well, why not?" I repeated.

"I'm not surprised," she flashed. "But Frank is an Italian and Mattie's ancestors——"

I took it up. "Were French, English, Irish, I believe."

"I think it is a perfect shame," she cried, tossing her head.

"I don't," I replied and leaned across my table and looked my daughter straight in the eye. She'd met that look before and she listened quietly enough to what I had to say.

"Frank's had as good an education as Mattie," I began, "and he knows more. I've known him pretty well for two years. He's a decent fellow and he's smart. Unless some misfortune overtakes him in time Mattie will have more money than she'll ever know how to spend well. He owns the old Lee house and twenty acres of the best land around here, and he knows how to make things grow. He's an outdoor man, is Frank, and he's a good fellow. He's talked to me about this. I've told him that if Mattie loves him not to be afraid of any one, to be a man and take her."

Perhaps I fancied that Gertrude gave me a strange, quizzing glance.

It was two days later that Frank said, as he left the table at noon:

"Just as well for you not to know about things, eh, Mrs. Dickson?"

I was a little startled.

"That's right, Frank," I answered. "Good luck to you any time and all time."

He laughed and went out. I watched him go. He held his head high and I thought: "How tall he is and fine." I wondered if he really meant that he was going to marry Mattie that day. I was glad if it were so and yet— A sudden lonelinesss came over me. I winced at the throb of an old, old pain. I sat quietly, numbed to inaction. Susan Jarvis came to the door of the dining-room and looked in.

"What ails ye?" she asked.

I answered her with a question.

"Are the years so long after you're fifty, Susan?"

She came into the room.

"What ails ye?" she repeated.

"Do you think that by any chance I may, like grandmother, live to be ninety?"

"Ye may," said Susan.

Then I got away from the table, pushed past her and hurried across the kitchen to the back door. I heard her in the kitchen calling after me: "What's ailing ye?"

Perhaps she said more. I don't know. I ran away from her, not pausing until I was among my currant-bushes. I began to hunt and eat stray red currants, for the bunches were not ripe, as though I'd not had a bit of dinner. But that foolishness could last only a little while. I came back slowly toward the house just in time to hear a wagon roll out of the barn. I did not see it, for the big door opened away from me. The house and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

barns hid the road to town, but the sound of the horse's hoofs came back.

Across the road I could see Danford Gilmore working over his automobile. He heard the sounds of the horse's hoofs as soon as I. He dropped his tools and ran across the yard. Then I lost sight of him until, it seemed not a moment later, he came tearing around the corner of my house. I felt the force of his coming when he grabbed me by the shoulder.

"Where's Mattie?" he cried furiously.

"Where's Mattie?" he cried furiously. And then: "Was it Mattie going off with that Frank of yours?"

For all the years these were the first words he'd said to me beyond the formal greeting of a day, the first time he'd touched me, and I could think of nothing else.

"Speak," he commanded, pushing me from him. "Tell me what you know."

"Nothing," I faltered.

"Thunder," he raged and, frightened, I followed his gaze. He was looking across the road to where his automobile stood in a state of uselessness. He said just a word or two that I failed to get.

"I'm beginning to understand," he vented in loud tones. "She told me I'd better overhaul the auto to-day. And, like a fool, I did it. You're out here watching, eh? Well, I'm not beaten yet—you see!"

He turned away and started for my woods. I knew what he had in mind. It was three miles to town by the road, but through my woods and across the river it was barely one. For a moment I watched him. Then I lifted the skirt of my gray linen house dress and I, too, ran for the woods. There was a newly cut path I knew. It was clearer than the way he had chosen and a little shorter. I ran—how I ran—and he was not in sight when I reached the river. We'd had a wet spring and the water was pouring down in a turmoil over the stony bed.

In dry weather you could sometimes get across on the big stones, but at other times it was necessary to use the bridge

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Using all my strength, I pushed it out into the river.

made of two heavy planks that we'd always kept there. The planks were set firmly down in the earth and small stones of the bank. I went to work at once, tearing like mad at the soft turf. The first plank came away easily enough and, using all my strength, I pushed it out into the river. It broke away from the opposite bank as rioting water claimed it. The other plank—perhaps it was firmer set; perhaps it was because I heard Danford Gilmore crashing through the bushes that made it come so hard.

Breathlessly I struggled, and Dan came nearer—nearer.

"You—you," he shouted, but I suppose he could find no name to fit me.

I tugged harder—harder—and sent the plank out into the river just as he put one foot upon it. He slipped and slid a little way down the bank and bounded back and grabbed me by both arms.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What'd you do that for?" he roared to get the best of the water.

I cried out with the pain his grip gave me, but he did not hear.

"What did you do that for?" he roared again.

"They're my planks," I mumbled, wincing with pain.

"What you doing this for, anyhow?" he went on shouting.

"You're hurting me," I shouted back.

He lessened his grip, but held me.

"You tell me," he insisted, "why you've been so keen for Mattie to marry Frank."

"Poof," I cried. "It is nothing to me whether Mattie marries Frank or not. I want Frank to be a man and take her if she loves him and he loves her. I want Frank to be a man."

The grip on my arm was gone. Only the hurt of it was stinging. Dan had moved back a little and was staring at me.

"You want Frank to take her if he loves her," he said slowly. I could hardly hear the words, but I knew them from the moving of his lips.

"I didn't want him to be afraid of any one," I cried.

"I wasn't afraid," he said, and spoke even lower; but I heard.

"I wasn't afraid *of* any one—only *for* you."

"Poof," I cried. I stooped to pick a spray of wild honeysuckle. "Frank's a good fellow," I shouted as I came up.

Still Danford stared at me. Nervously I laughed, tossed my head and, swinging carelessly the honeysuckle, passed him.

Only a little way I went, and I was a prisoner again.

"You're hurting me," I whimpered, and now he heard. "I'm going home," I said. "Don't be hard on Mattie."

"You're not going home," he said in low tones, his lips close to my ear. "No one but Duella Gilmore enters either your house or mine. Come."

He put his arm about me, and before I knew we were walking through the woods toward the road.

"Where are you going?" I asked him.

"To the parsonage. Whipple will have his hand in and won't mind another couple, I guess." With that he grinned and was like a boy.

"Oh," I begged, "look at my dress!"

"What is the matter with it?" he asked.

"It's a house dress—just a gray linen house dress."

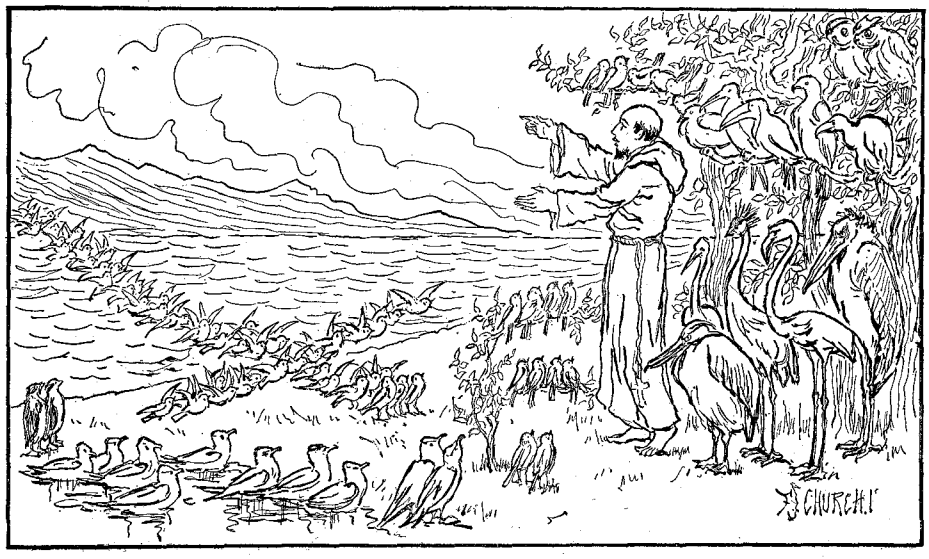
"It's all right," he said. "Come; perhaps we'll get a ride."

"People will think we are crazy to be married like this," I fretted.

"Who are 'people,'" he asked, and kissed me.

So we went on, Dan helping me over the rough places, shielding me from every wayward branch, on through the woods to the road that leads to town and the parsonage.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



St. Francis preaching to the birds.

# THE EXTREMISTS

## By F. S. Church

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WELL, here we are in prison, I, William Jones and my chum, Robert Cutler, about to be put on trial for attempted murder. The prison chaplain, a kind old man, has asked me to write our story that it may convince the public that there may be extenuating circumstances, and that he may be able to sell it to some publisher for something that may help us financially, as we are both poor and need funds to put our case properly before the public.

My education was limited and I have never written anything for publication except to a few newspapers, advocating what we have both been fighting for, but they were never published and returned as being too extreme.

I want to say this: we have both come by our convictions naturally. My father and mother had very decided opinions as to the protection of birds and animals, and you will see later that Cutler and myself were "Chips of the old block," exaggerated somewhat perhaps.

Our simple home was in a little pine grove a few hundred yards from the sea. Father, like myself, was a jack of all trades and made a living by carpentering, painting, etc., with a decided inclination for inventions of a mechanical character. Mother's fad, when her housekeeping duties were finished, was to feed, tame, and pet all the wild things on our place, and she made it a paradise for them. You would never see her outside the house but what all the domestic fowls, as well as the horse, the dog, and the cow, followed her, but the most unusual feature was the little wild birds fluttering around her, lighting on her shoulders and head.

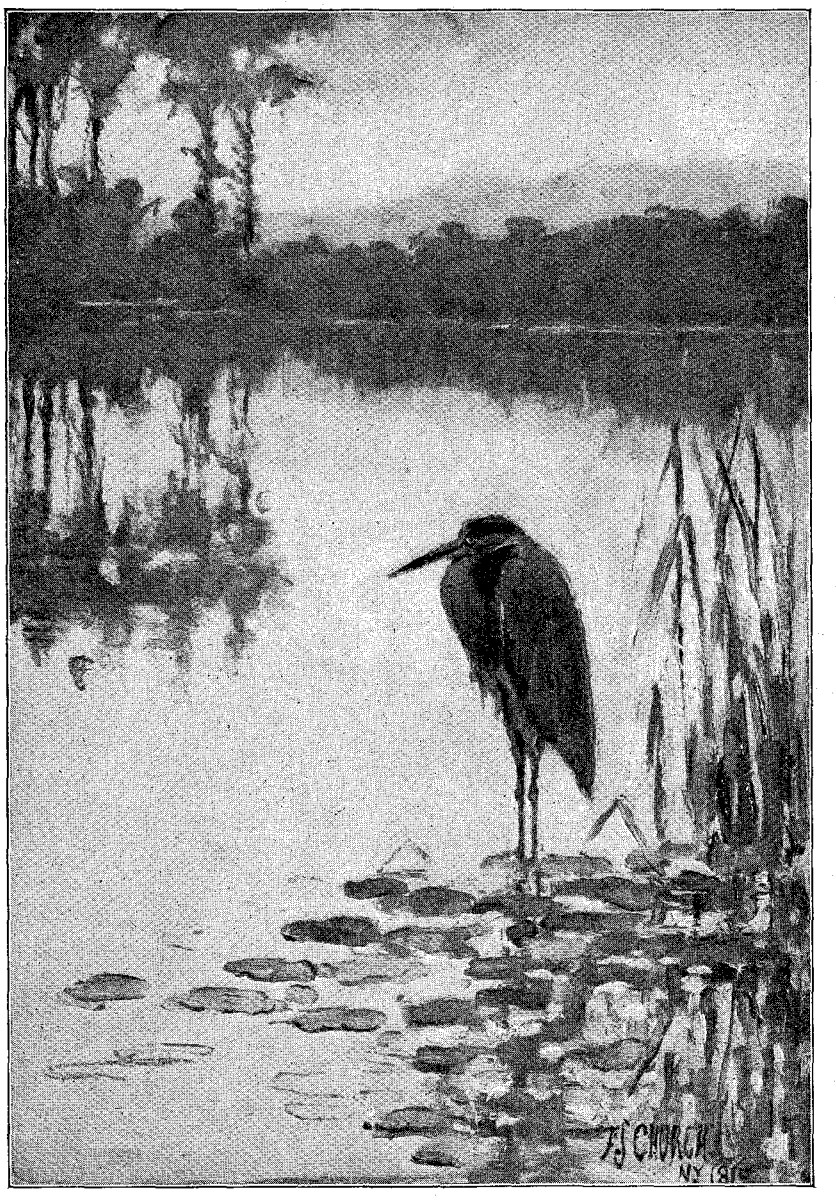
There were two old prints on the walls that made a great impression on me as a boy. One of St. Francis preaching to the birds who flew toward him and, alighting in the form of a cross, seemed much interested in what he was saying. The



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other print depicted the little Cross Beaks trying to pull the nails from the hands and feet of our Crucified Savior, thereby twisting their little beaks. And

see them occasionally in our pine grove as they rested on their migrations, and mother, who was a devout Catholic, would never tire of telling us this beautiful story.



A great, blue heron swept gracefully down and landed on the edge of the pond.—Page 217.

a small red spot on their breasts and their mournful little song which is found in their species to-day, carries out the truth of this beautiful old legend. We would

I have seen Father ploughing near the house and the sea-gulls following in the fallow, seeming perfectly assured of their protection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I was brought up with the idea it was criminal to shoot a wild thing, and shocked to see and hear later in life of their indiscriminate slaughter. It was rarely we ever saw a hunter, and if one came on our land Father would scare the wits out of him, being a giant in stature and very fierce-looking when excited. I can never pass a gun shop to-day without feeling a strong inclination to rush in and destroy the whole layout.

Now about Bob Cutler, my chum and companion in crime. I first met him at a station on the elevated railroad, where he was employed selling tickets. One afternoon, not during rush hours, I was about to buy a ticket when I noticed the entrance to the opening where you place your money was full of sparrows who were being fed by the party inside. Interested, and enjoying the sight, I hesitated in purchasing my ticket when a cheerful voice said: "Go ahead, they won't mind you." And they didn't. It seems every day about this time he would call them up to feed. I soon made his acquaintance and we found each other of one opinion regarding the birds. As we walked down the stairs of the elevated one day when he was off duty, they all seemed delighted, fluttering around him as we passed on. However, his sweetness of character was not appreciated, he being complained of by the passengers as a nuisance and was discharged by the company.

Bob inherited his Father's love for birds and animals. His Father might be called an extremist, as one of his last business investments was to start a little grocery-store in a small village. He would never trap or kill any of the rats and mice that overran the place. They drove away his customers and practically ate him out of house and home. It was very noticeable to see the attention Bob got from all his dumb friends, dogs, cats, horses; he would make friends of them at once, and if he went into a Zoo or a Travelling Circus where they had a menagerie, the animals, from the elephant down, seemed to be attracted to him, however large the gazing crowd was.

Bob and myself were always working for our cause. He was of delicate health and build, would give his last cent, write, argue, and occasionally assume the whole financial responsibility of a lawsuit, while I, inheriting my Father's build and strength, was always in trouble for using these two weapons against those who were not in sympathy with our views. I mention two incidents of many of the same character. I was once employed as an Axeman by a lumber company. We stopped one day at a trapper's shack, located in a forest of pine. I happened to call his attention to the little Cross Beaks fluttering around in the trees uttering their sweet but mournful note, and was about to tell him of the beautiful old legend when he said: "Yes, they are good eating; I often make a meal of them."

In a moment of frenzy aroused by his remark, I said: "Look out for yourself."

He was a big, strong fellow and I gave him a chance, but I knocked him down and almost shook the life out of him. He was rescued by the crew. I tried to explain the situation to them—they would have finished me then and there—but they hesitated to undertake the job on account of my size and strength. I was discharged at once by the Boss and made my way to civilization the best I could.

Some time afterward I got a job as Chainman with a party of surveyors up north. We camped one night on the borders of a little lake much resorted to by summer visitors. About four in the morning we were aroused and much impressed by the cry of a loon, about the weirdest note in nature's creation, giving a most mysterious sensation and fascination to the surroundings. That morning I met, on the shore of the lake, two red-necktied dudes, who were about to row out and try a shot at our wonderful visitor. I broke their guns and smashed their boat; was arrested later in the day, locked up, and fined, but was let off by the sheriff soon after, who apologized to me for his part, as he was, like myself, a great lover of nature and all her wild things and enforced the law as far as he was able for their protection.

Now comes the incident that brings us here. I used to go and visit my Father when I could. He was living alone in the old home, Mother having passed away some years before. I asked Bob to go

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down with me. I wrote my Father of our proposed visit. He was visiting his brother at the time but said he would be back to meet us on our arrival or soon after.

It was nearing the evening as Bob and I reached our place, a two-mile walk from the station, but we enjoyed it immensely, both being great lovers of nature, appreciating her, I hope, in all of her delightful moods. Near our house on Father's land was a lovely little pond and, as we neared it, the evening shadows gave it a wonderful, mysterious look and, as we stood there in admiration, a great, blue heron swept gracefully down and landed on the edge of the pond. His unexpected appearance sent a thrill of great pleasure through both of us and I said quietly to Bob: "This bird, unknowingly, has done us a great honor adding to the romance and mystery of this beautiful spot," and we both took off our hats and bowed in reverence that ours was the privilege to see and enjoy this charming scene, when suddenly the report of a gun nearby broke upon us, the majestic bird dropped dead in the water, and a young fellow stepped out of the bushes, smiling at the result of his damnable shot. But as he saw two men rushing at him with murder in their eyes, he dropped his gun and started at full speed to escape. We chased him for a mile, but he was young and we are not, and we gave up the chase, fortunately for him.

On our way back I picked up his gun and smashed it to pieces, waded out and got the body of our magnificent friend and buried him alongside the pond where he had breathed his last, and we both turned in that night much depressed by the sad ending of such a beautiful evening.

We were awakened the next morning early by the noise of shooting near the house; we dressed quickly and started on a run for the beach only to see, in the distance, a party of hunters on their way to an inlet about a mile from our home where wild ducks were in the habit of visiting. Father's premises were thoroughly posted by signs, "No shooting under penalty of the law," and a boy, whom we met, told us they had been shooting snipe on our beach, knowing that Father was away.

As we walked along in a high state of excitement at this outrage, we suddenly came on a little group of snipe huddled together in the corner of a bank. As we came nearer, we found that they all seemed mutilated by shot wounds and had gotten together probably for mutual protection. They made no effort to get away from us, and seemed to look at Bob as a friend as he stooped down in sympathy. Such a pathetic sight: broken wings and legs, bleeding little bodies, having escaped in this condition from the murderous fire of those law breakers.

"Bob," I exclaimed, "come with me at once; we can stop this work on Father's land, at least, and give them a dose of their own medicine."

I started on a run for the house, Bob following wondering what was up.

My Father was a soldier in the Civil War, in a Battery of Light Artillery. Among several inventions he was working on was a small cannon which was constructed on the idea, the result of his own observations and experience as a private soldier who had seen actual service, that sometimes the moral effect in a battle was of more importance than the physical. He noticed, on several occasions, that men would be more demoralized by a battery of artillery firing on them, say at one thousand yards, with their screaming, whizzing, bursting shells and the roar of the smooth-bore cannon, than from a line of infantry firing at the same time at two hundred yards, really doing most of the deadly work. At that time rifle cannon were almost unused, and most of the fighting was done at comparatively close quarters.

Father's argument was this: That the President might call a meeting of his Cabinet to decide upon a question that the fate of the nation depended on, the Cabinet being divided as to its right and wrong, and in a high state of excitement, about to cast the decisive vote, when all at once a swarm of mosquitoes coming in at the open window would, for a few moments, change the whole point of view and, after this interruption, might cause their looking at and arguing the question from a more reasonable and less prejudiced standpoint.

The cannon was comparatively small,



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two men could bring it into action and serve it. It was to be loaded with the finest of shot and its scattering powers was one point he worked on. I saw the gun at intervals when I was home, helped him in its initial trials on targets placed far apart. It certainly scattered the shot up to his expectations.

I hurriedly explained the situation to Bob; we found plenty of powder, shot, and *other ammunition*, and we soon had it down on the beach. Covered somewhat by the turn in the bank, we loaded it and calmly awaited the return of our hunters. They had a shack some distance above us where they slept and cooked, so the boy said. We didn't have to wait long as they soon appeared from their duck-hunting locality. When they were about two hundred yards from us, we hauled out our gun and gave them a dose.

Now I am going to give my possible readers some interesting information regarding, in this instance, our peculiar warfare which they have not heard of and that the trial resulted in our freedom and the humiliation of our prosecuting hunter trespassers.

My Father had a most kindly nature and many of his inventions were for the alleviation of pain and suffering in man, bird, and beast, particularly the two latter, and many devices to make the household duties of the women who had to do their own work much less laborious. He had more or less financial success from his many inventions, but most of the money was spent to perfect and improve and devise new ones.

For this cannon he had invented a bullet of the ordinary size which he called a Zipper. It was made of a combination of rubber and other materials; it was hollow and full of small holes that let in and out the air as it left the gun, and they made a noise not unlike the ordinary bullet, a sort of a zip, but much louder. His idea was that it might be used as a warning in some cases, like firing a shot across the bow of a ship, or to give their opponents a false idea of the number of men defending some important position while being threatened by a superior force where, for reasons, it might not be advisable to do much damage, as in case of a Riot, but his principal idea was to carry out his mosquito theory.

I explained the situation to Bob, I favoring strongly the fine shot, but he wouldn't listen to it and insisted on the use of the Zipper, and made me promise I would aim so that they would hit the lower part of their bodies.

This bullet was absolutely harmless and would fall to pieces on striking anything. Something like it is used by the French instructing amateur duellists, but their projectile emits little or no sound as it is fired. The average person would think Father's bullet the real thing as it whizzed through the air.

Our assumed murderous gesticulations and Bob waving the "No Trespassing" sign did its work, and our hunters were panic-stricken as they thought real bullets were flying around them, and broke into an ignominious run. Later in the day we were arrested by the County sheriff and his associates and are now in jail awaiting the trial that will put our prosecutors in a ridiculous light and free us.

Bob and I have been fighting in a mild way for our cause since we were young men, but we didn't seem to have much influence. As some one rightly said, the men must shoot without waiting for the time of protection; the women must have their plumage for their hats and fur for their bodies; the epicure must have his tidbits, and unless drastic measures are taken we shall soon have songless days and silent woods.

. . . . . .

They call us Extremists! Why, the Egyptians, if people polluted their streams, legally put such offenders to death. You can pollute a hundred streams here and we only say, "Don't do it," or, in extreme cases, bring a lawsuit which will drag along and the guilty parties use the water power and pour in their sewerage till convenient for them to stop. Our Mediæval forebears would build an iron cage just large enough to hold a man so he could'nt move, then stow him away in a dungeon for the rats to eat at their leisure, all for a just cause from their standpoint, and it made a man think twice before he took a chance on a fate like this.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bob and I at least will have these hunters think twice before they murder birds on land posted in a lawful way. But the game goes on and on; bird life seems to be on the way to extermination.

I write this for the benefit of our feathered friends and that the public, if my story is published, will use its judgment and perhaps give us a little of its sympathy.

WILLIAM JONES.

---

# THE REMAKING OF FRANCE

## BY RAYMOND RECOULY (CAPTAIN X)

Author of "General Joffre and His Battles," "Foch, the Winner of the War," etc.

WE have won the war and we are now about to conclude peace. That France has borne the brunt of this conflict is admitted by the whole world. From the very beginning of hostilities, in 1914, the French troops faced almost the entire German army—certainly nine-tenths of it. The Belgian army, during the first days of the war, rendered inestimable services for which France will be eternally grateful, but after the taking of Namur and the battle of Charleroi, that is from the 22d of August on, the little Belgian army was practically out of the running. As for the British contingent of three and a half divisions, at the beginning of the battle of the Marne, it amounted to scarcely one-twentieth of the fighting French forces.

The victory of the Marne was followed by the battle of the Yser Canal, in which a large numbers of French troops were engaged. In the following year, 1915, it was the French, almost exclusively, who executed the offensives on the western front—that of Champagne in February, of Artois in May, of Champagne again in September.

In 1916 the Germans, after enormous successes in the Orient, hurled themselves once more against their principal adversary—France. The battle of Verdun began and lasted six months. French troops only fought and won that great battle for the Allies.

In the meanwhile the English armies were being recruited and drilled. From July, 1916, the beginning of the Franco-British offensive on the Somme, the English were destined to play a greater and still greater rôle.

In the year 1918 American troops transported to Europe, organized and trained with a rapidity that will forever call forth admiration, entered into the conflict. But at the very moment when American intervention was about to produce effective results, Germany, at the end of her resources, demanded an armistice and accepted all our conditions.

This war has, therefore, cost France heavily. From a military point of view her sacrifices have been far greater than those of any of her Allies.

In what condition, material and moral, has the war left her? How will she react, economically, financially, socially, to those four years of incessant conflict? Emerging from this terrible ordeal she must, if she wishes to live, "put her house in order," reorganize her industries, a great part of which have been destroyed, restore the productiveness and the prosperity of her devastated provinces. A colossal work of reconstruction awaits her—a task that, in many respects, is appalling.

This task France is ready to undertake, but she believes that without the active co-operation of the Allies, especially of America, there is small chance of her being able to accomplish it. She is convinced, however, that assistance from America will not be refused, that the United States which helped her to win the war will also aid her in solving the problems of peace.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## I

### LOSSES IN MEN

If we compare the military effort put forth by the allied countries with that of France, we find that France ranks first both as to the number of soldiers mobilized and the number killed and missing, as the following table proves.

| | Population census of 1911 | Mobilized troops | Per cent in proportion to population | Losses in killed, dead, and missing | Per cent in proportion to population |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| France (including the French of Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco) | 38,762,000 | 7,917,000 | 20.4 | 1,308,000 | 3.37 |
| Great Britain (not including the Dominions) | 45,222,000 | 5,704,000 | 12.6 | 680,000 | 1.5 |
| Italy | 34,671,000 | 5,250,000 | 15.1 | 460,000 | 1.32 |
| United States | 91,972,000 | 3,800,000 | 4.1 | 122,000* | 0.13 |

*These approximate figures include the dead in camps both abroad and in the United States.

Colonial troops have not been taken into account in this estimate. Only the home forces of France, as of England, have been tabulated. French citizens residing in Algeria, Morocco, and Tunis, although few in number, have been included, as they are subject to the same military obligations as are imposed upon Frenchmen in France.

It is seen from this table that France mobilized almost twice as many men as England, more than twice as many as the United States, a third more than Italy. Her losses in men are proportionally still greater. If we add to her one million three hundred thousand soldiers, killed or missing, all the crippled and severely wounded, all those whom the war has left permanently disabled, we arrive at an appalling total. Of the four hundred thousand French soldiers who were prisoners in Germany, a large number were so badly treated and so undernourished that many of them will be a charge on the state for years to come—some for ever. The total of her losses is, therefore, largely over two million. On the eve of peace France finds herself despoiled of a twentieth of her male population—the flower of the younger generation, the men of from twenty to forty years of age, her workers and producers.

No country in the world has ever before been so drained of its life blood—a terrible fact that should never be forgotten for a moment. The losses in the wars of the Revolution and the Empire were as nothing compared with these.

But it is not enough to consider these losses in numbers only. To get a just idea of what they mean to France we must find out what classes of society have most heavily suffered. In other words, we must consider not only the *number* but the *type* of men destroyed.

The élite of the French nation was decimated on the field of battle. I am not speaking of the toll taken of the officers of the regular army, although among those the losses have been frightful from the very beginning. For example, of the fifty-five officers of the Sixty-Fourth Regiment, forty-four were killed or disabled by the 20th of September, 1914. The record for the Ninety-Third Regiment is still worse; after the 8th of September only seven officers out of fifty-four survived. These examples could be multiplied without end. It was, of course, necessary to replace immediately these losses among the regular officers by promoting reserve officers on the field of battle.

In France, during peace-times, the career of officer in a reserve corps was not particularly attractive to young men. In this respect we differed greatly from Germany where, by reason of the social prestige conferred and because of in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

numerable advantages enjoyed by the military class, the number of officers in the reserves was very large. Which goes to prove that if the French are the best fighters in the world, they are, at the same time, probably the least inclined to militarism. In times of peace the life of the army, the eternal drilling and manœuvring, strike them as most irksome.

In order to replace trained officers by reservists while war is in progress, it is necessary, of course, to draw upon the most available human material the nation possesses. That has been done to such a large extent in this war that after four years the supply has been nearly exhausted.

If you will open "Tout Paris," the year-book of high society in France, where are recorded the names of members of the aristocracy, representatives of the liberal professions, of literature, of art, of jurisprudence, of the financial world, etc., you will see on every page at least a dozen of those names written large in black letters —the names of those killed in this war. As for myself, I know of no sadder or more significant commentary on the war than this open record of the death of hundreds of young aspirants in every walk of life, many of whom had just achieved fame.

Among the young professors and fellows of the university, that aristocracy of the pedagogic class, the situation is still worse. In the Sorbonne and the Ecole Normale Supérieure, whole departments have been decimated. France has suffered in this respect an intellectual injury the consequences of which will be long and keenly felt.

Let us now examine the situation of the masses. From the end of the year 1914, when the munitions crisis was precipitated, it was obviously imperative to increase enormously, by every means in our power, the production of shells, cannon, etc. The problem was the more difficult because our principal industrial centres were in the hands of the enemy. Nevertheless, the nation attacked this problem with courage and finally solved it. France has been able to manufacture not only sufficient munitions for her own use, but has been able to supply a considerable quantity to her Allies, to Russia and to Roumania. But at what a price! Hundreds of thousands of workmen had to be hastily recalled from the front-line trenches and set to work in the factories. And not only were trained workmen so sent back, but thousands of unskilled laborers who gave the least promise of being able to quickly acquire the necessary technic. The result of this exodus from the fighting front was that there remained in the trenches only the peasants—the boys from the country. It was those "sons of the soil," offspring of that hardy, vigorous race, accustomed for generations to a life of intense labor and strictest economy, who bore the brunt of the fighting. The youth of the rural districts has been, literally, mown down. It is only necessary to go into any one of our provinces, into any village, to discover what a frightful proportion of losses has been sustained. In one department in the south, where I own a small country place, I know of a certain town of only about twenty-five hundred inhabitants which has lost more than a hundred of its young men—a twentieth of its small population, therefore, has been wiped out.

The effects of this wholesale destruction of the youth of our country is already being felt, and will be felt more and more. Notwithstanding the willingness of the women, children, and old men, the land is no longer being cultivated. We shall be compelled to fall back on foreign labor.

In the wine-growing regions of the south, Spanish labor is already so largely used that in certain villages one hears almost as much Spanish as French.

Formerly one of the elements of our strength lay in the admirable balance between the industrial population of the cities and the agricultural population of the country. That equilibrium has been destroyed. The labor element is now stronger than the rural element. From a political, social, and economic point of view, this state of things will bring about important results. The situation in the interior of the country is entirely changed.

## II

### MATERIAL LOSSES

From the descriptions and innumerable articles in the papers by American correspondents who have visited our devas-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tated areas the people of the United States know approximately to what a condition some of our richest and most fertile provinces on the east and north have been reduced by the war. But none of the descriptions, none of the articles come up to the reality—a fact we cannot lay too great stress on. One must see with one's own eyes, the cities of Rheims, Soissons, Arras, Lens. One must travel for days through those parts of France which have been fought over for four years, in order to arrive at a just conception of the almost irreparable destruction wrought.

A large part of this devastation was systematically planned and carried out by the Germans. It is not the inevitable result of warfare itself, but is the hideous expression of the Boche idea of making war. In accordance with this idea, all the country lying between Noyon and St. Quentin was deliberately laid waste at the time of the famous retreat of Hindenburg in the early part of 1917.

The destruction of our mills and factories has been methodically, scientifically consummated by the Germans. Gangs of workmen, supervised by specialists, were organized to do the work. What they did not destroy, they stole. Raw materials and a great deal of machinery were removed to the other side of the Rhine.

What is the total amount of damage done? Any exact estimate, any definite valuation, is impossible for the time being. There are enormous differences in the figures submitted by the experts. The war, moreover, has rendered us rather sceptical as to the estimates of experts.

Fourteen billion dollars is, perhaps, the minimum amount to cover these damages. This sum will probably have to be increased. The entire nation is responsible for these reparations; it is a sacred debt which no one would dream of repudiating, but it will be a great burden. It is also calculated that the pensions for the families of soldiers, killed or disabled, will amount to about eight billion dollars.

We have besides, about thirty-two billion dollars of war debts, which makes in all a terrifying total of fifty-four billion dollars. It is a formidable debt for a nation which, even counting in Alsace-Lorraine, has scarcely forty million inhabitants!

Add to that the inadequacy of our merchant marine and the interruption, in great part, of our industrial life, owing to the lack of raw materials, fuel, and machines for our factories. All of her efforts being directed into other channels, France almost entirely suspended naval construction during the period of the war, so that now she lacks tonnage at the very moment when she has most need of it.

## III

### SOCIAL UNREST

BESIDES this material disorganization of our national life there is noticeable at this moment in France a slump in "morale"—the natural result of the violent crisis through which she has just passed.

The whole world knows that our political system needs a thorough renovating. There is no question of altering its fundamental principle of republicanism, for the would-be restorers of a monarchy are in a woful minority. But if the republican form of government is to continue, it is obvious that drastic changes must be made in its mode of functioning. The parliamentarians and professional politicians have come out of this war with greatly diminished prestige. They are reproached, and with reason, for their muddled incompetence, their failure to put through well-formulated laws. For example, Parliament took three years to ratify the law concerning rentals which should have been ready the first year of the war. Because of the non-provision of this law, the extremely important question of the payment of rents by mobilized soldiers or by other persons whom the war had deprived of resources remained undecided. Everybody, both landlords and tenants, suffered in consequence.

The same thing happened about the law of indemnities. After never-ending delays and countless revisions, this law, buffeted about between the Senate and the Chamber, was at last passed. But it is so complicated that many consider it inoperable.

Parliament, by its mischievous interference with the machinery of the government, has finished by obstructing it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entirely. Reforms in this respect are imperative. Public opinion calls for a more highly developed authority. While leaving to Parliament, composed of members elected by the nation, all the prerogatives to which it has a right, it seems advisable to create in connection with it a greater, and especially a more stable, power, such as the United States possesses in the person of the President.

The great difficulty of such a reform lies in this: although public opinion demands it, it is the politicians who will have to determine how it is to be effected. Now in no country do politicians feel very deeply the need of reforming themselves, especially when it is a question of curtailing their powers.

A whole series of elections will have to be held, accompanied by more or less of delay. The country will have to elect its senators, its deputies, its municipal judges, etc., etc. What will be the outcome of this move? In what spirit will it be undertaken? To prophesy about it is hazardous. It depends, in great measure, on the temper of the demobilized troops, on those men who have just left the trenches to re-enter civil life. The return of three or four million men, who for four years have been separated from their families and their ordinary occupations to lead a life so absolutely different from their former existence, constitutes in itself a new danger, a new source of social unrest. The re-entry of these demobilized forces into the life of the nation is sure to cause a tremendous upheaval.

Add to this the immensely higher cost of living—demanding as a nation-wide result an increase in all salaries—the crisis in transportation facilities, the stagnation of our devastated provinces, and you will have some idea of the thousand and one difficulties we are combating. For another thing, it is impossible that the propaganda of Bolshevism, in Russia, in Hungary, in Germany, should not find an echo in France. At first blush it would seem that our country of small landed proprietors and capitalists, where economy is a national virtue, would be a field little favorable to the cultivation of Bolshevism, but no land can comfort itself with the thought that it is entirely safe from that danger. The economic and social unrest that besets each country affords the adherents of Bolshevism excellent opportunities for gaining new recruits.

## IV

### BASES OF RECONSTRUCTION

SUCH, in its essential aspects, is the material and moral situation of France since the war. No man of sense among us dreams of denying its gravity, but, on the other hand, every one is determined to carry on the work of reconstruction as efficiently as possible. On one point the whole country is agreed—Germany must indemnify France to the utmost limit of her resources. That she must pay for the material waste she has caused—for the devastation of French lands and the destruction of French industries—admits of no discussion. She should also pay the pensions of French widows and orphans and war cripples. If anybody has to suffer for this war, France and Justice demand that it should be the one responsible for it, not the one upon whom it has been waged—the aggressor, not the victim.

According to the indemnity programme of the Peace Conference, there will accrue to France about fourteen billion dollars as her proportion of the entire twenty-five billion levied. This fourteen billion represents about the sum necessary for reconstruction work. There remains nothing, therefore, to offset the pension budget of eight billion.

There is a well-known French proverb which runs: "*Où il n'y a rien, le roi perd ses droits*"—in other words, "You can't draw blood from a stone." Of course, we realize that Germany cannot pay more than she has, but we feel assured that she can pay a great deal. Her industries are intact, her land has not been ravaged by the war. Just as soon as raw materials shall have been furnished her and her manufactories start up again, from that day the economic situation will become easier.

The important thing is that she shall pay regularly, punctually, this first sum of twenty-five billion dollars which, moreover, should be only a "payment on account." Her deposits, according to present arrangements, must be made annually, on a sliding scale, to cover a period of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fifteen or twenty years. But who will guarantee that Germany's pledges will be kept? Her word, her promise, is not sufficient. This war has shown us just how much the word of Germany is worth. We French, after having been neighbors of the German people for twenty centuries, think we know them a little better than any one else, and we are certain that they will not pay if they can get out of it. Remember what happened after the armistice was signed! Germany was pledged to deliver a certain number of locomotives and railway-carriages as a just compensation for those she had stolen from Belgium and France. Did she do it? Weeks passed during which she invented one pretext after another for failing to comply with this demand, and it was only after some energetic talk from Marshal Foch and the threat of breaking off the armistice, that she finally decided to fulfil her obligations.

What happened then is probably a foretaste of what will happen when it comes to paying the yearly assessments. The only means which the Allies have of putting the necessary pressure on Germany is the occupation of the Rhine valley. France, as the most interested party for both military and financial reasons, has asked for, and obtained, permission to occupy the left bank of the Rhine for a certain length of time. This demand was naturally not made for the pleasure of policing Mayence or Coblenz, but solely because it was the only sure method of securing reimbursement for ourselves and our allies.

This military occupation will be another heavy expense to be borne in great part by France. It is estimated that one hundred thousand men will be needed to guard the Rhine. Evidently we must furnish them, aided in small measure by Belgium, perhaps also by England. But it is a service that we render to all the Allies without exception. Is it not just that the Allies should take into consideration that France will have to support this new burden?

One wonders what is going to become of Germany—along what lines the masses of her people are going to develop. The answer to this question depends largely on the attitude of the Allies toward her, especially on the attitude of the more powerful Allies, the United States, England, and France. If Germany realizes that she is being watched, controlled, that she is being held with a tight rein, if she knows that at the slightest rebellion on her part the Allies will stand solidly against her to prevent her from again troubling the peace of the world, it is to be presumed that she will remain quiet. The Junker party, all those in whom the "virus" of violence has not yet been destroyed, will seize with joy the first opportunity for revenge. Opposing them is that sane, reasonable element of the population which only asks to get back to work, to resume normal relations with the other nations. It is this element which the Allies should support and encourage to the utmost.

As things stand then, France can approach the gigantic task of reconstruction only on two conditions:

*First*, that Germany shall reimburse her, by regular payments, for the largest part of the losses she has sustained.

*Second*, that the Allies and their associates, the United States and England, by maintaining the alliance in some form or other, shall categorically guarantee her protection against another invasion by Germany, insure her the regular payment of indemnities and extend to her economic and financial co-operation.

If these two conditions are fulfilled, as all Frenchmen hope, France will undertake her terrible task with a light heart. There is an elasticity in the Gallic temperament which makes it rebound even after the most cruel suffering.

Just what are these problems of reconstruction? How shall we go about solving them?

Good sense, logic, tell us that it is wisest to proceed from the easier to the harder tasks. Since the question of production is the most pressing, the first thing to be done is to repopulate the abandoned countryside, to bring back to their farms the peasants who have been driven away by the war. The welfare of the villages must therefore be considered before that of cities.

The French peasant is hardened to fatigue, accustomed to privations. So great is his desire to get back to his fields

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he would be contented with little—with very little—during the first months or even the first years. The most humble shelter for himself and his family will satisfy him.

But when it comes to reconstructing the villages and cities, one thing is certain—nothing really worth while can be accomplished by individual enterprise. Whatever is done must be done by united effort. If each peasant and citizen were to set about rebuilding his home in accordance with his own ideas and resources, confusion worse confounded would be the result, the price of building materials and labor would soar, and the work would either not be done or it would be done badly.

This view of the matter must be taken to heart by every one. Undoubtedly we shall have to fight against the individualistic tendencies which are so deeply rooted in the French nature. The people will have to be educated in this direction, and they can be if our public men see to it seriously.

The rebuilding of the destroyed villages and cities should, therefore, be undertaken by the whole community for the whole community. Not one house alone should be erected, but a dozen, a hundred, a thousand at a time. Building materials should be bought in common, workmen engaged in common, etc., etc.

In other words, it is not only the privilege, but the duty of the state to take control of everything pertaining to reconstruction work. At present in France there has set in a marked reaction against the interference of the state in the industrial and commercial life of the nation. This interference was an almost fatal development of the war. Now that peace is here, every one is anxious to see it disappear entirely or greatly diminish at any rate. But when the national problem of the reconstruction of our devastated provinces is in question, it is evident that the control of the state must continue in some measure. The solution of this problem will very probably be effected in some such way as the following: the formation of large companies, of important syndicates, which will be responsible for the construction *en bloc* of such and such parts of the whole work; these companies and syndicates to be under the supervision of the government through a bureau specially created for that purpose.

For the accomplishment of the difficult work of reconstruction, the French people are looking earnestly to America for the fullest co-operation, both technical and financial. It is obvious that a country such as the United States, where great cities have sprung up in such a short space of time, is especially qualified to instruct and aid France by her tremendous experience. It is a question of looking at things in a large way and of working fast. Well, America is accustomed to doing both. We are hoping that her architects, her business men, will flock to France to take as large a share as possible in the reconstruction of our country.

They should be warned that they may encounter, perhaps, some opposition on the part of the bureaucratic administration which, unfortunately, is still given over to red tape and routine in spite of the war. They will have obstacles to surmount, misunderstandings to clear up. Should such be the case, let them not fear to bring these matters to the public attention, for the public—so immensely in the majority—will give them hearty support.

Many American business men have been extremely dissatisfied lately at the obstacles which our government has put in the way of the importation of certain products of American manufacture—automobiles, for example. Their protestations, their grievances, have been fully aired. They are particularly irritated against one of our ministers, M. Loucheur, head of the industrial reorganization. "If France," they say, "begins by placing a prohibitive tariff on American merchandise, there is only one thing for America to do—to let France severely alone for the future."

In reply to these criticisms M. Loucheur calls attention to the necessity for protecting certain branches of French industry which have been especially hard hit by the war. The automobile industry is one of these, the plants having been taken over by the government for the manufacture of shells exclusively during the war. It would be obviously unfair, declares M. Loucheur, to allow the French

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

market to be flooded with foreign-made cars at present.

M. Klotz, minister of finance, reaches the same conclusion, but by way of different arguments. He urges the necessity of keeping up the value of our currency, of not letting the franc depreciate in proportion to the pound and the dollar. But on the whole the French public is of the opinion that the ministers are too extreme in their views on protection. The French buyer is not at all anxious to pay excessive prices merely for the pleasure of assuring big dividends to some of our business men. They know perfectly well that if this high protective tariff is insisted on, they will have to pay, for example, ten thousand francs for an automobile which they could buy for half the money in America. The same thing is true of clothing, shoes, etc. Even if the franc should depreciate a little in proportion to the dollar, this shrinkage would not be half so serious a matter as an enormous increase in the cost of living.

There has been a very decided protest, in consequence, against the excessive restrictions placed on the importation of foreign goods, especially of American-made articles. Most assuredly the French public does not desire the ruin of its industries, but it has had about enough of paying twice as much for clothing, shoes, etc., as they cost in England or America. It feels itself the more aggrieved because the consequence of very limited importations is to create a big profit for a privileged class which has obtained permission to import most often through the favor of interested ministers. Let us take a concrete example: Suppose France has need of importing a hundred thousand metres of foreign-made cloth, monthly. The minister of commerce, in order to protect our weavers, and to prevent our currency from depreciating, refuses to allow more than twenty thousand metres to be imported—in other words, a fifth of what is necessary. He gives these concessions to a syndicate of merchants who—since everybody must have cloth—therefore become the absolute masters of the market, fix prices to suit themselves and make all the money they want.

The granting of such privileges at the expense of the community is an outrageous abuse of power. The French public is indignant and by vigorous opposition will force the government to cease such insupportable practices. Consequently, until the time when our own industries are once more on their feet, American manufacturers and business men will find excellent opportunities in France.

France is in especial need of American agricultural machinery of all kinds. On account of the frightful losses sustained during the war by our farming population and the consequent difficulty of getting labor, the only way left us to cultivate the soil is by the intensive use of machinery. Up-to-date methods, unfortunately, are disliked by the French peasant, and the division into small acreage of our farm lands makes the purchase and use of modern machinery difficult. But these obstacles are by no means insurmountable. The farmer must be educated, he must be shown by living examples all the advantages he will derive from the intensive, modern method of cultivation which aims to substitute a machine for the hands of a laborer. Those who farm in a small way must co-operate in the buying and use of those machines too costly to be purchased individually.

Our farmers have made a great deal of money during the war. They have never been so well off, in fact. They sold wheat, wine, and live stock at market prices from five to six times greater than were ever known before the war. It is not money that is wanting, but labor. Machinery must, therefore, supply that lack if we do not wish production in our country to fall off alarmingly.

The birth-rate problem is a very engrossing and a very distressing one for us. Our country, with thirty-eight million inhabitants, has had two million killed and wounded. How can we restore our national vitality after having been so terribly bled? By what means increase the number of births? There is no problem confronting us more urgent, more vital. All the measures which have been considered and adopted so far—advantages of all sorts accorded the heads of large families, heavy taxes on bachelors, etc., have been entirely ineffectual. They are only palliatives—remedies for is-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

olated cases, and as such without any real efficacy. If we do not wish our country to perish after the glorious efforts it has just made, we must look at this question of the diminishing birth-rate as a whole—from every aspect, and, above all, we must not shrink from radical remedies.

Drastic measures will have to be taken; penalties for abortion, which are far too mild at present, will have to be made much heavier; perhaps obligatory marriage for men, etc., etc. If our government, if the Parliament which is to be newly elected, does not take up this question, it will be an act of treason on their part toward the most sacred interests of the country.

Next in importance to the problem of the birth-rate, comes the financial problem. How can France stand up under the crushing burdens which this war has put upon her? How can she balance her account and yet escape bankruptcy? Absolutely the only solution in sight is increased production on the part of the nation. Taxes can only be augmented in proportion to the increasing wealth of those who are to pay them. The financial problem is, therefore, only another phase of the social and economic problem.

The war, and also, it must be confessed, the development of Bolshevism in Russia and Hungary, have given the proletariat of every country a greater consciousness of its power. We must accept this fact, whether or no. It is a new factor which governments and statesmen will have to take into account. Laborers of all classes, those of the cities and those of the country, office-holders of all sorts, will demand and obtain higher pay. The right and the duty of the "bosses" will be to satisfy their demands, as nearly as possible, at the same time making them understand that to go beyond a certain limit will bring ruin on them both.

In France the middle classes are more advanced than anywhere else. Ours is a country of small landed proprietors, small capitalists, small shopkeepers, and here the relation between capital and labor is less bitter, less strained than in other places. On the other hand, the great increase in the cost of living tends to augment the social unrest and discontent, for these small gentry are just the people who suffer most from the rise in price of everything. Working men, thanks to the power of their unions, are able to exact good pay. Their remuneration increases proportionally with the increase in the cost of living. But it is not so with the middle classes. I know, for example, cases of retired clerks, professors, artists who, before the war, lived fairly well and who are now reduced to absolute destitution. They suffer heart-breaking humiliations—the more heart-breaking because they are unsuspected. Those who bear them keep them well hidden from the world. Another proletariat is thus formed, more unhappy and more unfortunate than the proletariat of the so-called "working classes." Up to the present it is not organized, but suppose there should be a social crisis! Driven by their sufferings, they might be tempted to join forces with the laboring classes, and the strength they would add to the cause would be far from negligible.

One often wonders if France runs the risk of being won over to Bolshevism. For my part I do not believe it, I do not fear it. Bolshevism, the beginnings of which I saw develop in Russia, its native soil, is the result of certain material and moral causes—hunger and despair induced by defeat. Now, victorious France knows nothing of this despair, and she does not suffer—has never suffered, even during the war—from hunger. Undoubtedly our people have endured privations, but there has been food for every one. The demands of the working men's unions can become more or less clamorous, more or less violent. The best way of avoiding clashes is to establish a clear understanding between labor and capital. Masters and workmen should discuss the situation calmly, after the fashion of delegates to a congress. Each party should have the right to plead its cause, to try to win it, but each should remember, above everything else, that open conflict must be avoided, for in that conflict there can be no victor—both parties will go down in ruin.

This question is first and foremost one of good sense, of reason. Now, good sense, reasonableness, are to be found highly developed among all classes in France. The working man, nearly always

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well-educated, reading the papers, observing what goes on about him, is open to the arguments presented to him—always providing that they are well presented. He takes notice that Bolshevist theories, put in practice in certain countries, have completely ruined those countries.

The spectacle which Russia and Hungary afford at the present moment is calculated to make those who are tempted to have recourse to violence and civil war to gain their particular ends pause and reflect.

Bolshevism is the dictatorship of the proletariat, or rather of the lowest element of it—a dictatorship more to be detested than any other which history has recorded. It is not in France, land of reasonableness, of good sense, that Bolshevism has a chance of taking root!

---

## FOG

### By John Reed

DEATH comes like this, I know—
Snow-soft and gently cold;
Impalpable battalions of thin mist,
Light-quenching and sound-smothering and slow.

Slack as a wind-spilled sail,
The spent world flaps in space;
Day's but a grayer night, and the old sun
Up the blind sky goes heavily and pale.

Out of all circumstance
I drift or seem to drift
In a vague vapor-world that clings, and veils
Great trees a-row like kneeling elephants.

How vast your voice is grown
That was so silver-soft;
Dim dies the candle-glory of your face—
Though we go hand in hand, I am alone. . . .

Now Love and all the warm
Pageant of livingness
Trouble my quiet, like forgotten dreams
Of ancient thunder on the hills of storm.

Aforetime I have kissed
The feet of many gods;
But in this empty place there is no god
Save only I, a naked egoist.

How loud, how terribly
Brazen are lights and sounds!
And yet I know beyond the fog is naught
But lonely bells across gray wastes of sea. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# WATCHING THE FIGHTING FROM AN AEROPLANE

## THREE DAYS IN SEPTEMBER, 1918

By J. E. Eaton
Second Lieutenant, Air Service

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

BEFORE dawn on the 26th of September, Case and myself stood among a little group of pilots and observers of the 99th Aero Squadron, looking to the north, where a vast semicircle of darkness glowed fitfully in bright flashes, winking ceaselessly in myriad places, while an endless rumbling reverberated through the night and came tirelessly and continuously from a far-distant point.

Zero hour of day one was near, and at the first hint of dawn a quarter of a million Americans were to advance. For a while we watched, thinking of the past weeks and the dawn to come. Then Case, my observer, as if to say that all was well, turned with a cheerful laugh toward the mess shack, where Wickersham's phonograph started wailing on the chill night air.

We were scheduled for the third liaison flight with the 37th Division. Daylight came feebly through a dense fog, favorable to the infantry but disastrous to the aviation, and it still persisted at 8 A. M., when Case and I started in No. 12. We followed the edge of the Argonne Forest, dimly seen at two hundred metres, until the torn and jagged top of Vaquois Hill was seen projecting like an ancient volcanic island above the white mists.

The fog swirled and glowed to innumerable reports of great guns, which rocked our plane like a boat in a storm, and nothing could be seen but a few shadowy and gray trunks of shattered trees east of Vaquois, which loomed dead or dying out of the mists. As we dropped to just above the wrecked tree trunks, which gradually attained form, a shadowy plane passed us like a phantom, headed south.

The fog cleared near the centre of a large forest through which the attack progressed, and we located the Ravin de la Fuon, first American objective and second German trenches, several kilometres behind the German line. Should this be captured it would mean the success of the attack.

Clearly perceived American troops were scattered through the wreckage of the forest, and waved to us as we swept by overhead, while lines of German prisoners were seen guarded by men in brown.

A few hundred metres ahead the forest was an inferno, as rocks, trees, and wreckage went up in black smoke where our barrage was bursting, in a strip some two hundred metres deep and the width of the forest. We passed through the line of falling shells, which came by with a sharp report, then remained over the barrage, jolted up and down as the black volcanoes splashed up from beneath us. I saw one yellow ball pass under the plane, giving off a luminous smoke, and watched it fall. It seemed to fall slowly, and was very beautiful. Where it lit, the forest suddenly parted and a great yellowish splash appeared. We circled back and forth, zigzagging to avoid machine-guns, whose rattle came to us ceaselessly during short lulls in the bursting shells.

A few minutes after 9 our troops were seen to rush across the ravine and occupy the German second-line trenches, whereupon we sped toward a little clearing far to the rear, where 37th Divisional Headquarters were, to report the first indication of the offensive's success. Here the air was rougher than ever. Numerous cannon spat their red flashes from every side, and it was necessary to dodge the cables of three or four American balloons.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For five minutes we circled there, I, far from at ease, while Case, apparently undisturbed, wrote his message. We dropped a can containing this and a hand-colored map, then returned to the front, marked by a rolling line of smoke from the barrage. Again we picked up our forward troops, though it was more difficult as the brush became thicker in the woods. We also flew east of the forest, above Malancourt. No troops could be seen here of either side, but the artillery activity was slight, and we heard the ceaseless rattle of machine-guns from Germans in shelter over the plain.

In the forest the barrage quieted down about 9.30, and American troops crawling forward from the ravine seemed held back by strong resistance. Our mission was accomplished, and another plane appeared to relieve us, so we came low and filled clumps of bushes with bullets. I would dive and fire a stream from my Vickers, then turn, and Case, always calm, steady, and a dead shot, would take up the firing with his twin Lewis. He said the Germans appeared comical in their great iron helmets, dodging from tree to tree as he fired. We swept up and down the line, over the forest, and to the edge of the plain, where we would again hear the rattle of machine-guns, many doubtless turned on us. I saw a white gash near the lower end of the right-hand forward strut where a bullet had stripped the covering. Another hole, round and dark, pierced the wing a foot above my head.

By 10 o'clock we had expended much of our ammunition, and several American signal-rockets being fired, we dropped to Division Headquarters news that the forest was taken. Again I waited, tossed about over giant guns, while Case wrote his second report. Messages were dropped at both Division and Corps, the latter on our way home, where on arriving we reported to Group Headquarters. Franks first asked me what had happened to my propeller. A bullet had torn a hole near the tip, and in all, twelve had struck the plane, several near Case.

That evening we were requested to report further progress, the Americans having been stopped by the German second position between Epinonville and Montfaucon. Three villages on the edge of a plateau made a line with trenches in front of them. Epinonville on the west, Ivoiry in the centre, and Montfaucon to the right. The latter had been the western launching point for German waves against Verdun.

We started at 4.30 under instructions to call for the line and find its exact position Artillery fire had died down considerably since morning, and reaching the northern edge of the morning's forest, we saw the German trenches on the crest of a long steep hill, separated from the forest we held by a rather deep and narrow valley, which rose and fell in rolling ridges.

A few minutes after arriving we saw our troops emerging from the forest. We fired a six-star rocket, but nothing happened, and I called through the tube to Case that our troops evidently intended to attack.

Scattering black shells had been bursting in the valley, probably German They ceased presently and the Americans started advancing in long skirmish lines. For half an hour we circled above them, sending wireless messages to the rear announcing that the division was attacking. About 5.30, as it began to grow dusk, our troops had advanced by short rushes until but one hollow separated them from the hillside. Seeing they were about to make the final rush, we came low, and starting at Montfaucon swept up the lines of trenches, held by machine-guns in sheltered nooks. These we filled with bullets as in the morning.

Once we went further west between Ivoiry and Epinonville, sector of the 91st Division, and there saw numerous American infantry lying behind little rolling hills before the German positions, while stretcher-bearers walked among still figures, or carried back loaded stretchers Troops were going forward to the line or grouped in small bunches. They were not attacking at this moment, and we returned to our own division, continuing our fire. It took about five minutes to make a circle. On the north side of one of these we saw our troops going up the hill among the bushes, while in the last hollow lay several dozen crumpled brown figures.

We watched a long line of khaki walk

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forward in the twilight and occupy the first of three lines of trenches on the hill crest, then forward again into the second and third lines. At last we had wonderful news to report, and turning, I dove and fired one last burst of shot north of Ivoiry.

Like many other such last things this came near being fatal, as the dive started my old motor-trouble. The motor coughed, failed, and we turned back barely above the trenches. We had ten kilometres to go to reach Divisional Headquarters, and to land was to wreck the plane among countless shell-holes covering the landscape. So low that I could not cut and dive to shake up the carbureter, I nursed the plane along just over the trees, and steering for the open, skirted the forest to the west. The engine would choke, misfire, then stop altogether, start with a tremendous throb, rise, fail, and we would drop again. From a hundred metres we fell to seventy-five, from seventy-five to fifty.

"Can you make it?" asked Case.

"No, never!" I replied. "And with *such* news!"

Just five minutes! We did not care to get home so much but to headquarters, waiting in anxiety the result of the attack, for over the ruined country it would be at least two hours before ground communication could reach them.

Case said nothing for a while, but drawing inside the fuselage started his message. At such a time!

We reached the southern edge of the forest near Vaquois and headed up the valley. We were half way with a forest to cross. Our engine now grew worse and threatened to stop altogether.

I looked for a place to land; nothing to be seen but shell-holes and obliterated trenches, crossed and crisscrossed with barbed wire.

"Case," I shouted through the tube, "we're going to land in these shell-holes just ahead!"

"All right," he replied, and never raised his head or stopped writing.

It was a last chance or sure wreck. We were about twenty-five metres high, and I shut the throttle nearly off. The motor hesitated, then turned over faintly but regularly. However we were dropping fast our little remaining distance. For regulating the throttle there were small notches. I edged it up one. Another notch and it was running a thousand, another, eleven hundred, almost enough to fly level, but we were skimming the barbed wire, and almost stalled. Another with my heart in my mouth, and then two to clear a little ridge ahead. One more and we would rise. I knew that at most two notches and it would surely fail again. One more, it held, and we rose gradually, whereupon Case, who heard the steady roar, asked: "Is it all right now?"

What does an observer know of the trials of a pilot! How near he came going to a hospital *that* night, saved only by the whim of a carbureter!

Slowly we gained a hundred metres, and then the engine failed again, but not so badly. Case said he had nearly finished his message, and asked if we could make 37th Headquarters, a small clearing surrounded by heavy forest on every side. The motor picked up, and I replied we could try, so headed there, barely over the tree-tops. We soon arrived, whereupon Case tortured me by making me wait while he finished.

We dropped the report, then turned home. Having worried us enough the motor grew better, so good that we dropped a message at 5th Corps, and arrived safely, tired but satisfied, for the attack had proved a glorious success, and driven the enemy back four miles.

The following day Wickersham and Read, going out at daybreak, were lost in a fog, but finally reported Ivoiry and Epinonville occupied by Americans. Up to late afternoon of the 27th this was the furthest troops had been reported, and I remember well Case sitting on his cot that afternoon in a pensive mood (if a sphinx can be pensive).

A little after four we were sent up for evening contact. My own plane, Buffalo No. 12, was being repaired, and we took No. 7. We started at 4.45 P. M., and I noticed that this plane was old, manœuvred poorly, and the engine sounded loose and worn.

We headed for Montfaucon on its rocky eminence, passing through the line of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

balloons on our way. Reaching Montfaucon we saw that the division on our right, the 79th, had it in their possession, as numerous caissons, driven by two horses each, were going at a gallop into the town. Three whippet tanks were climbing their slow and awkward way, while numerous infantry hurrying forward, completed the traffic.

Montfaucon was a mass of ruined walls dominated by its ruined cathedral. Circling this, we turned west and noticed a number of great black German shells bursting beneath us. Continuing, we saw a sight neither of us can ever forget.

Northwest of the town lay a large wood known as the Bois de Beuge. Between this and Montfaucon, American tanks were creeping forward in an open mass. Behind them were hundreds of infantry in extended formation, lying in lines, and advancing by rushes over the hollows to throw themselves headlong behind the next ridge. As they rushed we could see many fall and lie, crumpled and still, in the open. A stiff attack by the 79th Division was in progress against the Bois de Beuge.

Nearing Ivoiry we saw no more troops, but midway in a large open field yawned dozens of dark holes in line, each several yards apart. These were machine-gun pits of the Germans, and we descended to observe them. I had just distinguished greenish colors when a line of fire darted toward the plane from a corner of the wood. We were being fired upon by a machine-gun using tracers. In a moment Case had sent a return stream of bullets, which swept the corner, and the enemy gun ceased fire.

As we passed over the dark holes I looked into them. In each were several blue-green patches, and excitedly I pointed downward. Case seized his guns, but our angle for fire was wrong and we swept a wide circle, without, however, getting into position. One of our engine cylinders went dead, and thinking a bullet had hit the motor I looked at the wings for holes.

To the south, near Epinonville, could be seen brown uniforms, and again over Montfaucon we perceived the tanks further advanced, the infantry drawing closer.

We made our way on a carefully estimated path, which would bring our guns to bear on the pits in the open. Drawing near, I turned sharply and secured a good angle for Case, who put a stream of fire into the holes. By the time we were out of range he had sent more than a hundred shots earthward, and once again we were nearing Montfaucon.

We saw that the tanks had approached the wood. Behind the infantry the fields were dotted with still figures in brown that made us both feel bad. The German fire came from a fringe of brush which faced in a smooth semicircle our advancing troops. I called to Case that I would like to fly directly over our front line, and he replied: "All right." I then turned and dove at this fringe of brush, firing a burst of some fifty shots, turned sharply, and Case took up the fire.

He had fired probably fifty shots when the rattle of his guns ceased, and I heard him shout through the phone something loud and unintelligible. I looked and saw by his convulsed features that he had been shot. He then disappeared in the fuselage, and I was in despair, thinking he had been killed. I put on full motor and headed for home. No answer came to my questions through the phone, and it was only when well on the path to the aerodrome that his face reappeared, white and drawn, as if he were in great agony.

I bent my energies to taking the shortest path back, hoping in my lack of knowledge that the wound was not so serious but what he could make home. In the age that it took to reach the field I blamed myself for everything, and surely no one ever felt more wretched.

Twice I saw him raise his head, more pale and drawn than before. Once he nodded as if to say he could make it, and again an unknown plane coming near, he managed to grasp the triggers of his guns and fire a few random warning shots.

The aerodrome at last lay beneath us. I made one of the poorest landings in my flying career, and taxied at high speed to headquarters, turned, stopped, and shouted. Officers came hurriedly from the building, Colonel Christie, Captain Cardwell, Ted Meredith, and others. I motioned to Case and they ran to him. I then got out, went into headquarters

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Craters and trenches taken by Americans the first day of the Argonne-Meuse offensive.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and informed Lieutenant Temple of what we had seen at the front.

Returning to the machine, I saw Case lying on the ground, both doctors bending over him. They had cut a bloody leggin away. The bullet, a dum-dum, had pierced his leg and made a terrible wound where it had passed out. The rear cockpit was flooded with blood, and he might have bled to death but for having made a tourniquet of telephone-wire, tightened with a message-can. Examining the plane we found it had been struck by but four shots. I went to the barracks feeling very blue, and packed a few small articles to send with Case to the hospital, but the ambulance had gone when I returned.

Next morning I could hardly realize that game little Case, unexcelled and bravest of observers, was lost to us. I was scheduled on the board for a flight with Lieutenant Dwan, a new observer who had never been over the lines, and we started at 11.30 A. M. on a liaison in my old plane. Others had reported numerous hostile chasse planes over the front, and I felt some misgivings as to the results that could be accomplished.

As we neared Montfaucon we saw a group of seven planes circling over the town. They were graceful as birds, wheeling like hawks in tiny rings, easily the most beautiful and best handling machines I had ever seen. I pointed them out to Dwan for him to watch.

We reached Montfaucon, and looking up saw the strange planes turn above us. At my last view of these the leader seemed to be side-slipping. In my mirror I saw Dwan grasping his guns and looking intently upward. Then faintly through the tube came his voice: "They are diving on us."

I shoved forward on the stick, throttled, and dove.

Glancing back I saw three planes diving on us, to the rear and each side, unmistakably German. Long trails of smoke were darting from all three, which were rapidly overtaking us.

Dwan opened fire. He sent a burst of some twenty shots at the centre plane, made a lightning shift, fired twenty to the left, and then the same to the right. One by one they turned off as he fired, and pulling up over the tree-tops we saw all three climbing back into position.

I told Dwan we would go back at a lower altitude. This time we kept a sharp lookout upward. We had again reached Montfaucon, when I saw the leader go into a side-slip to the left, followed by the next two planes, right and left. Wiser this time we immediately dove, and they did not get so near, though shots were exchanged.

A third time we circled and had a third combat. When we returned a fourth time they were but specks going away to the east.

I do not remember if this was the day I peaked too sharply and threw Dwan out of the plane. He saved himself by catching his gun handles, and clung to these while the Germans took advantage of his helplessness to close in, which he thought decidedly unfair. I did not know it had happened until he regained the cockpit.

The sky left to ourselves, we started to observe.

Our troops held the Bois de Beuge, German prisoners being marched south from there;—the Bois Emont also, as numerous doughboys were standing at the southern edge, but at what a cost!

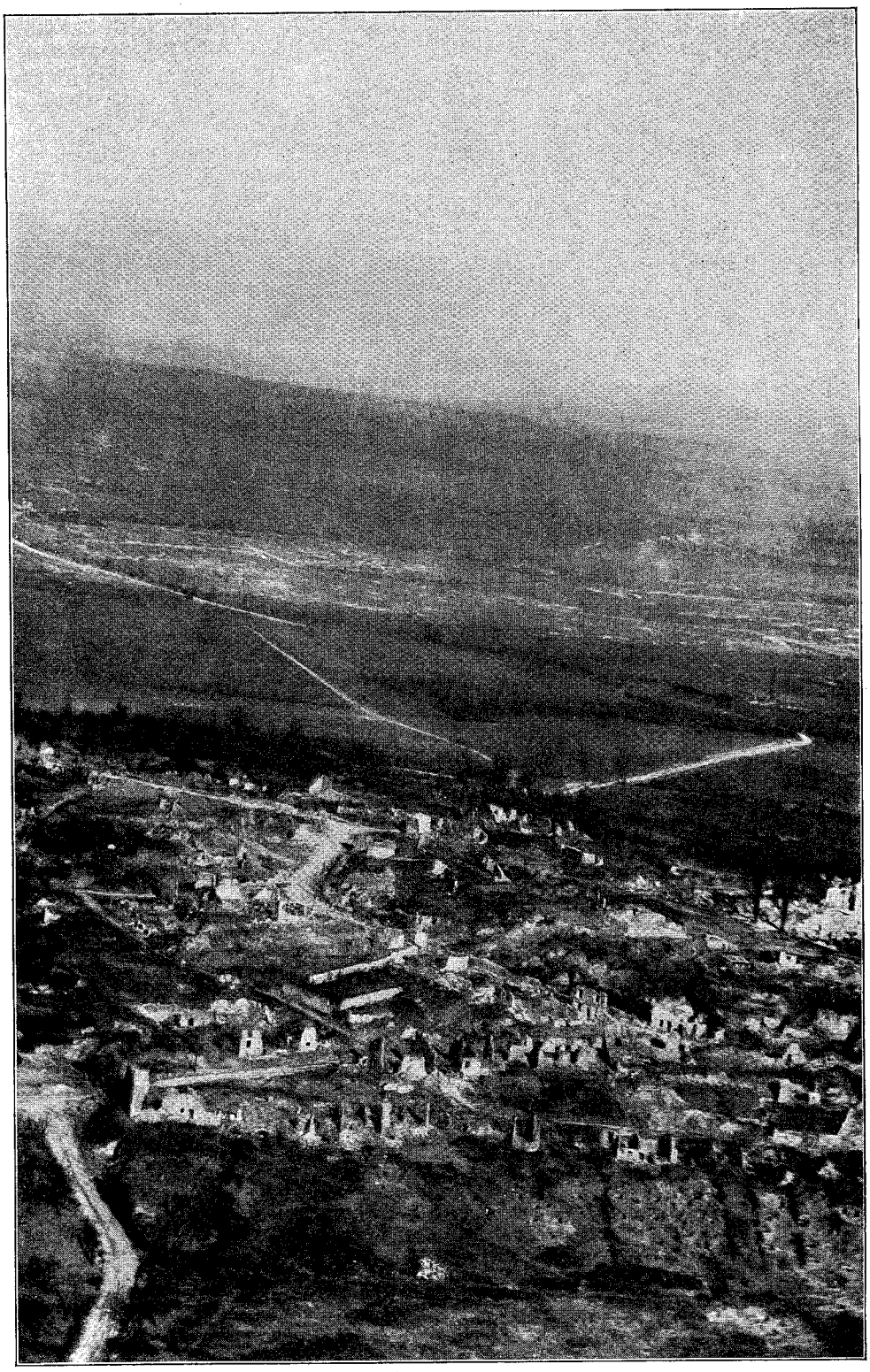
A string of smoke wisps curled up from the northern edge of the Bois de Beuge, the 37th line being signalled to us; while north of the wood a flock of dark figures advancing like a cluster of bees, appeared to be a counter-attack.

Left of the Bois Emont we saw Americans lying between that wood and another, others running back from heavy entanglements before Cierges. Later our troops further advanced, hundreds of them lying in a long line north of the Bois de Beuge. Beyond this line I descried blue-green figures, dove on them and started to fire, but my gun jammed, this leading, however, to the discovery of several American tanks beyond Nantillois.

Checking the line again, we dropped our messages. Reaching home I found that on this first trip Dwan had not located much, which was to be expected, but he had shown nerve and coolness. Between us we made a fair report.

We found Franks and Moody taking the right wing off No. 12. A bullet had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Montfaucon, looking north, November 16, 1918.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

torn the edge of an upper spar away, and Franks dug another, badly spread, from the back of my seat, while two had passed so close to Dwan we could not figure how he had escaped. I told Colonel Christie it had been a fair initiation.

On this day was lost to us Lieutenant Kahle, crashed by a German formation, and Spencer, his observer, was sent to a hospital. Kahle had been my first Salmson instructor, good friend, and bravest of pilots. In vain we also waited the return of two more friends, Lieutenants McElroy and Kinne.

That afternoon information was requested as to certain events, and Jeff Davis, namesake of a well-known grandparent, accompanied me. Through the vapors of a hazy evening we traced the line through the Bois Emont and south of Cierges, where the crack of bullets, one through a wing, warned us none too soon. Curving over open fields it led to a narrow neck of woods above Nantillois. Here a wrecked tank burned furiously in great bursts of flame that rose and died, while others manœuvred aimlessly among our infantry.

Seeing a line of the now familiar blue-green figures, we dove on these time and again, until they sent distress rockets to the rear. Then Jeff lost a glass from his goggles, which turned us back. Evening had come when we flew home. The landscape, always a desolate immensity of ruin and decay, seemed more drab than ever in the unusual silence.

We landed, and Jeff, collecting his maps, stumbled toward headquarters. My weariness vanished before that sturdy heart to laugh at his bundled figure, cast in a giant shadow by the setting sun.

---

## HUMAN

### By John Hall Wheelock

Alas, dear love, how humbled sinks your head
  Before the beauty of the starry choir . . .
How suddenly is all your beauty fled
  Before the morning and the radiant Fire!

Pitiful are you, to the dusty doom
  Condemned, and to the sorrowful embrace
Your body hastens mournfully, the tomb
  Shall swallow up the sadness of your face;

And in the thought of the seraphic Wonder
  The thought of you sinks tired wings and tame—
The height and depth of beauty, over and under,
  Derides and puts your loveliness to shame:

The breathless awe of heaven, the white sleep
  Of star on star makes you ridiculous,
Our love before the Love that thrills the Deep
  Fades, and the fiery wheels roll over us,

The holy, implacable wheels of all things moving
  Mercilessly forever. All the more,
Dearly beloved, sorrowful and loving
  I seek your bosom with the world at war.

O sad and mortal! O most dear desire,
  Holy and human, with the doom at strife!
Beneath the beauty of the starry choir
  I bow before you, at the throne of Life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE FIELD OF SHADOWS

By Fred C. Smale

Illustrations by H. J. Mowat

DORRINGTON halted and gazed amusedly at the sign blistering in the hot July sun. When the casual wayfarer, a mile or so back, had directed him to "Rogues' Rest" the quaintness of the name had struck Dorrington's fancy, and he had wondered that an inn, even in this remote corner of England, should bear a title which laid its guests so open to sarcasm. It seemed that his doubt was well-grounded, for there, in shining gilt letters, were the words "Cornubia Hotel."

Not that the house bore out the dignity of the name it so ostentatiously bore. Dorrington could not help thinking that, after all, the less pretentious, if slightly libellous, title was the more fitting, for the brown-granite building was low and plain in design. It was extremely ancient, too, judging from the dwarf doorway and the mean casement windows. Over the portal was a small board announcing that one Oliver Crowle was duly licensed to sell tobacco, wines, and spirits.

Partly from curiosity to see which of the two names was really the most appropriate, and partly in order to assuage a thirst which had been growing rapidly during his long walk beneath a pitiless sky, Dorrington decided to enter and seek refreshment.

He was vaguely conscious of another reason. As he had crossed the sun-scorched piece of waste ground which formed a short cut from the highroad there had come over him a sudden desire for company, for the sound of a human voice, and he had wondered idly how it was that, for once, mere solitude should affect him so strangely. There, at high noon, with the sun shining brightly in the blue heavens, his nerves, all at once, were on edge, and his soul became, as it were, wrapped in shadow. He had told himself that hunger might be the cause, and, if circumstances looked propitious, he proposed to lunch at the "Cornubia Hotel," *alias* "Rogues' Rest."

Dorrington was a tall man, and he stooped as he passed in, for the height of the doorway scarce exceeded five feet. When his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom he saw that the place was like a rabbit-warren, all passages and small, box-like compartments. He glanced into one of the latter. It was unoccupied, but a combined odor of stale beer and sawdust fought sturdily against his desire for food. He had all but determined to make his exit as unostentatiously as he had entered, and seek more appetizing quarters farther on the road, when a heavy footstep sounded on the stone floor, and there appeared a man of about sixty, in shirt-sleeves and corduroy breeches. His black hair was streaked with white and mid-parted over a low forehead, giving his clean-shaven face a womanish appearance, though the square Cornish jaw and bushy eyebrows precluded any feminine softness of expression.

"Mr. Crowle?" said Dorrington.

The other regarded him morosely for a moment before answering.

"That's my name, sir."

"Can I have luncheon here?"

After all there was probably no other inn within a dozen miles.

Mr. Crowle turned back into the gloomy depths from which he had emerged.

"Avice!" he cried, in the odd Cornish singsong intonation, "come here a minit, will 'ee."

At this summons there appeared a woman of about the man's own age, and so like him in features that Dorrington was almost startled. With a change of garment each might well have passed for the other. That they were brother and sister no one could doubt.

"Gen'leman wants somethin' to eat," said Mr. Crowle, with an air of shifted responsibility which amused Dorrington.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The woman's face relaxed in a pleasant smile.

"There is already a gentleman who has ordered luncheon, sir," she said, addressing Dorrington. "Perhaps you would not mind joining him?"

She spoke in precise, formal tones, with no trace of accent, and was evidently superior to her brother in training and education. Dorrington's spirits rose. She, at any rate, knew the difference between "luncheon" and "somethin' to eat!"

"I shall be very pleased, if the gentleman has no objection," he returned briskly. "For what time has he ordered it?"

"Half past twelve, sir. It is just that now. I was about to serve. I am sure he won't mind. Indeed he asked if there was not any one to bear him company. He is up-stairs in the dining-room now."

"Good!" said Dorrington. "I'll just have a wash, then I shall be quite ready."

Within ten minutes he found himself seated opposite a thin, eager-looking individual who introduced himself as Mr. Briscoe Vane, of Cheltenham. He spoke in quick, nervous accents, and seemed very pleased indeed to have Dorrington's company.

"You're a godsend, sir!" he exclaimed. "If you or somebody else had not come along I should either have got intoxicated or gone clean crazy! I slept—or rather, did not sleep—here last night."

"Heavy supper?" queried Dorrington. "Or did the wild waves keep you awake?"

"Neither," was the brief reply, but Mr. Briscoe Vane did not give the cause of his presumed insomnia.

"So you are an engineer," said he. "A materialistic profession. I'll bet you don't believe in ghosts!"

Dorrington laughed.

"I don't know that I do, in the ordinary sense," he replied. "Do you?"

Vane shook his head slowly, more, as it seemed, in doubt than as a decided negative.

"This is a superstitious county, you know," said he. "Full of tales of pixies, and fairies, and giants, and what not."

"So I believe," replied Dorrington. "Celtic imagination, I suppose."

"Ah, I am not so sure."

Dorrington looked at his companion curiously. He seemed rather too intelligent and genial to be a mere crank, yet his words almost led to the latter conclusion. Dorrington determined, at all events, to humor him.

"Why, is the Cornubia Hotel haunted?" said he.

Vane shook his head again.

"The house is not, that I know of," he replied. "Though I am sure it ought to be, considering its age and history."

"You have been hunting up local folk-lore?"

"Something of that sort."

Mr. Briscoe Vane did not seem inclined to pursue the subject further, and during the remainder of the meal they talked of other matters. It appeared that Dorrington's companion was a teacher of music in a large school near Cheltenham, and was, like Dorrington himself, enjoying a brief walking-tour in Cornwall.

"I write too, occasionally," said Vane, jerking out little sentences between the whiffs of his cigar, for they had finished their meal. "Music, you know, original composition—at least that's what it's intended to be. My profession is more on the imaginative side, you see. That may account for my point of view with regard to what we were talking about just now. You are naturally all for the practical aspect, I for the artistic or, if you like, fanciful side. I've been down this way before. You'll laugh, of course, but one day last summer, on the cliffs down by Portreath, I heard a giant snoring!"

Dorrington falsified his companion's prophecy and kept a grave countenance, though with difficulty.

"Sounds absurd, I admit," continued Vane. "Nevertheless, I did really hear it. The sound was regular, and you could not mistake it for anything else. It seemed to come from deep down in the earth."

"Air-holes in the rocks near the shore," suggested Dorrington. "The waves receding and advancing would give the effect. I have heard precisely the thing you speak of, come to think of it, though not hereabouts, and I must confess I never thought of attributing it to giants."

"I won't say but what you are right," returned Vane. "I have thought of that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Drawn by H. J. Mowat.*

"One day last summer, on the cliffs down by Portreath, I heard a giant snoring!"—Page 238.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

explanation myself. I'll make you a present of the giant. But that was not all. It was a scorching hot day, just such another as this, and about eleven o'clock. There wasn't a soul in sight, and the few scattered bushes did not supply sufficient cover to hide a dog, yet, as I walked across those downs I felt that something was wrong, that something sinister and threatening was hovering around me."

Dorrington started.

"Why, that is just—" he began, then he broke off a little confusedly.

Vane did not appear to notice the interruption.

"I've wandered all over Dartmoor, too," he went on, half to himself, as it seemed. "But there is all the difference between the Devon moors and the Cornish wastes, all the difference in the world! In the one case the air around you seems filled with whispered blessings, whilst in the other the sensation is just the reverse—at least that is my experience."

"And did you really see anything abnormal on the occasion you speak of?" asked Dorrington.

"Nothing whatever. It was only the eerie feeling, and I got away from the place as quickly as possible."

"Liver at the bottom of it, I expect," said Dorrington lightly.

"Don't possess one, thank heaven!" returned Vane. "Not to be aware of, at any rate. No, it was not liver, or if it was it recovered itself with amazing promptitude directly I got amongst houses and people again."

"Sun, then," persisted Dorrington. "You say it was a hot day."

"As hot in the roads as on the downs," returned Vane dryly. "Hotter if anything. No, it won't do, my dear sir! There was something beyond that."

Dorrington pondered.

"I have just thought of another possible explanation," said he, "though it may strike you as rather far-fetched."

"Nothing can seem too far-fetched to me," responded Vane, grimly. "Especially after—in view of the strange experience of that day."

It struck Dorrington that he had intended to finish his remark differently.

"This is my idea," said Dorrington. "As you know, Cornwall is rich in minerals, and radium is found in considerable quantity. Well, you know what queer stuff that is, and how powerful and far-reaching its effect. Is it not possible that this substance, or some other similar one, with as yet undiscovered properties, may exist in large quantities in different localities and exercise a peculiar influence on the nerves and brain of any one who comes within the radius of its power? The analogy of the water-finder and his divining-rod rather supports my theory, by the way. Fact is, the idea occurred to me only just before I came into this room."

Vane looked up sharply.

"Why? What made you think of it at all?"

Dorrington laughed, and his color heightened a little.

"I did not intend to speak of it," said he, "but, to tell you the truth, within the last hour I had an experience somewhat similar to the one you speak of."

"Which way did you come here?" asked Vane quickly.

Dorrington rose and went to the window.

"Across there," said he.

Vane rose also and stood by his side.

For the first time Dorrington noticed that the piece of waste land which he had crossed was enclosed by a rough wall, in places crumbled into mere heaps of stone. About the centre was a solitary boulder, a gray spike of granite, and over all was a shadow, as though of some passing cloud, though Dorrington saw that the sky above was quite clear.

"You came across there—yes," said Vane, as though it was as he had expected.

Dorrington turned, with a trace of irritation in his manner.

"I suppose you will say that field—if you can call it a field—is haunted!"

Vane met his gaze tranquilly.

"You felt a strange sensation when you crossed it," said he. "Which was it, liver or sun?"

Dorrington laughed, his good humor restored.

"A fair hit!" said he. "In my case, neither. I put it down to plain hunger. I had not eaten for five hours."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was several minutes ere he recovered himself.—Page 245.

Vane shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"And I suppose if you went out there now you would say it was indigestion! Did I tell you that I spent the night here? During the greater part of it I sat at my open window. It is the one of the room adjoining this."

"And you saw phantoms flitting about out there?"

Vane shook his head.

"You are a sceptic," he replied. "I am not going to tell you what I saw or heard. This I will tell you, however. I have spent the morning in hunting up old stories, and one of them runs to the effect that once, many years ago—somewhere about the end of the eighteenth century—a ship was wrecked on the coast here, and that the survivors, to the number of twenty or so, including the captain, managed to get ashore. They did not get far.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They had reached the spot you are now looking upon when they encountered a body of fishermen, who fell upon the drenched and benumbed crew and murdered every man, out of hand. The captain fought to the last, and fell at the base of the large stone in the middle there, bludgeoned to death. Thus there was no one left to bear witness against the wreckers who had lured the ship to her doom with false lights, for the murderers set to and buried their victims where they had fallen. Pleasant yarn, isn't it!"

"True enough, I dare say," said Dorrington. "I have read that such doings were not uncommon on the Cornish coast in the olden days. And so, naturally, the spot is considered haunted! Well, that is not to be wondered at."

"But you don't believe it, for all that, eh?" said Vane, with a short laugh. "Well, all I can say is that nothing would induce me to spend another night in this place. In fact I am leaving at once."

Dorrington stared out on the shadowed ground. He wondered that Vane had not passed some remark on the phenomenon, but possibly, wearing glasses, as he did, he had not noticed it. To Dorrington it was as though he was looking through a pair of tinted spectacles. He came to a sudden resolve.

"You have aroused my curiosity," said he, turning to Vane. "I will stay here the night, though I must say that I expect to find a natural explanation of anything which I may see or hear. I suppose I can find something to occupy myself with during the afternoon?"

"There is the fishing-village just over the hill yonder. I think a visit will prove interesting to you."

"I suppose many of the inhabitants are descendants of these amiable wreckers of yours?"

"I should say that our host is one, at all events," replied Vane, "and if the profession were still in vogue I have no doubt but that he would be following it to-day. I do not fancy he finds hotel-keeping either congenial or particularly prosperous. I believe he cultivates potatoes as a sort of side-show. He told me that there had been Crowles in this house for at least two hundred years, so that one of his breed must have been here when this thing happened. I should not wonder if he was the ringleader of the gang."

"And did Oliver Crowle tell you this story of the killing?"

"Heavens, no!" replied Vane. "And I would advise you not to mention it to either him or his sister. I did broach the subject to her and she nearly snapped my nose off. She said the fishermen, from whom I did hear the yarn, by the way, ought to know better than to spread about such things, that it was all an idle invention, and calculated to damage the reputation of the hotel. Hotel! Heaven save the mark!"

Dorrington laughed.

"I suppose you have heard the name it goes by locally?" said he.

"'Rogues' Rest!' Oh, yes. I never heard it called anything else among the fishermen. Still, I would not mention even that to the Crowles if I were you. Oliver looks capable of anything, and the blood of his ancestors may rise up against you."

"He had not better try any games on me," responded Dorrington lightly. "As they say in the Wild West stories, I travel heeled."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Vane. "You don't mean to say that you carry a pistol —here in Cornwall?"

"Merely as a guarantee of good faith, and not necessarily for publication. You see I have travelled in far wilder places than haunted Cornish moors, and I am afraid the thing has got to be a habit."

"I almost wish I hadn't told you," grumbled Vane. "You'll be shooting somebody next, and I shall feel responsible."

"Not I!" laughed Dorrington. "The thing isn't even loaded. At the most I'd only show it as a bluff."

But Vane shook his head discontentedly.

"Well, be careful. By the way, I shall be in Truro to-morrow night, at the Red Lion Hotel. Shall you be that way, by any chance? I should like to hear how you enjoyed your night at 'Rogues' Rest.'"

"I will meet you there," answered Dorrington, "and give you a faithful report."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Drawn by H. J. Mowat.*

"You went out on the down last night, sir," she said . . . in a low strained voice.—Page 245.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A little later Mr. Briscoe Vane left the inn at a swinging pace, and Dorrington watched him disappear over the brow of the hill, with a curious sense of loneliness. Then he wandered out in front of the house, and unto the shadowed enclosure. He strolled to the rock in the centre, gazing curiously about him. One of his keen, sweeping glances told him that either Oliver Crowle or his sister, he could not be sure which, was watching him from an upper window.

After a few minutes he experienced a sense of chilliness, and, though the sun was high in the sky and the air was still, he actually shivered. A few hundred yards away he saw a lad, devoid of coat and vest, reclining lazily on the ground, and the inconsistency of his own physical sensations irritated him. Turning abruptly, he regained the roadway, and felt the warmth in his veins once more.

Rather to his surprise, his statement of his intention to spend the night at the inn was well received by Miss Crowle. Somehow, Dorrington had conceived the idea that guests staying overnight were not particularly welcome at "Rogues' Rest."

"You might give me the same room that Mr. Vane had," he said carelessly. "He told me that he was comfortable there."

Which, of course, was a black untruth, but Dorrington was determined to see and hear all that the previous guest had seen and heard, and he was not disposed to stand upon trifles. He spent the afternoon in rambling along the coast to the little fishing-village, but, in view of Vane's recent investigations, he refrained from any attempt to gain further information.

After tea he wandered forth again. Had Mr. Oliver Crowle appeared Dorrington had determined, in spite of Vane's warning, to exercise his diplomacy in extracting some historical details, but the landlord of "Rogues' Rest" did not show himself. Neither was Miss Crowle available, for at dusk a few congenial spirits from the village dropped in at the bar, and the air was filled with raucous voices and queer twisted vowels during the remainder of the evening. By ten o'clock, however, the revellers had left, and the house was once more quiet. Dorrington, feeling somewhat lonely and depressed, partook of supper and went to his room.

He did not undress but, after a decent interval, he extinguished his candle and, drawing aside the plain red curtains, opened the casement.

A sea-mist had rolled up from the westward since sunset, and the densely veiled light of a moon, now nearly at the full, made it just possible to distinguish earth from sky. The sullen murmur of the sea beating on the shore mingled with the whisper of a rising wind in the eaves above his head, and Dorrington shivered slightly. He peered out into the gloom. It was easy enough to imagine shadowy forms moving about below there in the darkness. No wonder that Vane had beheld visions! The man was a mere bundle of nerves, one could easily see that. But there had been no fog on the previous night, as far as Dorrington remembered. Perhaps it was purely a local phenomenon, like the shadow at noon. He rather wished that he had pressed Vane for details, and had even asked him to stay as well. Possibly he might not have refused to do so, with company. How cold and damp the air felt! After all it was a crazy game, sitting there looking for ghosts, on the strength of what was, in all probability, a merely fanciful story!

Suddenly Dorrington stiffened as he sat. What was that! Surely there was something moving below! He held his breath, as his strained eyes beheld two dim figures almost directly beneath his window. The forms melted into the gloom. Then Dorrington, after a moment's hesitation, did what he had determined upon beforehand in case he saw anything and, throwing his leg over the window-sill, dropped noiselessly to the ground. It was only a ten-foot drop, and Dorrington was an active man. He felt scarcely a jar. He glanced back at the house. All was in darkness. Then he crept forward cautiously. He felt no fear, but his heart was beating rather more rapidly than usual. There was forced upon his consciousness the impression of vague shadowy forms all about him, but he told himself that they were but the whirling wreaths of vapor stirred by the night wind, and he put all other ideas resolutely from him. He bent his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mind upon reaching the boulder in the centre of the enclosure. He could see its form looming up indistinctly in front, and presently he stood close beneath it. All at once he drew in his breath sharply and sank down against the base of the rock. A shadowy figure had glided noiselessly by him. Then came another dim form, seemingly on the track of the first. Dorrington could have reached forth his hand and touched it. With an effort he subdued the chill fear which clutched his heart and half rose, intending to follow the silent prowlers, whoever or whatever they might be, but, all at once, terror seized his soul and he cowered down again. All around him there rose a low muttering sound, inarticulate and menacing, voices seemingly from the air itself. They rose and fell as though borne upon a varying breeze, sometimes dying away to the merest murmur, but ever sinister and threatening. As Dorrington crouched, trembling and afraid, there came a sharp cry of agony, in a man's voice, followed by curses, in rough, uncouth accents, then a low gurgling groan which froze Dorrington's very blood.

He waited no longer. Panic seized him, and he ran blindly, stumbling over the uneven ground until, more by instinct than any conscious sense of direction, he reached the inn once more. He leaned against the wall beneath his window, regaining his breath in great, gulping sobs. It was several minutes ere he recovered himself sufficiently to grip the sill of the upper window and draw himself up, but at last he found himself safe within his room. He lit his candle with shaking hands, and caught a glimpse of his white face in the cheap mirror. He had worn no hat and his hair was dank with moisture. With a shudder of horror he saw that his sleeve was crimson. He held the candle close to it, then he gave a hysterical gasp of relief. It was merely a patch of red lichen such as he had often seen growing on the rocks about there. He had probably rubbed it from the boulder whilst crouching beside it. He brushed off the substance with an irritable gesture. Then it occurred to him that the curtain was undrawn, and he drew it hastily.

The night without seemed tranquil enough now. He could hear nothing save the distant murmur of the sea. There was a small flask of brandy in his knapsack, and Dorrington steadied his nerves with a sip therefrom. Then he undressed and, blowing out his candle, went to bed, to be harassed by dreams of horror until the welcome dawn. He lay awhile, then arose and opened the casement. It was a perfect morning, calm and serene, and a lark sang high above. The rock rose solitary in front of him, and the rising sun tinged it with crimson. Otherwise all was as Dorrington had seen it on the previous day.

He dressed and went into the dining-room. Miss Crowle came to him almost immediately. Dorrington thought she looked somewhat anxious and worried.

"Good morning, sir," she said, in her precise tones. "I hope you have had a comfortable night."

Dorrington smiled a little grimly.

"Oh, well enough, thanks," he replied. He had decided to say nothing to her of his strange experience. Indeed now, in the bright freshness of morning, he was inclined to wonder how much had been reality and how much imagination. To tell his story would possibly evoke only polite scepticism, if not ridicule, and Dorrington had the typical British dread of being laughed at. Not that Miss Crowle would be at all likely to laugh! She would more probably be annoyed, judging from what Vane had said.

Dorrington gave his order for breakfast, but Miss Crowle lingered by the door, nervously fingering her apron.

"You went out on the down last night, sir," she said at last, in a low strained voice.

Dorrington started, and looked at her keenly.

"How do you know?"

Miss Crowle closed the door, and sat down.

"I saw you come back," was her reply.

Dorrington hesitated a moment.

"Well, yes," said he at last. "To tell you the truth, Miss Crowle, I had rather a strange experience."

"The gentleman who was here before told you, I suppose, and you stayed out of curiosity," she observed, a touch of resentment in her tone, though she kept her



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eyes fixed on the floor. "I guessed as much. I—I suppose I shall have to explain."

"Can you?" cried Dorrington, looking at the downcast face curiously.

"Oh, yes," returned the woman, still in the same dull tone. "You saw my brother out there—my brother and myself."

"You!"

Avice Crowle looked up momentarily, then dropped her eyes again.

"You are not a very young man," she went on, "and perhaps you remember the actress, Miss ——," and she mentioned a music-hall artist famous in the late eighties.

"Yes," said Dorrington wonderingly. "I certainly do, though I was not much more than a lad in her time. What of her?"

"She was my brother Oliver's wife. She ran away from him when they had been married only a year, ran away to London with a play-actor who was holidaying hereabouts. She—she used to meet him at night out by the stone yonder, and at last Oliver caught them together there and—and they fought, my brother and this man. The play-actor struck my brother down, and the pair made off there and then."

"But," said Dorrington puzzledly, "how does that account for the things I saw and heard last night?"

Avice Crowle made a little despairing gesture.

"Oliver has never forgotten, and every now and again he goes out there in the night—it is a sort of sleep-walking—and goes through it all, as it happened over thirty years ago, though that wicked wife of his and the man who lured her away have both long been dead. I am always watching, and I go and lead him back when his fit is over. You would have seen us had you waited long enough. He never remembers what he has been doing, but it upsets him terribly all the same, and he cannot stay in the house the day after. He went through it all both last night and the night before. I can assure you, sir, that it is a sore burden to me, and I am always in fear of his being seen by any one else, so that I never speak of it unless I am obliged. Besides, if it were known, it would injure the house, you see, and it only happens for a few nights in succession once in six months or so."

Dorrington pondered with deeply knit brows.

"So that is how it was!" said he. "But there was something——"

He broke off suddenly. The muttering voices! This strange story did not account for them. Was it possible that they had been merely the wind, plus a fevered imagination!

Miss Crowle cast another fleeting glance at his puzzled face.

"There are queer echoes, too," she said, as though reading his thoughts. She rose from her chair. "But I have been keeping you, sir. I—I hope you will not speak of this to other folk."

"Of course not," replied Dorrington, with a mental reservation as to Briscoe Vane. "I am very sorry for your trouble, Miss Crowle. If you had only given me a hint——"

Miss Crowle shook her head with a faint smile.

"I hoped you would not hear or see anything," she returned, "and of course my brother might not have gone out at all last night. I thank you, sir, for listening to me. I will bring your breakfast immediately."

She left him with evident relief, and Dorrington pondered over what she had told him. He thought of the once famous comedienne, and her glittering career. Had she ever thought of this unhappy, betrayed husband of hers? he wondered. It was a queer story! The sort of thing one reads in books. Well, he would have something to tell Briscoe Vane when they met!

The two men foregathered at the hotel in Truro that evening, and Dorrington told his story. Briscoe Vane listened, with rather a whimsical expression on his face.

"And so you think you have got the full explanation?" said he, when Dorrington had finished. "And you are fully satisfied?"

"I see no reason to be otherwise," replied Dorrington a little curtly.

Vane sat tapping his fingers on the table, then he looked up suddenly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Upon my word," said he, "I really don't know whether I ought not to leave matters as they are, but the temptation is too great. I must undeceive you. You did not see Oliver Crowle himself yesterday, after I left?"

"No, excepting, of course, last night, in the manner I have explained—that is, if you could call that seeing him."

Vane laughed shortly.

"I could not," he replied. "As a matter of fact Oliver Crowle was not within twenty miles of 'Rogues' Rest' last night. He was here, in Truro. What is more, he stayed here the night. I met him in the street when I arrived last evening, and I saw him again as late as half past ten, in the bar of this hotel. He was here on some business in connection with his garden produce. To-day has been market-day here, and he left for home only this afternoon. I presume you did not tell Miss Crowle that you were coming here?"

Dorrington stared.

"I don't know that I did," said he. "But if this is true all she told me——"

"Was, to put it politely, a fairy-tale," put in Vane quietly. "Yes, I am afraid that is so."

"But the details—the runaway wife?"

Vane smiled.

"In our talk yesterday," said he, "I think you spoke of the Celtic imagination. Well, our friend Miss Crowle appears to possess her full share thereof. But wait a minute," he added. "I rather fancy I can supply the source of at least part of her inspiration."

He left Dorrington, and presently returned with an illustrated weekly journal, which he laid open on the table.

"I had this with me at 'Rogues' Rest,'" said Briscoe Vane, "and I know I left it about whilst I was away from the house. Miss Crowle evidently had a cursory look at it."

Dorrington saw that, under the heading of "Bygone Footlight Favorites," was a memoir of the celebrity of whom Avice Crowle had spoken.

"You will see that she was an Australian, and married twice," observed Vane. "Firstly, to a Jew, here in England, and, secondly, to a New York broker. Moreover, I may tell you that Oliver Crowle, as far as my information, gathered from those in the locality, goes, has never married at all."

Dorrington laughed a little disconcertedly.

"It would certainly appear that Miss Crowle sold me a packet," said he. "But what on earth could be her object in preaching me up such a yarn?"

Vane shrugged his shoulders.

"You wanted an explanation," said he, "or at least Miss Crowle considered that one was necessary, and she decided to give it. Consider! You go night-roaming and see and hear strange things—things which, if spoken of, would certainly not encourage visitors to 'Rogues'' —I beg pardon—'The Cornubia Hotel.' The house is the Crowles' living, and I suppose that Miss Avice thought that a little romantic fiction, especially if told under the pledge of secrecy, would do less harm than—than, well, the real explanation."

"Ah," returned Dorrington, "and what is the real explanation?"

Vane lit a fresh cigar before replying.

"The answer to that, my friend," said he at last, "is, I fancy, less obvious to you than it is to me—that is to say, unless you have changed your views since yesterday."

But to this Dorrington made no reply.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Faces in Fiction

EVERY reader of romance has a memory full of faces found in books. He might be interested to discover how much he himself, independently of the novelist, has had to do with the painting of these faces upon his fancy. In the varied procession of characters that instantly present themselves to the mind, one is surprised to see how often other aspects of the body impress both author and reader as more pregnant with revelation than the face. It was not Trix Esmond's head but her feet that made havoc with Henry Esmond's heart, feet that we can see twinkling down the polished stair, in their scarlet stockings and white shoes, scarlet stockings with silver clocks. One recalls many feet in fiction, feet brutal or groping or tripping, but always feet informed by spirit, and from many a book one recollects hands equally fraught with meaning. Which holds us more, the Ancient Mariner's "glittering eye" or his "skinny hand"? Which to Browning connoted more of her character, as he gazed at his wife in the fireglow, "that great brow" or the "spirit-small hand propping it"?

As one studies one's memory gallery one is surprised to learn how often a countenance recognized as favorite and friendly will, on examination, be found to be not a whole face but merely a part of one—a quiet forehead serene with wisdom, a pair of smouldering eyes, a dazzle of hair. There are some glorious heads of hair in English fiction. One thinks first of Romola's, that ripple of living bronze in a shadowy dead room. Almost as quickly one sees another head, weighted with gypsy locks, ominous with rebellion from its first appearance, in the earliest pages of "The Mill on the Floss," "hair usually straight an hour after it had been taken out of paper," and "incessantly tossed to keep the dark heavy locks out of her gleaming black eyes." More gay and gracious come to us the tresses of earlier girls, sweet girls that, singing to the tune of May, go floating through mediæval poetry crowned like Emelye, with daffodil gold,

"brayded in a tresse,
Behynde hir bak, a yarde long, I gesse."

Recollection as it dwells on particular features becomes overwhelmed by eyes, eyes from everywhere, eyes so varied and so compelling that one can hardly choose for illustration: immortal Becky's immortal green, of course, and in a line as vivid for color as for character Stevenson's description:

"Eyes of fire and bramble dew."

One questions why there are not more mouths to remember from one's reading, seeing that in real life the mouth is so often the arresting trait, the one whose meaning is hardest to disguise, whether that meaning be pride or pathos, petulance or peace. Perhaps the reason that novelists do not dwell more on mouths is that they give us so much data for lips in what comes out of them that we should not need any further assistance in imaging them for ourselves.

As one's study goes to and fro over literature, one discovers that the making of faces has been a progressive art. Homer bothers himself very little about physiognomy. He describes by means of the generic epithet, always labelling Athena "gray-eyed," or a slave-girl "fair-cheeked," a symbolic device, indicating color or form, but leaving us to fill in the outline. Mediæval romance, like ancient, lacks individuality of treatment, epithet is expanded to a stereotyped catalogue of charms, crisp hair, bright cheeks, bright eyes, smiling lips. The poet's purpose is to paint for us a face set to the mood of love and May, for the rest we are free to make our own details. It is in fact only within the last fifty years that writers have given sufficient attention to portraiture to make it worth while to study the different style and method of different story writers.

The two great painters of background, Hardy and Conrad, present an interesting comparison in their treatment of faces. One cannot think of the faces in Hardy's novels except as seen against a setting as significant as the face itself, a bank of wind-racked cloud, the dusky gleaming wainscot of a village tap-room. Hardy's faces grow naturally out of their background, indigenous as the gorse upon the moors; Con-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rad's pictures, on the other hand, are always exotic. The setting he gives is as vivid to the eye as Hardy's, and as significant for its influence upon character, but it is not native to the physiognomy it accentuates, it is alien. A portrait by Conrad is always a portrait of the homeless, of people who move against shapes of mysterious shipping or black African forest. Their faces are fateful for their power either to be conquered by their malign environment or to conquer it.

You cannot visualize Hardy's or Conrad's faces as separate from their setting. In sharpest contrast to both is Meredith's manner of making faces so mobile that all background is forgotten. While Meredith makes us see every shape and shade of features, it is the dance of the soul over this surface that allures his craftsmanship; he is absorbed by the kinetic rather than the static qualities of the face under his pen. No other author can so exhaustively analyze a glance. Second to Meredith in attention to mobility is James, with the difference that he does not, like Meredith, interpret for us the play of light over features, but leaves us to guess its meaning, baffling and provocative.

There are at present two curiously contrasting tendencies in methods of portraiture. As magazine writing is reduced more and more to efficiency, and the clipping away of the extraneous, the face in fiction tends to disappear altogether, as unnecessary. Drama, on the contrary, has developed a painstaking elaboration of physiognomy not, of course, in the actual text, but in preface and stage direction. This practice was begun by Ibsen, but not many of us when we think of Hedda remember that "her complexion is pale and opaque. Her steel-gray eyes express an unruffled repose. Her hair is an agreeable medium brown, but not particularly abundant." Ibsen descriptions, however, do not compare in circumstantiality with Shaw's. One wonders how Shakespeare would ever have got down to the real business of play-writing if before he began he had tried to do all the work that Shaw does for the reader's fancy.

Writers who wish to draw faces may well go to Shakespeare for illumination. Because Shakespeare knew more about the human imagination than any man has ever known, he did not describe faces. Yet whose memory is not crowded with faces from Shakespeare? But did he draw them for us? Portia, Othello, Lear, Viola, Juliet —we look vainly for the lines in which Shakespeare gives us the portraits that are our imperishable possessions. Nor can it be argued that these sharply defined pictures have been got from stage presentation. Our conception of Hamlet is not Booth's or Forbes-Robertson's or Sothern's; it is not even Shakespeare's, for though we have Queen Gertrude's word for it that her son was fat, every one of us pictures Hamlet's soul as clothed in a rapier-like delicacy of body.

As Homer left undescribed the most beautiful woman in fiction, Helen of Troy, so Shakespeare left undescribed the most beautiful woman in history, Cleopatra. Both poets knew that the highest art is to let the reader's imagination share in the artist's creation. Left to ourselves with the characters of romance, we can improve upon the conditions of actual life; we can fit face to spirit in such true revelation as poor human clay in its clumsy caricature of soul by shape can never do. A study of the faces that fiction has given us discovers the fact that the most vivid are those that we ourselves have painted.

IF the walls of your bedroom were hung with half a hundred Colonial samplers, would you not find the old-time nuisance of dressing and undressing transformed into a movable feast? I have done so.

Samplers Seriatim

On my first occupancy of this room the effect was sombre. The aged canvases, in thin dark frames, front-faced in serried ranks like khakied soldiers. Then from this dull uniformity emerged blue and hazel eyes, rosy cheeks and parted lips, piquant noses, pigtails and rebellious curls; individual voices piped up shrill and clear; and the soldiers in khaki changed as on a moving-picture screen into little aproned girls, sitting demurely in red chairs, their wee fingers cross-stitching apothegms for the guidance of life.

For some days, however, they encouraged no intimacy, pressing shyly back against the wall, paling a little as I drew near, although I suspected that once I were safely down-stairs they joined hands for many a ring-around-a-rosy in defiance of my intrusion into their domain and my espionage into their ancient affairs. If romance is the magic of distance, as Sir Walter Raleigh as-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

serts, romance is here, for these little New England Anns and Elizas, Priscillas and Janes, mostly "wrought" and "worked" and "finished" their samplers a century ago, at the mature ages of eight or ten or twelve. Furthermore the imaginative warmth with which I study this diagrammatic history of Colonial girlhood is enhanced by the magic of the old habitation in which at least some of the little workers lived and had their material being before my grandparents were born.

My real intimacy with the samplers began, however, one morning when struggling with a series of refractory hooks I was about to free my mind on the subject of laundresses and flat-irons. Indeed my mouth was open in apostrophe when a child of eight beckoned sternly from her brown frame and inquired:

"What is the blooming tincture of the skin
To peace of mind and harmony within?
Or the bright sparkling of the finest eye
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?"

"What, indeed?" I echoed, chastened, yet mollified whilst, by the subtle compliments and by the date of my mentor, which proved to be 1806. After her came one Eliza, aged nine, chiding less but still pursuing:

"While rosy cheeks thy bloom confess
And youth thy bosom warms,
Let virtue and let wisdom dress
Thy mind in brighter charms."

While to clinch this ratiocination and remove any lingering complacency, another infant piped up:

"Plain as this canvas was so plain we find
Unlettered, unadorned, the female mind.
Fair Education claims the pleasing thought
With close attention carefully inwrought.
Insert the curious lines on proper ground
Complete the whole and scatter flowers around."

It is the present, according to Gilbert Murray, that enslaves us, narrows our thought, cramps our capabilities, and lowers our standards, escape being only in the contemplation of things not present. Possibly enfranchisement through imaginary orgies beckoned the little Puritan of ten who in 1804 made supplication:

"Content me with an humble shade
My Passions tamed, my Wishes laid;
For while our Wishes wildly roll
We banish Quiet from the Soul.
'Tis thus the Busy beat the Air
And Misers gather Wealth and Care."

This engaging orison is further enhanced by an elaborate landscape—trees, a house, fence, gates; shepherd, shepherdesses and lambs; grass, and daisies — the whole framed in fine old gilt.

Robert Frost, who knows New England character as do few others, says that as a boy his favorite book was "Tom Brown's School Days," but he never finished it because he could not bear to think it was ended. Hardly, for that reason did one eleven-year-old omit certain words and phrases, while yet with submissive receptivity cross-stitching in the fact that she was "Instructed by H. Burt:"

"The Bell strikes one
We take no note of in
is wise in man.
As if an angel spoke I feel the solemn sound.
If heard aright it is the knell
Of my departed hours;"

which rollicking stanza was embellished by the nameless little worker with a gravestone beside a church. Might not her unregenerate soul have longed to carve "H. B." thereupon?

My diurnal glint at the samplers is often passingly comparative, as when I dwell upon names only, finding six Elizas, five Anns, and five Marys to one Kittie and one Sharlotte; or upon alphabets—capitals, miniscules, Roman, old English—done in many sorts of stitches; or upon dates and ages; or pictorial decoration. A cottage under a tree, nests in the tree, birds in the nest; churches, weeping willows and gravestones; sheep on blue hills, dogs on braided hearthrugs, horned stags, peacocks, basilisks with glittering eyes; befeathered and booted Indians and primitive Adams and Eves—all cheered my toilet-way, linking buttons to button-holes, leading from shoe-strings to hairpins, the final throwing up of windows, and the "ready for bed," or "ready for breakfast" at last.

Our Own Sample Room

AS I saunter through these samplers into the past, I am confronted by another collection — not the homogeneous samplers of ancient bygones, placed in juxtaposition, but the heterogeneous samplers, successive but related, of my own bygones, and I greet them one by one with a shout. Like most of mankind I have a trace of the artist temperament with but an infinitesimal gift of expressing it. At six years of age I concocted book-marks of perforated cardboard;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at seven I knitted reins through a bepinned spool; at eight I modelled putty trays, combining wee pellets into bas-relief bunches of grapes, edging the product with other pellets into the centre of which a pin-head had been adroitly pressed. At nine I sprinkled rice over freshly glued surfaces, coating the whole with gilt paint. At ten I wrote verses; at eleven I edited a paper; at twelve I took to water-colors, laboriously stippling the petals of a fuchsia; at thirteen I pressed pink icing through paper tubes upon family cakes; at fourteen I photographed letters of the alphabet from crooked and reflected trees; at fifteen I toted a mandolin; at sixteen—but each reader can continue from her own experience. After all,

"Nothing betrays a poor vitality
Like straining for originality!"

The important thing is the reaction of our own personality to the world we live in, and our rhythmic progress from pawns to queenship, always ourselves, but always ourselves differently. The body of the little samplers we work perisheth, but the soul lives on and makes for itself new little bodies which are other activities, other formulas, other loves and antipathies, other creeds:

"Manifold are the tale's variations,
Race and clime ever tinting the dreams,
Yet its essence through endless mutations
Immutable gleams."

And always there is more in us than the platitudes aud posies we work on our samplers. There are formularies that no instructing H. Burt can induce us to incorporate; and there are garden paths and ivory gates, peacocks and basilisks and Adams and Eves which we insist on embroidering into our gray canvases.

Gradually we realize that in the making of many detached samplers we have created a body of generalization which we can manipulate at will; that the world and society are only our friendly old dressing-room among the ranged samplers of which we smilingly saunter, saying:

"Here I first felt the thrill of independent activity, inventing my world before I discovered it; here I learned the relative value of means and ends, and what games were not worth the candle; here, order, management, logical procedure, and all the normal processes which bring benefit to the sagacious and disaster to the stupid; here I turned to advantage the difficulties of a situation and tried to bear antagonism with unruffled temper; here industrious simulation begot the emotion simulated; here I grew in mental commentary, learning to reflect, to discriminate, to discern nice values, to judge of quality; sensed the significance of my accumulations and learned to "turn fact into faculty"; realized that ideas grow out of every subject, however trifling or whimsical, and that each idea welcomed and applied leads to another; perceived new sanctions of old laws; refused, with Alan Seeger, "to allow Age alone authority in giving counsel"; grasped the obligation of service.

Thus, in time, I worked out my own philosophy of life. Humorously enough, my application of it ushers me back to the room of the monitory children, and I stand again before my pet sampler—without a name, without a date, without an alphabet, but dulcifying the whole collection:

"For Happiness do not Roam
It is found with Little
And at Home."

A New Measure of Devotion

A STEP upon the threshold and some one came in; it was an old friend, a Red Cross nurse, lately back from service in France. There was about her no outward sign of her profession as she threw off her brown coat; wearing trim blouse and skirt, she looked as other women look, and yet, as she passed through the door we were aware of something different. A blast of west wind came with her out of wide spaces of sky. She came with a gay little laugh of greeting, yet something solemn entered with her, solemn and very great.

It was but a minute and we were plunged into the war, her eager lips recounting to ears that listened still more eagerly, straining to learn what had happened, when, where, how it had come to pass; and, beyond, to hear that great music to which unnumbered feet had stepped so gallantly. Feet that had paused at home upon the threshold quivered, trying to keep time.

Now it was the little dog, left behind by soldier lads going into action, waving their hands as the train pulled out; now it was the operating-room, twelve tables, with two surgeons at each, working night and day as the steady stream of the wounded poured in, paused, and passed on. There were long vigils of incessant work with ether cones,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hour after hour, sometimes thirty-six hours without rest or sleep. Oh, that was nothing! Hundreds, thousands of nurses had done much more. There was a matter-of-factness, a practicality about this old friend of ours, this new friend who had been at Château-Thierry.

Pictures, pictures, of French peasant women, indomitably tilling field and garden; of ruined villages; of the German airplane that swooped down to bomb the hospital—yes, one of the nurses was wounded, and many patients—one lost his legs; of falling star-shells; of soldiers eagerly greeting Red Cross nurses in their white cloaks—they like the costume and are overjoyed at seeing the faces of American women; of bands of refugees, with donkey, children, household goods, the old grandmother sitting in the cart, the others trudging silently at the side.

We had read of these things many times, but all woke to more vivid life when told by one who had seen.

And heard! The sounds of airplanes reached us, the crashing of shells, the sometimes half-profane expression of new and wholly devout religious feeling from the lips of wounded men; the pleasant voice of the little orderly who always knew the right thing to say to the suffering lads, and was constantly begging for one thing and yet one more to do. The sound that came most clearly to our ears was the cheer of the Red Cross nurses, who had protested against the command of the general bidding them back from the front, and had petitioned to be allowed to stay; the boys were in constant danger—why, in the name of common sense, not they? The cheer went up when permission came for them to remain.

These pictures, clear in color and in line, seemed to float through an air more luminous than that of northern France or even of America, the unflinching look of those who marched away, khaki shoulder to khaki shoulder; the patient, smiling faces of the bandaged lads lying in the wards with never a word of complaint; the rested look in the eyes of one about to die. The sound of many feet marching in unison, of voices that tried to soothe, voices that tried to thank, seemed to vibrate across a subtler ether than earth knows.

No thought was further from our guest's mind, yet something about her brought reproach. Perhaps it was her face, remoulded, redefined, as if the mighty Sculptor still held a finger there, shaping. A finer line, a deepened expression, an ascetic look all unconsciously accused one of warm and sheltered days, and quiet work, and hours of rest in sunny corners during the world's agony. Even if gray hairs absolve, something keeps tugging at one's heart; vainly one recalls the fact of being over the draft age for man or woman. One feels a longing for these heights of life that others have scaled, a quivering of the nostrils for this keener air.

Yet we who, perforce, had stayed at home were aware, even in ourselves, of some great, common endeavor to get the stride of those who followed the flag: the boys, the officers, the nurses, the cooks, the orderlies, the civilians, men and women, who carried on the great task. There was written in the face before us, as on the faces of all who come back now from overseas, a new look of comradeship with all and sundry—grieving child, suffering man, and suffering beast. Are we nearing a profounder understanding of the interrelationships of human kind?

That comradeship with those who, whether in the wards or in the trenches, have given all, and that high comradeship with death, have left their impress, bringing a different sense of values of the things of time and that which lies beyond time. They who have kept vigil on the battle-line look out, like Browning's *Lazarus*, with eyes of truer vision, wherein a finer discernment winnows things ephemeral from things of lasting import. They are souls that cannot quite come back.

We had a sense as of a great wave, surging up from undiscovered depths of human nature, as human courage rose to meet unprecedented human need, carrying the race immeasurably forward in a great tidal sweep beyond old desires and old fears. This new measure of devotion brings assurance of something greater coming into life, an undreamed consecration, an unimagined insight. Can such vicarious sacrifice be offered and the world not benefit thereby?

As the brown coat was buttoned on and the door closed, there was a glimpse from our front door of clear and steady stars, shining from out the dark. We were aware of something very great, not in the past, but alive, vital, present, that had come and gone.

Not wholly gone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE FIELD OF ART

## THE DEVASTATED ART OF FRANCE

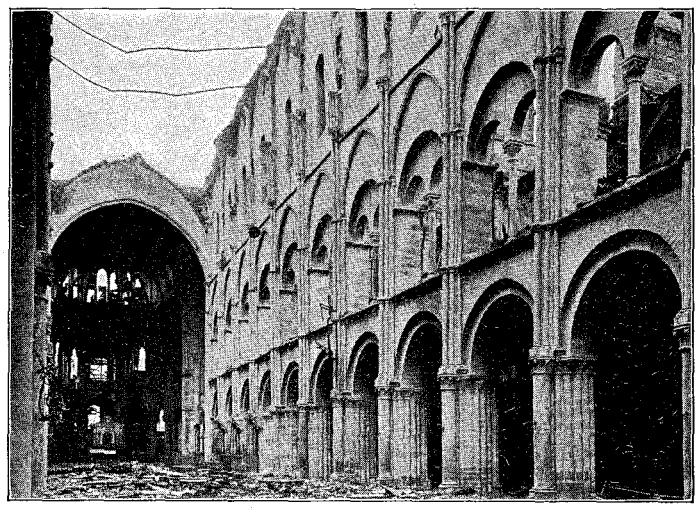
By A. Kingsley Porter

Special Commissioner of the French Government and the Commission des Monuments Historiques

II

REGAL Reims, the queen of cathedrals and the cathedral of kings, stands exulting as never before. She who consecrated the triumphs of centuries has never seen so glorious an hour. The sacred building is battered and battle-worn; her finest jewels of sculpture and glass have been torn from her; but her brow is crowned with a wreath of laurel. And the mighty spirit of Jeanne d'Arc, noble and serene as the angel of St. Nicaise, smiles radiantly from the gallery of the kings. She takes her place sometimes beside St. Louis, the ancestor of St. Stephen; sometimes by Philippe-Auguste; but more often by St. Remi, he who conquered the conqueror Clovis. There are in France many sights that make one's blood run fast and the tears well to one's eyes; but none other, I think, so much as the tricolor waving on the tower of Reims—not even the captured cannons piled in the Concorde at the feet of the statue of Strasbourg.

St. Remi of Reims, venerable almost as the cathedral, is none the worse for having lost the modern imitation vaults of the nave. The glass has fortunately been rescued, at least in great part. Morienval, the battle-horse of archæologists, is intact, as are also the loved churches at Acy-en-Multien and Crouy-sur-Ourcq. It was a great relief to find the latter unharmed, since it has been widely reported and even published as destroyed, through confusion with the other Crouy, near Soissons, which has indeed much suffered. The abbey of Orbais is uninjured.



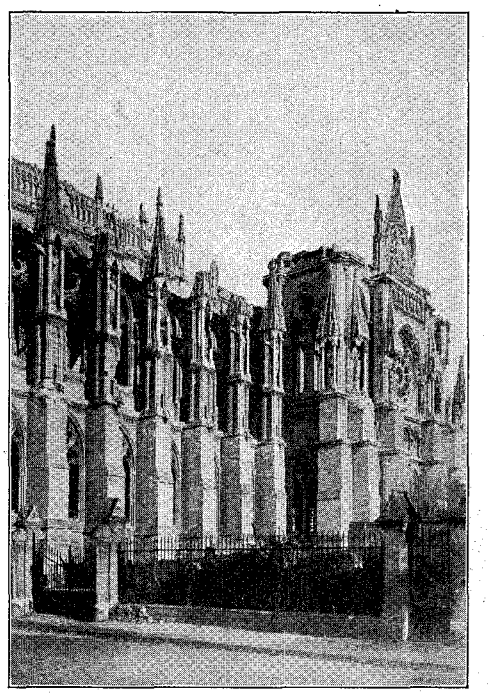
St. Remi of Reims.
Venerable almost as the cathedral.

Happiest news of all, the cathedral of Laon has also escaped. "I have travelled far," wrote Villard de Honnecourt in the thirteenth century, "and I have seen many towers; but never others like those of Laon." And we, world-children of a later age, who have travelled even farther, and



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have seen even more towers, we too have never seen others like these, nor shall we, even on that day when our oar shall be mistaken for a winnowing-shovel. Laon, the Orvieto of France, has lost nothing. Not a sculpture is chipped, not a piece of glass broken. One smiles when one remembers that an official German communiqué, at the time the great gun was bombarding Paris, announced the cathedral of Laon had been injured by French fire. The report, whatever its motive, was false. As, however, the city of Laon was shelled by the French, the fact that the cathedral was never hit is an eloquent proof of the fact that in modern warfare it is possible to spare architectural monuments. At Soissons and Noyon and Reims the Germans failed to take the pains the French took at Laon. I have found no first-hand evidence that they deliberately sought to destroy any of these cathedrals nor any that they made the slightest effort not to. The cathedral of Reims stood its chance with the Lion d'Or Hotel. If the cathedrals and churches have in general resisted the bombardment somewhat better than the towns about them, they owe it, not to the consideration of the Germans, but to the excellence of mediæval masonry.



Reims Cathedral, south transept.

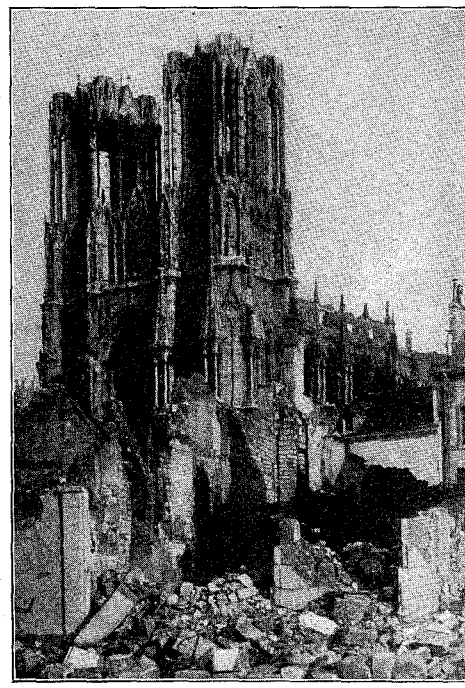
The building appears to have been conceived in a prophetic vision of a great victory.—Page 255.

It is obvious that the problem of restoration will be an exceedingly delicate one. Moreover, it will differ in respect to each monument, for they are in all conditions from complete destruction to the slightest of damage. It is, I believe, to-day admitted that the ideal solution would be to undertake practically no reconstruction. Mediæval monuments cannot be rebuilt by modern methods. Artistically, archæologically, historically they should be left as they are. A crowd of practical considerations are, however, opposed to this. In general, for purposes of worship, the old church can be repaired far less expensively than a new one constructed. The French feel too that the church is a living thing, which is deprived of much of its beauty and poetry if it be preserved merely as a curiosity, isolated from the daily life of the people. In many cases also repairs are necessary to prevent further disintegration. It is, therefore, probable that restoration, however regrettable, will in general be carried out. Every effort will assuredly be made that this reconstruction be as tactful as possible. Many fantastic suggestions, like that of covering the holes in the vaults of Reims with glass, have happily been discarded. It has already been wisely decided to make no attempt to restore sculpture. This resolution marks an epoch in modern taste, a vast step in advance. The next generation will perceive that it is no less sacrilegious to restore architecture than sculpture.

As the ruins stand, they are of singular interest from more than one point of view. The cannons have plucked the heart of many a mystery. Cold-blooded as the statement may sound, the fact remains that a murder gives an opportunity to study anatomy. The archæologist, even at the moment when his grief at the destruction of an art which he loved is most poignant, finds in his hands the solution of many a riddle he had long been seeking to unravel. Sometimes, too, the bombardment has created a new beauty. Certain monuments have regained what reconstruction had taken away from them, like St. Remi, where

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the burning of the modern vaults has revealed the ancient Romanesque proportions, thrilling as those of Jumièges and hitherto unsuspected. There is, also, and this is the most surprising thing of all, a sort of beauty in the desolation of the battle-fields, a something which strangely haunts the imagination. The gas-killed vegetation, the shell-riddled trees, the deserts of trenches and barbed wire are not without grandeur and even poetry. The city of Reims has acquired the mystery and charm of Pompeii. The cathedral towers above the shattered walls of houses more impressive and majestic than ever before. In its broad outlines it has lost nothing in beauty. I have never felt the structure more vibrant, more living. I always have, indeed, the illusion that a Gothic church is in motion, gliding from east to west. At Notre Dame the movement is slow, majestic but of irresistible force, like an ocean liner when she has turned in the river and sets out on her thousand-mile journey over unknown oceans. Reims, however, moved more quickly—she was like the same liner on the high seas running at full speed, rising and falling on the waves. Today she is more buoyant and swift than ever. The building appears to have been conceived in a prophetic vision of a great victory.



Reims Cathedral.

The cathedral towers above the shattered walls of houses [more impressive and majestic than ever before.

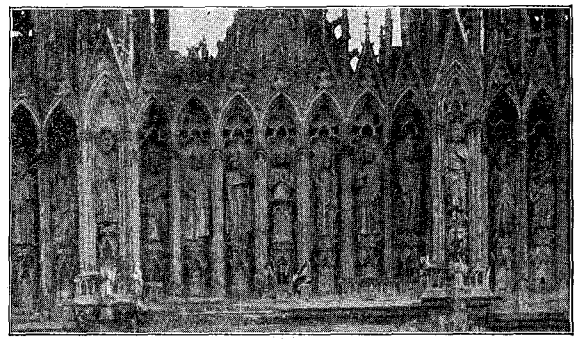
It is curious that the wounds of the bombardment already seem ancient. They have a certain softness which makes them not distressing from an æsthetic standpoint. There is nothing new and crude in their appearance. They harmonize, if the truth must be told, far better with the exquisite old work than do the modern restorations. I have, indeed, never felt so keenly the banality and lifelessness of the latter—at Reims, the parapets, the monsters, the new portions of the galleries of the kings, the wings of the angels in the buttresses are harsh instruments, barbarously out of tune, discordantly introduced in the mediæval symphony. The wounds of the bombardment, on the other hand, have none of this cacophonous quality. The mass of the building has perhaps even gained softness and texture. Unexpected openings—holes in the vault, through which one sees the clouds racing by above; the lights of the east end visible through the façade; the windows of the clearstory seen from the exterior across the hollow nave—give a new airiness, a new charm, a new sense of dizzy height. Of old the cathedral was perhaps too well groomed, too neat, too orderly. It suffered from excess of cherishing. For mediæval churches, like children, are best off when a bit neglected. Too much care has ruined many masterpieces of mediæval art in France; and one turns with a sigh of relief to the originally far inferior, but now often more attractive, because unspoiled, art of Spain, where neglect has preserved what mistaken love in other countries has too often irretrievably denatured. I should not, of course, wish to imply that the bombardment had been in any way a fortunate thing for the cathedral of Reims. The impression that the church has gained in beauty is specious, created only by the fleeting circumstances of the moment. The portals are still covered with sand-bags, so one forgets that the statuary is ruined. The sculptures of Reims, with those of Chartres, were the finest products of plastic art the thirteenth century produced, full of a life and power,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a creative imagination, lacking, for example, at Amiens. If Chartres is the Æschylus and Amiens the Sophocles, assuredly Reims is the Euripides of Gothic art; a Euripides impatient as the ancient one of conventional restraints, striking out always into the unknown, eagerly observant of nature, at times not untinged with bitterness and cynicism, but withal a Euripides revelling in sheer beauty for its own sweet sake. And as it was Euripides who set the stage upon which strutted the later dramatists, Roman Seneca, German Goethe, and French Racine, as it was he who established the ultimate type, all who came after must follow, so Reims became the model of Gothic sculptors. Indeed, rather surprisingly, Reims is the foundation upon which stand, none the less truly because unconsciously, our plastic artists of to-day, our Rodins, our Anna Hyatts, our Manships, our St. Gaudens. It is amusing to trace the genealogy. The sculptors of Bamberg drew their inspiration from Reims; from Bamberg was derived the Madonna of the Chartreuse of Champignol and (with the admixture of influence from Strasbourg, itself another derivative of Reims) the school of Dijon; from Dijon came Donatello, and from Donatello Michelangelo and modern art. It is, perhaps, permissible to question how often the illustrious descendants of the sculptors of Reims have equalled their masters in poetic vision and artistic power.

The artistic sensitiveness of the Middle Ages and their power of criticism—a power we moderns too often fail to recognize this period possessed—is curiously witnessed by contemporary appreciation of the Reims sculptures. With the finest discrimination the vital was selected to be used as models for subsequent work; and I own my attention has time and again been drawn by mediæval copies to the distinguished merit of certain statues the power of which had previously escaped my duller perceptions. It was thus that I came to have some understanding of the Synagogue of Reims through the far more famous versions of the same theme at Bamberg and Strasbourg. It was only after I had steeped myself in the loveliness of the latter that I perceived all this beauty and more inherent in the Reims original. And I confess too, that until I had become familiar with the later derivatives I was somewhat disturbed by the brutality of the work in certain figures of the gallery of the kings at Reims, a brutality so in contrast to the refinement of the sculpture below. Now, however, it is clear to me that these figures are purposefully coarse. They anticipate, if they did not inspire, the quality and the charm of barocco caryatids. The same effect of contrast is repeated in the apse, where brutal gargoyles are placed cheek by jowl with ethereal angels.

Certainly no picturesqueness of ruin could compensate for the loss of such sculpture, no more than it could for the destruction of the stained glass nor for the annihilation of many monuments of mediæval architecture and of mediæval art. Moreover, the cleverness of the German invasion still works its diabolic ends. Just as the French during the war were often forced to destroy their own cities and monuments, so now the partial destruction by the Germans will necessitate a restoration, which from an æsthetic standpoint forcedly, granted the wisest and most loving direction, can hardly fail to be a new disaster. Shattered limbs, however lovely, however irreplaceable, must be amputated to save the body. And the imitation members to replace these, no matter how cunningly devised, are at best only the sorriest of substitutes for the original, tragic as the rubber leg and artificial eye of the injured soldier. And this the Germans have done with their war.



Detail, Gallery of the Kings, Reims Cathedral.
The mighty spirit of Jeanne d'Arc . . . smiles radiantly from the gallery of the kings.—Page 253.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 8.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

## AFTER THE RETURN OF PEACE

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

**Germany's Assent to the Terms**

WHEN the cables flashed the news, on Saturday, June 28, that the German delegates had signed the terms of peace as laid down by the Allies, the markets and the people at large received it quietly. Remembrance of the frenzied celebration with which even the premature news of the armistice was greeted—the church bells, the whistles of factories and steamboats, the snowstorm of paper scraps clouding the sky and littering the pavements, the extravagances of the crowd parading the streets—might very naturally have suggested something similar on the actual news of the settlement of peace. Such things, however, rarely happen exactly in line with expectation. Furthermore, the people and the markets, even in the seven months during which the terms of the Allies were being formulated and the varying attitudes of the German Government were exciting fresh conjecture, knew well enough that Germany's actual surrender, her actual bending of the neck under whatever might be the requisitions of her victorious enemy, occurred when her delegates signed the armistice, November 11.

On the Stock Exchange itself, which reflects the general attitude at such times and where prices had been advancing for three months before the conclusion of the final negotiations, the market merely hesitated on the day when the terms were accepted by Germany; then moved uncertainly. But much the same thing occurred when peace was actually signed in the Manchurian War, for instance, and in the Transvaal War; the jubilant markets which preceded the signing of peace in the last-named conflict turning indeed into continuous and prolonged decline as soon as the actual news was known. It was a sign that an episode was closed, and with it the immediate influences attending it.

We shall probably have to wait some time before the financial markets will positively have foreshadowed (as they correctly did in the sequel to the Transvaal War) the financial results of restored peace. Those results will certainly vary in the different countries of the world, and so, probably, will the action of the markets. It was not wholly without significance that the first movement of the foreign exchanges, after the news of Germany's assent, was against the markets of the European belligerents, but favorable to Germany. It was more significant that the movement of all the foreign exchanges, neutral as well as belligerent, was in favor of the United States.

**Conduct of German Statesmen and Public**

HOW far public sentiment was affected by the circumstances and incidents which accompanied Germany's final surrender, is perhaps debatable. No one had looked for lofty dignity in yielding to the terms; certainly not for signs of willing acquiescence. Even the French in 1871, though Thiers and Favre had conducted the Prussian negotiations with a punctilio not displayed by the Germans at Paris and Weimar, were violently assailed in the National Assembly when they asked for ratification of the inevitable terms. A minority in the Deputies even proposed and discussed impeachment of the ministry which had accepted such conditions of peace. When the Communists of Paris revolted, they declared that they were rising against what they described as the "government which has betrayed us."

All this was in many ways merely an outburst of sorely-tried human nature, and so was the resistance of the factions in the German Assembly. But the French of 1871 were correct in their be-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

havior, statesmanlike in their relations with the enemy. They resorted to no such exhibition of feeling as appeared when the German ships were sunk by their German naval custodians, in violation of the armistice pledge; or when the captured French flags, whose return to France was similarly pledged, were burned in Coblenz to the chorus of "Deutschland über Alles"; or when the German statesmen insisted that the Allies ought to pay an indemnity for the suffering caused to Germany by the blockade; or when one German public man after another refused individually to sign in his government's behalf a treaty that had been agreed on; or when political leaders dropped their public hint of consolation that Germany might avoid fulfilment of her pledges.

These were possibly matters of no moment, unless as another indication of that German mentality which has been the puzzle of the war. But they met with an applause in Germany which, taken with the popular attitude toward the events of the war itself, made many people hesitate to follow Burke in his repudiation of "drawing up an indictment against a whole people"; and they cast no very pleasant light on the developments of the future. In due course, however, the atmosphere will clear—as it did, in fact, when the peace was actually signed in other wars. Until such ending of a war and the resumption of normal international relations, it is never easy for belligerent states and people to realize that all of them must manage somehow to live together afterward—politically, industrially, and socially. But the pressure of events brings that realization very quickly afterward.

**The Period Between War and Peace**

NOW that the treaty has been signed and the state of war is definitely ended, what may we expect to see in the way of economic recuperation of belligerent Europe? The first step will naturally be to bring the output, of such necessities as a given country produces, more near to the point of supplying its own requirements. The war has forced every European belligerent to reduce its production of the ordinary necessities of life. This was not only true of foodstuffs; France, for instance, produced even in 1915 less coal by 20,000,000 tons than in 1913—a decrease of one-half—and its wine production of 1917 was only two-thirds that of 1914. Forced to rely, as all belligerent Europe was, on importation from other countries of goods which they used to produce at home, there were three inevitable results: loss of the export trade, loss of the business profits which previously accrued to the home producer who had left his work to join the army, and abnormal increase in the country's trade indebtedness to other nations.

**Europe's Economic Situation**

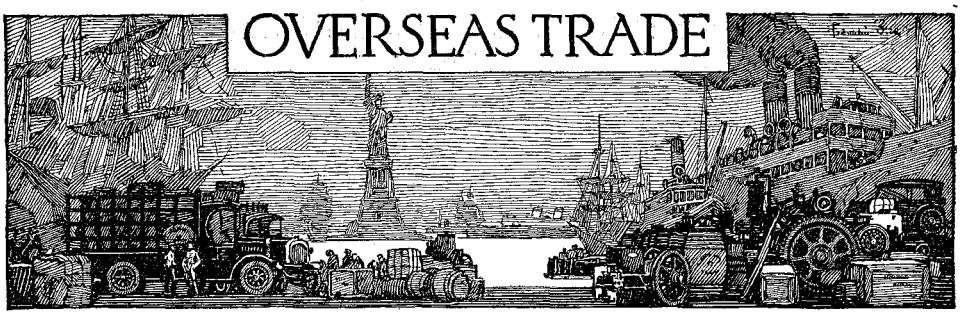
WHEN home production shall have caught up, wherever possible, with home requirements, there will next arise the question of regaining the former export trade. The figures of importations by the European countries during the war—in value, France imported $777,000,000 more from the United States alone in 1918 than in 1913, England $1,400,000,000 more, and all Europe $2,350,000,000 more—are affected not only by purchase of war munitions from abroad but by the rise of 100 to 140 per cent in average prices, and are therefore not an exact measure of the substitution of foreign for home production.

But when, notwithstanding this great rise in prices, England's exports of her own products in 1918 were actually valued at $135,000,000 less than in 1913, it is clear enough what had happened. France, whose export of merchandise to the United States alone was $139,000,000 in 1913, sent us only $59,000,000 in 1918. Italy's shipments to us had fallen from $55,000,000 to $24,000,000, and the decrease in quantities was naturally far greater than the decrease by values, when prices in 1918 were so far advanced above the pre-war basis.

When belligerent Europe applies itself again in earnest to peace-time production—when fear of resumption of hostilities is removed, when the disbanded soldiers are again at work in fields and factories, and when foreign material for use in domestic manufacture comes in freely, without being commandeered for military

(Continued on page 54, *following*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# TAKING THE ITALIAN TRADE FROM THE LATE ENEMY

By Merton Emerson Burke

Accredited Correspondent at the Peace Conference and Just Returned from an Investigation of Italian Trade Conditions

OF all our associated nations in Europe, Italy alone is in condition to go ahead with the world's work. France has no labor nor machinery; Belgium is in an even worse plight; England is retarded because of labor problems. But Italy has more labor than ever, and she has machinery. Her factories are idle merely for want of coal and materials upon which to work, and these can be supplied as soon as the intricacies of post-war credits have been solved.

After a review of the manufacturing cities of Turin, Milan, Genoa, and restored Trieste, and the banking and trade centre of Rome, it appears that in Italy is one of the most fertile fields for after-war development for the United States. Not only may raw materials be disposed of, but manufacturing under favorable conditions may be undertaken, and manufactured goods in wide variety are in immediate and extensive demand.

Under war conditions Italy found it expedient to impose an embargo or high tariffs on certain unessential goods, and during the days of the armistice many of these continued, much to the consternation of some American exporters. This was occasioned by Italy's oversupply of leather, iron, and cotton. The government had purchased these staples at war prices, and did not understand how to take a loss. As a result the Italian people have been obliged to pay the higher price for shoes, cotton cloth, and steel products manufactured at home. But this was never considered to be more than a temporary arrangement.

The Italian people prefer the American-made shoe, and they would choose many other articles bearing the "made-in-America" stamp of quality and style if given the opportunity. Here lies the chance for the American firms seeking new outlets for goods.

Already there is evidence that America is alive to the possibilities. Under the guidance of Thomas Nelson Page, our ambassador at Rome during the trying days of war and the armistice, two additional commercial attachés were installed on the embassy's staff to solve newly arising business problems and to investigate new possibilities. The usual work of the consular service along this channel is attended to by our widely experienced consul-general, Francis P. Keene, and staff.

It is the sense of these trade experts that America must not be found a laggard in the rush to supply the needs of Italy, formerly filled by our enemy countries—Germany and Austria.

It is realized that this trade is not to be had without effort, and that the American manufacturers and brokers must conform to Italian methods of doing business. Trade conditions must be as favorable as were those formerly offered by the German firms. Credits must be longer than is customary in the United States. The old advice to the American manufacturer that his goods must be packed properly and in conformity to the customs regulations, which are complex, still needs accentuation. The art of doing business by letter must be cultivated, for in Italy much more is accomplished by letter than



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by personal contact. A letter is held a sacred and binding obligation.

Doctor Ulderico Angeli, secretary to the minister of industry, commerce, and labor, questioned me searchingly on this point. He related that a firm of sound references had written to an exporting firm in New York, asking for immediate shipment of several lines of farm machinery. No answer was forthcoming. I could picture the scene in the New York office when the letter arrived. Without doubt it was cast hastily aside as being too bothersome because of lack of information as to the responsibility of the firm, or because of the difficulties of shipment or the firm's inability to take over the order at that time. An Italian firm would have been thoughtful enough to have answered promptly.

A scrutiny of the ante-war imports from Germany is enlightening as to the wide variety of products which American firms may supply if they will. Association with Italian people—consumers, importers, and officials of the government commercial department—leads to the firm conviction that they would rather trade with America than with any other country.

Three great fields of effort were outlined to me by Professor B. Attolico of the Italian Peace Commission staff in Paris. He said:

"*First*—Italy needs raw materials and coal. Let the American producer supply these.

"*Second*—Italy needs development. Let the American financier and manufacturer bring factories to our country, import raw materials, avail himself of our favorable labor conditions, and then export his finished product to nearby markets at a saving of production and of freights.

"*Third*—Italy needs manufactured products. Let the American manufacturers seize the trade which formerly went to the enemy countries."

In the matter of raw materials and coal, the situation is well understood by the American producers, and some of our largest organizations have numerous representatives already in the field.

Since the days when the Romans followed the advice of Cæsar, Italy has been agricultural. But when a country becomes so thickly populated that it cannot support itself from the land, it must turn to manufactures—as Japan is striving to do, and as Italy has been slowly but definitely doing for some years. The profit derived from Italian industries in 1880 was 600,000,000 lire, while in 1913 the figures had reached 3,000,000,000 lire. In this period agriculture had advanced from 3,000,000,000 lire to 7,000,000,000. In these facts may be seen the country's interest in promoting its manufacturers.

Italy as a nation became a unit too late to join in the partition of the world, so she has no colonies, but must depend on foreign lands in which to dispose of her goods. In this circumstance it is conceivable that the future will find Americans using Italy as a manufacturing area and forwarding the products to other markets. In this way Italy's labor may be utilized to advantage, and the saving in freights will be enormous.

In mentioning labor, it should be said that the war has produced more skilled labor than Italy ever had. The women, formerly employed almost exclusively at unskilled trades—except for their embroideries and laces—have learned the mysteries of machinery in munitions and other plants, and are now the competitors of the men. The working population has been doubled. Fully 1,100,000 men and women were directly employed in war industries.

This problem of investment in Italian industries and the establishment of American factories there, is a matter for further consideration.

But the supplying of the needs of Italy's immediate wants and the taking over of the trade formerly enjoyed and carefully encouraged by the German and Austrian firms is a matter for immediate action—and it is conceivable that there are many firms in America which have goods to sell, and do not know of the opportunities afforded them in this more than friendly country.

Italy's enterprise since the armistice has led to the development of industries on a large scale. Summarizing the developments which will be undertaken, Doctor Ferdinando Massuero, first secretary of the commercial department, made the following forecast:

(Continued on page 72c, *following*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Continued from page 258

purposes—what we are likely, then, to find is Europe's capacity for recovering its old-time trade and industrial prosperity. It is a new economic world, no doubt, in which the nations are awakening from their nightmare of war. Some industrial conditions, some international trade relations, can never again be what they were in 1913. But it will be worth while to consider the possibilities, in the light of what we know to-day.

THE case of those Continental States whose territory has been the actual battle-ground in many respects the most interesting. I

Financial Situation, continued on page 56


## The Best Recommendation of S. W. Straus & Co.

SIXTY-TWO per cent of our new customers come to us as the result of recommendations by our old clients. They find such satisfaction in the securities we sell and the service we render that they urge their relatives and friends to invest through us in order to gain safety, a good income, and complete freedom from care.

## Safety and 6%

Our current list of first mortgage serial 6% bonds, safeguarded under the *Straus Plan*, includes various issues secured by properties in the largest cities, from New York to Los Angeles. They afford the prudent investor the widest diversification, complete safety, prompt payment of both principal and interest in cash on the days due, 6% interest, and choice of maturities, from 3 to 16 years. Write for valuable literature describing the *Straus Plan* and ask for

Circular No. H-910

S.W.STRAUS & CO.

Established 1882 — Incorporated

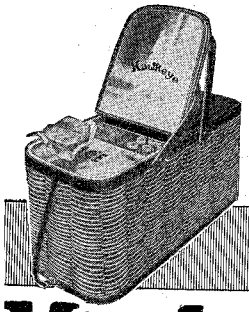
NEW YORK, 150 Broadway — CHICAGO, Straus Building

DETROIT, Penobscot Bldg. — MINNEAPOLIS, Loeb Arcade Bldg. — SAN FRANCISCO, Crocker Bldg. — PHILADELPHIA, Stock Exchange Bldg

Thirty-seven Years Without Loss to Any Investor




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# For Outings of all kinds

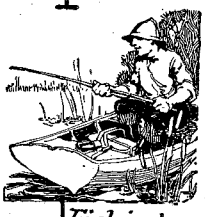
# Hawkeye PICNIC REFRIGERATOR

ADD to the pleasures of your motor trips, picnics, fishing or outing parties of all kinds, by carrying your lunch and beverages in a *Hawkeye Picnic Refrigerator.*

*Picnics*

*Motor Trips*

*Camping*



*Fishing*

**KEEPS FOOD COOL FOR 36 HOURS**

Finely and durably constructed of woven, imported reed, the Hawkeye is roomy, convenient in size, yet light in weight. A non-conducting insulator lining keeps out the heat and retains the cold for 36 hours, thus keeping salads, sandwiches, meats and beverages freshened and appetizing. A small lump of ice placed in the ice compartment makes this possible.

***FREE—Send for "Outers Menus"***

A booklet of tasty menus, and recipes, approved and tried for outings, picnics and auto parties. Also tells about our 30 day free trial offer. Write for it.

**Burlington Basket Co.**

**pt. P. 1440 Hawkeye Bldg. Burlington, Iowa**

# KEEP FIT!

The remarkable record made by our boys "over there" was due largely to the fact that they were kept physically fit.

The lesson of the war to the business man is to do voluntarily what the soldier was obliged to do—keep fit.

The "fit" man does more work and does it better and with less effort than the man who always has some trifling ailment.

**Absorbine,Jr**
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

will help to keep you fit; healing the little hurts, taking the soreness out of strained muscles and limbering up stiff joints.

Use *Absorbine, Jr.* whenever you need a real liniment. Strong and powerful, yet perfectly harmless.

$1.25 a bottle at your druggist's, or postpaid. Good-sized sample bottle sent on receipt of 10c in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, INC.

255 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

*Canadian Agency*
344 St. Paul Street, Montreal



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Income from
# Municipal Bonds
### Not Reduced by Taxation

Many good bonds yield 6%, 6½% and sometimes 7%, but this income is reduced by State and Federal taxes from which Municipal Bonds are exempt.

That a Municipal Bond is the safer investment there is no question. Furthermore, Municipals yielding 4½% to 5½% often actually *net* the investor a higher income than a taxable 6% or 7% bond.

Write for booklet, "*The Investment Position of Municipal Bonds*," and list of current offerings.

**STACY & BRAUN**
**INVESTMENT BONDS**
Second National Bank Building
New York Toledo Cincinnati



## Watch Your Opportunities!

**There are plenty of business opportunities these days but you must go after them. Indecision is a handicap. Get the facts and get busy. Babson's Reports supply all the reliable business data such as you need.**

***Particulars free. Write Dept. H-43.***

**Babson's Statistical Organization**
**Engineering Bldg. Wellesley Hills, Mass.**
Largest Organization of its Character in the World


Financial Situation, continued from page 54

France particularly, there has been evidence o wide-spread apprehension and despondency ov the question of industrial recovery. The problem seemed to be not merely one of financial or physical exhaustion, nor even of industry diverted from peace-time manufacture to war productio It did not rest even on the fact that nearly te thousand square miles of the busiest part of tl country's industrial community had been occ pied by the Germans, and therefore cut off fro doing its part in the war burden. It was tl enemy's systematic crippling or destruction o the mining and manufacturing plant in the i vaded region, which created a situation perha unparalleled in any modern war. The questio was, how long it would take, and what mea could be employed to make possible even parti resumption of work at the flooded and shatter mines and the plundered factories.

**France o the Retu of Peace**

Even granting the probability of ultimate co plete rehabilitation, would not the unavoidab long delay throw all the advantage of competiti into the hands of Germany, whose own industri plant had not been touched by war? This co sideration, coming along with the French peopl burden of debt and taxes and their loss of perha a million and a half able-bodied citizens in ba tle, explains their recent despondent attitu It played its part in the framing of terms of peac and found expression in the rigid stipulation, n merely of cash payment for unlawful damage, b of annual delivery by Germany to France, dur the next ten years, of "coal equivalent to the d ference between the annual pre-war output the Nord and Pas de Calais mines and the ann production during the ten-year period," and the authorizing of the Reparations Commissi "to replace the destroyed articles by the deliv of animals, machinery, etc., existing in Germany

SUPPOSING these engagements faithfully p formed, what would the outlook be? answer the question, it is as reasonable to app to history as it was three years ago. The asto ishingly rapid economic recuperation of Fran after each of her past great wars—even when, as in 1815 and 1871, she was herself the defeated party and was herself charged with a heavy indemnity—is a matter of undisputed record. T recovery was not merely actual but relative; t is to say, her place in the world's economic org ism was soon again as important as that some of her victorious antagonists or as that states which had not been at war. Precedent this sort is not proof, but the national qualit which made the achievement possible after th earlier wars are still the really determining inf ence, and the devastation of war will not h annihilated them.

**After T Other Wars**

Recovery may not come as quickly to th partly devastated countries as it came after ot

Financial Situation, continued on page 58



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Forward—together!

FROM your country's rich
mines, from fertile soil, from
icut forest, American Industry
eks raw materials to fashion
to the myriad needs of modern
e.

But our industrial greatness is
ily partly due to bountiful
ture. Unless men and man-
ement, with hands joined, are
cked by invested capital, the
heels of industry will clog and
lt.

American Industry will need
ded capital to produce the foods
d manufactured goods which
world demands. This forward
vement will mean a prosper-
nation of full-time workers—
ulting in more profit for all.

The needed money to "carry
" will be raised by industrial
bonds which will be offered to
the public.

Such bonds are the safe means
by which the American people,
their principal carefully pro-
tected, share in the earnings of
American Industry and, there-
fore, in American prosperity.

If chosen under sound advice,
these bonds are dependable in-
come-bearing "promises to pay."
Their soundness is backed by the
actual properties themselves.

A thorough, painstaking an-
alysis of each issue precedes our
offering of bonds to the men and
women of the country. Our
recommendations are at the free
disposal of everyone who has
learned the habit of saving money
and now wishes to put that money
to work.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

*You will find a National City Company Correspondent Office in 50 of the leading cities of the country.*

*In each of these offices you can purchase Government, Municipal, Railroad, Industrial, and Public Utility Bonds of the highest character.*

*Each of these offices is equipped to render unusual service to investors generally, and to bond buyers in particular.*

BONDS
SHORT TERM NOTES
ACCEPTANCES

## The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A Complete Service to Investors

)NE of the remarkable phases of modern finance is the growth of investment in securities. This development has brought greater ›portunities to the investor. It has also created new problems for him ıd a need for comprehensive service. Such a service is offered by this ompany through its various departments.

***For the Bond Buyer***

Our BOND DEPARTMENT furnishes information regarding investments, and offers, with its recommendation, bonds and notes selected with strict regard for the investor's individual requirements. At our offices in New York, and through our correspondents in various cities, you are assured of prompt, courteous, and *personal* service.

*Our booklet, "An Organization for Investment Service," describes these facilities.*

***Custody of Securities***

Our SECURITIES DEPARTMENT accepts securities for safekeeping, collects the income and principal, and attends to income tax and other routine matters. The securities are always subject to the owner's control and may be sold or transferred upon instructions to us at any time.

*Our booklet, "Safe Keeping of Securities," gives full details.*

***Trust Service***

Security owners who desire to set aside certain investments to assure themselves a competence, or to make immediate provision for those dependent on them, may do so through a Trust Deed. Our TRUST DEPARTMENT undertakes such trusts, and acts in every fiduciary capacity.

*Our booklet, "Some Trust Problems and their Solution," gives further information.*

***Banking Service***

We pay interest (credited monthly) on daily balances of checking accounts. Deposits subject to 30 days' notice of withdrawal, and certificates of deposit, which pay a higher rate of interest, may be used to advantage pending reinvestment of funds.

*Our "Statement Booklet" describes briefly the Company's complete facilities.*

will be a pleasure to give full information regarding these and other tures of our complete financial and trust service.

## uaranty Trust Company of New York

w York London Liverpool Paris Brussels

pital & Surplus $50,000,000 Resources over $700,000,000



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A Remarkable Record of Earnings

Dividends paid to Preferred Stockholders of Cities Service Company increased from $521,387.09 in 1911 to $4,034,274.50 in 1918.

In 1911, Cities Service Company earned requirements for payment of Preferred Dividends 1.77 times over. In 1918 the earnings were 5¼ times over the Preferred Dividend requirements.

## Cities Service Preferred Stock

at present prices yields 7½%. Investors receive monthly dividends, and monthly statements of earnings which enable them to keep in close touch with the company's financial progress.

*Write for Circular D-2 describing Cities Service Preferred Stock.*

**Henry L. Doherty & Company**

**60 Wall Street, New York**



# Control

Control of small public utility properties is rarely held by local interests today. Rather are they operated from central stations with modern equipment, experienced management and consequent ability to buy supplies more cheaply in bulk.

Such companies have stood the test before and during the war, are ready today to further demonstrate how indispensable they are to industrial and population growth.

*We have published a booklet "The Passing of the Small Town Plant," by Martin J. Insull, which we will be glad to send you free of charge together with our monthly BOND TOPICS listing selected securities yielding* 5½ to 7¾%

*Ask for combination SS-325*

**A. H. Bickmore & Co.**

**111 BROADWAY, N.Y.**


Financial Situation, continued from page 56

and physically less destructive wars. The ca of our own South after 1865 is closely in point The South described itself as ruined. If it d not have to pay an indemnity, it was confronte as France is not, with the reversion to total worth lessness of the currency in its people's hands, a it received none of the reparation payment whi will be received by France. Eventually its r covery to an economic position far stronger th before the war, was complete. But economic r cuperation was slow. With all the intense d mand for cotton by the outside world, the cott crop raised in the United States in the five yea after the Civil War averaged hardly 60 per ce of the immediate pre-war average.

**The Ca of Engla**

MR. VANDERLIP, in a somewhat pessim tic speech of a few weeks ago regardi Europe's outlook, gave the opinion that the "d ferential" which had permitted England to ga and hold the premier position in the internatio economic world was underpaid labor. "That," it was added, "is how she competed." She made a "red-ink overdraft on the future"; now she "has got pay the overdraft." That British industry l a new problem to confront in the increased c of labor, there can be no question. But so, that matter, has every other country, not excl ing the United States. The question of int national competition, in so far as the price labor is a determining factor, should theref depend, not on the actual rise in labor costs one country, but on the rise in that country compared with others.

How this will work itself out we have yet see. But the statement just quoted invol another altogether too sweeping inference. E land has long paid lower average wages than United States. But English wages were nev theless higher than wages in the Continent Europe; in spite of which fact England ma tained her industrial lead over the whole of rope. Furthermore, even when comparison made with wages paid in the United States, would the inference, as drawn in the above-c statements, square with the principle to wh this country has held during many years—t well-paid labor is both more efficient and m economical than underpaid labor?

**Sources Past In trial Po**

WHETHER low cost of labor was or was one factor in England's industrial prem ship, it was certainly not the main factor. E competent economic writer of the past has re nized these essential explanations of her not achievement: her large accumulated capital and her use of it to assist in developing countries to which her merchants were exporting goods; her manufacturers' close and personal study, du many generations, of the problems of produc their equally careful study, often through sen

Financial Situation, continued on page 60



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## WHAT FINANCE MEANS

its purpose, structure, use and users. A synopsis of the entire system of finance in a booklet of 22 short pages. Copy furnished on request.

## WHAT SECURITIES MEAN

A simple analysis of the security business. Everyone interested in either investment or speculation will find it interesting.
Early request will bring a copy of the first edition.

## THE MENACE OF FRAUDULENT PROMOTIONS

The principles of true promotion—the systems of the swindlers—methods of appeal to investors—How to protect yourself. A copy of our booklet will be sent on request.

## HAPPENINGS IN THE WORLD OF FINANCE

Our little monthly magazine, "Incomes," mailed free, is a veritable storehouse of big financial news, briefly told. Leading opinions quoted—Investors' questions answered. Write to-day and you will receive your copy regularly, without charge or obligation.

## INVESTMENT SERVICE

We are prepared to report on any Securities—Municipal or Corporation (which are of public record). Our files include the latest information from the most reliable financial statisticians.
There is no charge.

**Breed, Elliott & Harrison**

*High Grade Investment Securities*

**Chicago Cincinnati Indianapolis**



## SIX PER CENT AND THE POINT OF VIEW

Six per cent may look small to the speculator flushed from a few successful trades, but it looks big to the one who has sought big profits only to incur the almost inevitable loss.

Hard experience shows that six per cent is practically the maximum income obtainable from a safe investment.

Protect your funds by investing in six per cent first mortgages such as those we offer, secured by productive farms in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and Oklahoma.

Denominations, $300 and up

**to yield 6% net**

*Write for current offerings and illustrated booklet*

**THE NEW ENGLAND SECURITIES CO.**
CAPITAL & SURPLUS $400,000
**Kansas City Missouri**


Financial Situation, continued from page 58

partners in a business house to live in the foreig country, of the special needs and preferences such importing communities; her command of tl shipping trade; the willingness and ability of h bankers to provide the credits for financing tl export shipments at every stage of the transa tion. Except for a diminished total reserve capital, England possesses all these advantag to-day.

Many of them, however, will not hereafter l England's peculiar possession. Even before tl war the problems of production had received Germany and the United States more scientil attention than they were getting in Englan Germany had personally studied with great su cess the requirements of importing nations. No there arrives a situation in which the Unit States possesses, on the one hand, the greate reserve of capital in the world and is learning t use it in financing foreign trade, and in which, the other hand, our country is beginning to di pute control of the shipping industry. Th means, evidently enough, that England cann now and hereafter maintain so undisputed a lea ership as was hers a generation ago. Her man facturers and bankers will probably have divide the foreign field with their American co petitors, and perhaps virtually surrender certa special fields to them.

To France and Italy, and with them the small countries, such as Belgium and Servia, wh were devastated by the enemy, the indemnity goods or money imposed on the defeated pow will count for something as an economic offs It is not yet clear, however, exactly when, ho and to whom the great sum of money involv will be distributed; except that Belgium is l agreement, and very rightly, to get the first $50 000,000. But the usual experience with su episodes is prolonged delay in passing upon t claims of private beneficiaries. It was a mat of years before even the $15,000,000 indemnit granted by Great Britain to our government t the depredations of the cruiser *Alabama*, was lotted to the individual claimants, and t "French spoliation claims" dragged on for ma decades.

**German After Return of Peace**

THE question, how the economic future Germany will be shaped as a result of l defeat, of her surrender of territory, of her loss foreign markets, of the immense burden of ind trial and financial reparation which she l assumed by the treaty of peace, is one for which, when taken as a whole, no precedent exists. Regarding the money indemnity alone, the case of France in the seventies would provide some basis of prediction; for it is doubtful billion-dollar payment was any less formidabl burden then than a twenty-five-billion dollar p ment now, and the economic progress of Fra was scarcely halted by the heavy financial re

Financial Situation, continued on page 62



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Compton Service Adds Security to Municipal Bonds

The legal requirements governing the issuance of Municipal Bonds vary in different states, but in all states certain legal specifications must be observed.

Before the Compton Company consummates its purchase of an issue of bonds, the Company's attorneys carefully investigate all conditions surrounding the issue, to satisfy themselves that every legal requirement has been complied with.

If the bond issue is authorized by a vote of the people, as most of them are, care is taken to ascertain that the legal requirements relative to notice of the election are observed; also that the required proportion of the voters cast votes in favor of the bond issue.

Investigation is made to determine the ratio between net bonded debt and the assessed value of the property in the issuing community. Also the financial statement of the estimated actual value of the taxable property is checked up to determine the real margin of safety.

Our investigation extends beyond the verification of the legality of an issue of bonds. We take into account the population, character of industries and transportation facilities of the issuing community, and the character of the soil of the territory surrounding and supporting it. These are all factors which determine the potential prosperity of the community issuing the bonds.

Bonds issued under such safeguards are not a burden on the issuing community and are therefore popular and have a good-will value in addition to unquestioned legality and security.

Our great facilities, organization and resources enable us to render such service. The fact that we do so carefully investigate every bond issue we buy adds attractiveness to the bonds themselves. Our extensive dealings in high-grade bonds and our intimate touch with the financial centers of America, through our system of exclusive private wires between our different offices, provide a splendid market for our customers.

Municipal Bonds are unusually attractive now, because of their tax exemption features. If you are interested in increasing your net income, let us send you our book, "Why Municipal Bonds Are Exempt From Federal Income Taxes." Address Department B-8.

**William R. Compton Company**

GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL BONDS

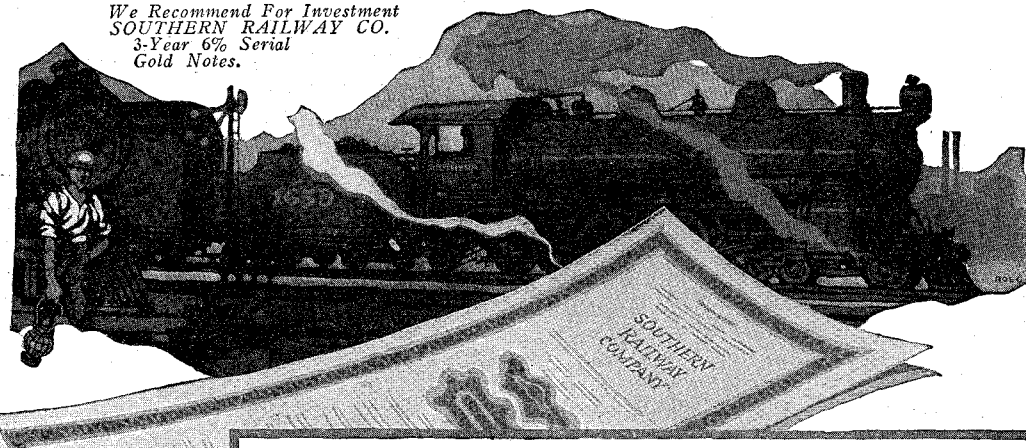
*"Over a Quarter Century in this Business"*

New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, New Orleans



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*We Recommend For Investment*
*SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO.*
*3-Year 6% Serial*
*Gold Notes.*




# Back of Your Bond

"WE RECOMMEND THESE BONDS FOR INVESTMENT"—a statement found on the circulars of all bond houses and somewhat trite from over-use. Yet do you fully appreciate what it means to you as an investor when made by *Halsey, Stuart & Co.?*

It means protection to you. It means that the bonds recommended have been subjected to searching investigations, that they have been found to measure up to exacting standards, and that they have been purchased outright with our own funds.

Nor does our sense of responsibility end with the sale of our securities. Throughout the life of bonds sponsored by our organization, we are in constant touch with the companies whose bonds we have handled. Our feeling of moral responsibility does not end until every interest coupon has been paid, and the principal sum returned at maturity.

The value of our recommendations is evidenced by the satisfactory record of the numerous issues—of which the Southern Railway Co. 6% notes is one—originated and sponsored by our organization. We could assist you, as we have many thousand other investors, in the safe investment of your surplus funds; their amount will make no difference in the character of our service.

*Our current list of offerings*
*SM 3 will be sent upon request.*

## HALSEY, STUART & CO.

INCORPORATED—SUCCESSORS TO

**N. W. HALSEY & CO., CHICAGO**

| CHICAGO | NEW YORK | PHILADELPHIA | BOSTON |
|---|---|---|---|
| 209 S. LA SALLE ST | 49 WALL ST. | LAND TITLE BUILDING | 30 STATE STREET |

| MILWAUKEE | DETROIT | ST. LOUIS |
|---|---|---|
| FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLDG. | FORD BUILDING | SECURITY BLDG. |

*As a further statement of the history of our organization, its policies, its ideals and record, may we send you our booklet SM 4 ..... "CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER"?*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5-Year Gold Notes

**Yarmouth Light & Power Co.**

(Nova Scotia)

**Yield 7½%**

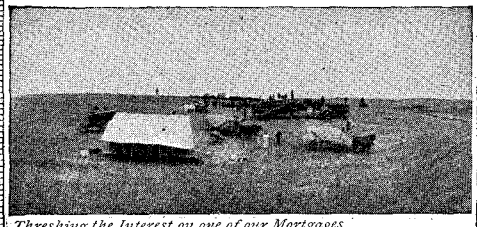
1. Franchises are perpetual
2. Company has operated entirely on water power for last three years
3. Proceeds of notes to develop additional water power
4. Depreciated valuation before adding proceeds of these notes double all bonds and notes including this issue
5. Net earnings three times interest on these notes
6. Authorized by Nova Scotia Board of Commissioners of Public Utilities

*Prices and further details on application*

**Earnest E. Smith & Co.**

50 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

Members New York and Boston Stock Exchanges



*Threshing the Interest on one of our Mortgages*

**The Investing Habit**

As a natural result of successfully absorbing $21,478,357,250 of Liberty Bonds and Victory Notes the American public has become an investing nation.

Every investor who has the true investing habit knows that safety is the first essential and a fair income the second. These two features exist to a pronounced degree in high grade farm mortgages.

Looking to the future, you should investigate our offerings of 6% first mortgages on wheat-growing farms of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana.

Write for current offerings and for
"THE NORTHWEST IN AGRICULTURE,"
*Our new booklet for investors, sent free on request*

**VERMONT LOAN & TRUST CO.**

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT (*Address nearest Office*) SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

Financial Situation, continued from page 60

sition—even when coupled with the loss of a richly productive province. But analogy ceases with the money payment and the territorial sequestration. The France of 1871 had not lost her foreign trade; had not been deprived of her shipping facilities and her outside commercial connection; had not driven into the ranks of her active enemies, through promiscuous barbarity on land and sea, the very nations whose commercial field she had exploited before the war.

Nevertheless, it must equally be said of Germany as of France, Belgium, Italy, or England, that the qualities through which her people achieved the better part of their success before, remain with them. War-time experience with the German people has acquainted all the world with many abnormal mental traits and some unlovely moral traits. These have received a fearful punishment. They may or may not wear away, as the old régime which did so much to create them fades from memory. But the useful qualities of the people—their industry, their patience, their scientific study of trade and manufacture, their adaptation of national power to production in quantity and to financing on the large scale—these will not have been lost because of ignominious defeat.

**Germany and the Foreign Markets**

IT is still too early to say how much of Germany's previous success in foreign trade was built up through direct government subsidy which may be difficult to renew, or through the sharp practice in competition which has been repeatedly alleged against her, and from which other markets will be likely hereafter to guard themselves. Nobody can know how long it will be before Russia and Austria, to which Germany formerly sent nearly 20 per cent of her exports, emerge from their present state of commercial wreck. It cannot be determined until after some considerable lapse of time whether and to what extent her trade will be affected by the building up in other countries, during the war, of industries whose products (such as chemicals and dye-stuffs) those countries used willingly to import from Germany.

But that a good part of Germany's foreign trade will in due course be recovered, economic experience gives no reason to doubt. It is, indeed, not merely a matter of industrial energy, nor even of special adaptability to certain branches of production. Germany will in the future, as in the past, be importer as well as exporter. A nation whose people in 1913 bought $203,000,000 worth of England's products and $174,000,000 worth of French goods, which in the same year stood second on our own list of foreign customers—purchasing in all $352,000,000 of American merchandise, and taking one-third of our total copper exports, one-fourth of our shipments of fertilizers, and 30 per cent of our exported cotton—cannot hereafter be deemed negli-

Financial Situation, continued on page 64



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HW

DURING over thirty years of investment service we have developed unexcelled facilities for the prompt execution of orders and for the protection of the interests of our clients.

Our Statistical Department studies exhaustively the values underlying all types of securities. The advice which we offer to customers is based upon these careful investigations and upon our long experience and knowledge of general business conditions and the market factors affecting security values.

We are members of leading exchanges and maintain offices in six prominent cities. Our extensive wire system keeps us constantly in intimate touch with important security markets throughout the country.

Our August list of carefully selected investment offerings will be gladly furnished upon request.

# HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

BOSTON
PORTLAND
PROVIDENCE

*Investment Securities*

*Founded in 1888*

NEW YORK
CHICAGO
DETROIT

Members of the New York, Boston and Chicago Stock Exchanges




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## There Are Farm Mortgages and *Farm Mortgages*

A properly negotiated farm mortgage is a genuine investment, without speculative features. But there are farm mortgages and *farm mortgages*.

We offer first lien mortgages, secured by fertile farms of the Black Waxy Belt of Texas, negotiated by conservative, standardized methods.

**To net 5½% and 6% net**

*Write for current offerings and booklet describing our mortgages and services.*

*"Millions loaned; not a dollar lost."*

**TEXAS MORTGAGE COMPANY**

T. J. COLE, Prest.

Paid up Capital $200,000

DALLAS, TEXAS

Selected Investment Securities

## A WOMAN'S INVESTMENT

*Should have three essentials*

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY of PRINCIPAL**
**DEPENDABLE INCOME**
**MARKETABILITY**

The Municipal and Corporation Bonds handled by this Company have these essentials. Bonds can be had in denominations of $50, $100, $500 and $1000 and netting from 4½% to 7½% according to the kind of bond purchased.

Any bond may be bought on the

**Partial Payment Plan**

and the interest starts with the first payment made. Descriptive booklets and list of bonds V 8 sent on request.

**Bankers Mortgage Co.**

*Capital $2,000,000*

CHICAGO—DES MOINES—NEW YORK

CHICAGO OFFICE: 112 W. Adams St. Randolph 5700

NEW YORK OFFICE: 512 Fifth Avenue Vanderbilt 2712

*Write the Nearest Office*


Financial Situation, continued from page 62

gible as a market for English, French, and American producers.

**Our Own Country's Position**

ALL the world recognizes that the position of the United States differs for many reasons from that of any other belligerent. The financial power and economic opportunity with which our country emerges from the war are such as sometimes to appear almost bewildering. In due course there will inevitably occur division and redistribution of the immense financial resources, the almost limitless international prestige, which came to us during the war.

But in many respects, the position is on sound and permanent foundations, and in no respect more so than in our power as food producer and exporter. As midsummer approached and trustworthy information began to be received regarding Europe's requirements of food this coming season and America's capacity to provide for them, the very extraordinary situation of the United States became constantly more manifest. In June our Department of Agriculture gave out its first estimate of the season on the country's probable total crop of wheat. It foreshadowed a yield of 1,236,000,000 bushels.

**The Billion-and-a-Quarter Bushel Harvest**

NOW the world has grown used to thinking in terms of billions during the past five years Billion-dollar budgets of income taxes, billion-dollar increases in our own yearly export of merchandise, five-billion and six-billion dollar war-loans, a twenty-five-billion dollar indemnity on Germany—with all these bewildering totals we had already become familiar. We harvested, in 1915, our first billion-bushel wheat crop. The forecast for this season's crop would naturally, therefore, not confront the average mind with the sense of astonishment which it would certainly have brought in 1912 or 1913.

The prospective harvest must not, however, be judged only by itself or in comparison with pre-war achievement. How amazingly fortunate to even the world's political situation is the coincidence of such an American wheat crop with the famine in which Europe has been engulfed, every one has known since the beginning of the season But in the light of the questions which we have just been discussing, it may be worth while to reckon up, on the basis of this first forecast of the total yield, exactly what a harvest of that magnitude would mean, both to the United States and to Europe.

That the indicated crop of 1,236,000,000 bushels would be nearly double that of either 1917 or 1916 (each of which only slightly exceeded 636,000,000) is itself interesting enough. That it would surpass the famous yield of 1915 by 210,000,000 bushels, or more than 20 per cent, and the largest pre-war crop by 473,000,000 bushels,

Financial Situation, continued on page 66



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1873 - 1919

# "A-M-I FARM MORTGAGES"

Are the seasoned product of 46 years

OF

Experience in Farm Mortgage Investing

You can buy them with the comfortable assurance that an investment that has successfully met the tests of nearly half a century without a loss to any investor will be

SAFE FOR YOU

May we add you to our list of Satisfied Customers?

*Your inquiry on a postal card will bring full information without obligation*

## Associated Mortgage Investors, Inc.

*Farm Mortgage Bankers*

KINGMAN NOTT ROBINS, *Treasurer*

910-918 Granite Building

CHICAGO
BURLINGTON, VT.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

BILLINGS, MONT.
CALGARY, CAN.

## TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO

The farm land bond was practically unknown. GOLD–STABECK COMPANY was the pioneer house in the Middle West to place this highly desirable form of investment before the public. Now millions of dollars worth are sold to thousands of satisfied clients annually.

GOLD–STABECK COMPANY'S service protects and safeguards large and small investors alike. Bonds can be had in denominations of $100.00 and upwards. Interest payable semi-annually at 6%.

*Ask for Circular S-89. No obligation is involved.*

GOLD-STABECK COMPANY
INVESTMENT BANKERS
MINNEAPOLIS

## Systematic Investment

IF we should ask some of our oldest customers, whose accounts have grown to a good size from small beginnings, how they managed to accumulate so much, a majority would answer, "*Because we have invested systematically.*"

We seek the accounts of investors who set aside part of their income each year for investment purposes. Our offerings include solid Bonds and Mortgages whose selection is the result of over 40 years' experience.

*Write for list "AS"*

WELLS-DICKEY COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1878
SURPLUS & CAPITAL $1,300,000
MINNEAPOLIS · MINNESOTA



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Can You Save $50 a Month?

If you can save a definite sum regularly you can invest in high-grade securities.

Simply select your security (we shall be glad to make suggestions), deposit a certain sum as the first payment, and agree to pay stipulated sums monthly.

It is no more difficult than setting aside your monthly savings.

*Write for booklet*

**HERRICK & BENNETT**

*Members New York Stock Exchange*

*66 Broadway, New York*



## Investments of Special Merit

It is naturally confusing for the average investor to select among the great number of listed and unlisted stocks and bonds the securities that are the most appropriate to buy and hold. We have chosen for special consideration several investments which we regard as having the qualities of security, and offer as liberal a return as can be obtained conservatively.

***For information send for Circular No. BS-50***

**A. B. Leach & Co., Inc.**

*Investment Securities*

**62 Cedar St., New York**

**105 S. La Salle St., Chicago**

**Philadelphia Boston Buffalo Minneapolis**
**Baltimore Pittsburgh Cleveland Milwaukee**


Financial Situation, continued from page 64

or 62 per cent, is even more to the point. Taken along with the known fact that stocks of wheat, both in this country and abroad, are now so low as to require the speediest possible distribution of the new wheat to home and foreign markets, it should be evident what the harvest will mean, for instance, to our transportation industry. There has, indeed, existed some misgiving as to whether, with the reluctance of the Railway Administration to buy new equipment on an extensive scale while prices of material were so high and the deficit under government operation so large, our railways would be able to meet the urgent needs for prompt delivery from farm to market, without either congestion of traffic or derangement of other business. The quality and possibilities of "unified railway operation" will, at least, be tested. But of the benefits to railway earnings, both directly and indirectly, there can be no doubt.

**Harvests and the Natural Wealth**

WHEN the farm community's own profits are considered, the picture is very remarkable The farm value of the wheat crop of 1913, the largest ever produced before the war, was estimated by the Agricultural Department at $610,000,000. The "billion-bushel crop" of 1915 was sold before the days of war-time guaranteed prices; its aggregate farm value was similarly estimated at $930,000,000. Its market value at Chicago, where prices for the season ranged between 98 cents and $1.39 per bushel, must have been something under $1,200,000,000. These are only estimates, but reasonably close.

The value on the Chicago market of this season's crop is easier to reckon, because the guaranteed price of $2.26 per bushel is insured to every producer. A bit of arithmetic will show that, on this basis, a 1,236,000,000-bushel crop would sell for $2,793,000,000. That is to say, the farm community would in this coming season, for its output of wheat alone, receive fully $1,500,000,000 more than its estimated receipts for the crop of 1915, and something like $2,000,000,000 more than for that of 1913. A part of this prodigious increase in the cash return will be used up in the farmer's larger expenditure for labor and materials, but only a relatively small part As for the rest, it means expansion in the purchasing power of our interior communities such as has never occurred in any former season, and such as cannot possibly, in the light of all past experience, fail to stimulate and quicken, in an exceptional degree, all other productive industries of the country.

Would such a harvest as has been foreshadowed by the government meet the wholly abnormal needs of Europe? In dealing with that question one is forced to rest in greater measure on tentative estimates and on conjecture, and with so vitally interesting a calculation I shall make no apology for the numerous figures which I shall

Financial Situation, continued on page 68



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BROWN BROTHERS & CO.

Philadelphia **1818** | NEW YORK Established **1825** | Boston **1844**

## COMMERCIAL CREDITS

*Issued in sterling, dollars and other currencies for financing the Import of Merchandise.*

For nearly a century merchants in all parts of the world have recognized our credits as a standard method of payment for shipments of merchandise; a draft drawn thereunder is a prime bankers' bill, negotiable at the shipper's bank at the most favorable rates.

# BROWN, SHIPLEY & COMPANY

Established **1839**

Founders Court, Lothbury
LONDON, E. C.

Office for Travelers
123 Pall Mall, LONDON, S. W.

## The Natural Strength of Municipal Bonds

American cities are the homes of great industries and thousands of prosperous citizens. There is a natural and real reason for their existence and growth. That is why they always remain solvent and pay their obligations—principal and interest—with unfailing regularity.

## Municipal Bonds

do not depend upon business conditions but are payable from taxes levied upon all the property within the community. Being exempt from all Federal Income Taxes, the net income received from Municipal Bonds is in many instances considerably larger than that secured from other investments not so fully protected.

*Write for Booklet* S-8
*"Bonds That Always Pay"*

**Kauffman-Smith-Emert Co.**
**Security Building** **St. Louis, Mo.**

## The Future of the Railroads

Director General Hines and Senator Cummins have expressed certain definite views concerning prompt and constructive railroad legislation by Congress. Copies of the speeches referred to will be furnished on request.

With the enactment of such legislation many railroad securities should have a substantial advance. Seasoned securities issued well within physical value of the property and amply protected by earning capacity **can now be purchased at prices to yield up to 8½%**, and such issues should logically be benefited.

We do not carry speculative accounts but solicit correspondence regarding railroad securities with present or prospective investors and are prepared to make suggestions for the purchase or exchange of securities.

*Write for Circular No. 17*

**F. J. LISMAN & CO.**
**61 Broadway, New York**
**Members New York Stock Exchange**
***Specialists in Railroad Securities since 1890***




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Prospective Investors' Service

**We will acquaint you with farm mortgage investment opportunities**

The safe and profitable employment of funds often necessitates the investor seeking investments outside his home territory.

There are farm mortgage investment opportunities awaiting you in the Southern States.

As a feature of our "Prospective Investors' Service" we are prepared to acquaint you with the resources of this territory.

*Write today for our booklet and list of 6% farm mortgages*

**INVESTORS MORTGAGE COMPANY**
R. B. Bishop, *President*
**610 Canal Bank Annex NEW ORLEANS, LA.**

6% PETTERS FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS 6%
PERMANENT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT OF FUNDS

## Three Important Investment Questions

*How are your invested funds used?*
*What is your security?*
*What banking organization is back of your investments?*

A discussion of these questions in our new booklet, "The Science of Safe and Profitable Investing," will help solve your problem.

*Write today for free copy*

**PETTERS AND COMPANY**
SERVING INVESTORS SATISFACTORILY OVER 30 YEARS
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $400,000
McKNIGHT BLDG. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

## Good Enough For Savings Banks

First farm mortgages are safe and profitable enough for savings banks. Between 1909 and 1919 Vermont banks invested and reinvested over $100,000,900 in them.

Missouri and Arkansas 6% farm mortgages negotiated by the Denton-Coleman Loan and Title Company, of Butler, Mo., are held for investment by savings banks and insurance companies. The same high-grade securities are available for private investors.

*We offer investors the benefit of a unique experience, based on an investigation of farm mortgages in 27 states. Write for details and current offerings.*

**FRANK C. WILLIAMS, Inc.**
NEWPORT - - - VERMONT


Financial Situation, continued from page 66

have to use. Before the war, our country's largest export of wheat in all forms was the 235,000,000 bushels which were sent out from the crop of 1901. During the war the 333,000,000 bushels shipped abroad from the crop of 1914 were the maximum; the past twelve months have failed to match that total. But with a crop this year of the estimated magnitude, and allowing both for depleted reserves at the season's beginning and for home consumption as large as in any previous year, we should have by a simple calculation more than 600,000,000 bushels to spare for the outside world.

**Our Part in Feeding Europe**

THE English grain trade experts figure out each season how much wheat has been imported by all countries which do not raise enough at home to feed themselves, and from what producing countries they obtained it. In the twelve months ending with July, 1914, just before the war broke out, these experts calculate that the importing states (which included every European country west of the Russian and Hungarian borders) received from other countries 665,000,000 bushels. Out of this total, which, as it happened, was well above the usual average, 173,000,000 bushels came from Russia and 63,000,000 from the Danube states; the rest from North and South America, India and Australia. From neither Russia nor Southeastern Europe will importing states get any wheat this year, but the loss of the 234,000,000 bushels, shipped out by them in the year of peace referred to, would be far more than covered by the increase in our own potential export, as compared with our highest record in the past.

If the requirements of the importing European states next season were to be exactly what they were in the season before the war, a 600,000,000-bushel export surplus from this country would leave only 65,000,000 bushels to be got from other producing countries. As a matter of fact, the necessities of consuming Europe will be larger than in that earlier season; because, in sequence to the loss of man power and to breakdown of agricultural activities in many belligerent states we shall have to help in feeding even Russia and the Balkans, while the rest of Continental Europe also must rely more largely on outside sources of supply than in normal years. But on the other hand, it is not to be expected that their consumption of wheat per capita will be as large as in time of peace. Mr. Hoover thinks that France will raise this year enough to feed herself; and furthermore, for the other needs of Europe, the world will have, in addition to our own country's possible 600,000,000 bushels, the surplus wheat of Argentina, Australia, Canada and India, which in normal seasons runs from 200,000,000 to 300,000,000 bushels.

THE reasonably certain prospect is, then, that enough wheat will be raised, in the world

Financial Situation, continued on page 70



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# In the Heart of Industry

THE PITTSBURGH DISTRICT is the world's greatest industrial center. Where there are many thriving industries, opportunities for the investor abound.

THE various kinds of bonds, which we offer, have been purchased by us, and are recommended as sound, conservative investments.

WRITE for any information you desire and present offerings.

## BOND DEPARTMENT
## Mellon National Bank
Pittsburgh, Pa.

---

## Profiting by High Prices

Present levels of security prices are higher than those prevailing for a number of years. Conservative investors now have an opportunity of making a profitable exchange through the re-investment of funds in Municipal Bonds which are not subject to severe fluctuations.

At present levels Municipal Bonds yield an attractive return and are free from All Federal Income Taxes.

*Send for List G-8*

**Stern Brothers & Company**

INVESTMENT BONDS

1013-15 Baltimore Avenue — Kansas City, Mo.

---

## Forman Farm Mortgages

**6%** ***Investment for Banks and Individuals***

These investments described in two booklets:

"How Forman Farm Mortgages Are Made."

"Forman Farm Mortgages and the Forman Monthly Payment Plan."

*Either booklet, and list of current offerings, free on request.*

**GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY**

*Established 1885*

FARM MORTGAGE BANKERS

11 South La Salle Street — Chicago, Ill.

---

## The Northwest Prospers

**No section of the United States is now more prosperous than the great Northwest. Our 5½% and 6% first mortgages on improved Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana farms are safe and conservative investments.**

***Let us send you our booklet and offerings.***

**CAPITAL TRUST & SAVINGS BANK**

Chartered 1890

Capital and Surplus $500,000.00

Saint Paul, Minnesota

---

## Executors! Trustees! Savings Banks!

We will mail upon request a list of *very high grade, long term*

**Railroad Bonds**

which we own and offer at price to yield

**5¼%** to **5¾%**

**Frederic H. Hatch & Co.**

*Established 1888*

74 Broadway — New York



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## More Safety and Greater Income

To yield 6½% and 7%, we offer first mortgages secured by prosperous Southern farms.

These loans are all made by the Georgia Loan & Trust Company of Macon, after their careful investigation. No loan is made for more than 50% of their valuation of the security. Most loans are for less than 40% of a conservative appraisal of the property.

Denominations $250 and up.

*Write for current offerings and for our booklet "Mortgages Payable in Gold"*

**THE TITLE GUARANTY & TRUST CO.**
FIRST BRIDGEPORT NATIONAL BANK BLDG.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
NORTHERN OFFICE OF THE GEORGIA LOAN & TRUST CO.
MACON, GEORGIA

FARM MORTGAGES ALWAYS @ PAR

# SAFETY FIRST

Over a million dollars
Loaned to farmers for our clients, but no investor has ever lost a dollar invested thru us on

**First Mortgage Farm Loans**

*Write for Particulars*

**THE IRRIGATED FARMS MORTGAGE CO.**
J. V. N. DORR, President — DENVER, COLO. — JOSEPH D. HITCH, Manager

## Investing Scientifically in Farm Mortgages

***Checking Tax Payments for Investors***

For the protection of the mortgage investor's principal, taxes on the mortgaged land must be paid within the legal time limit. While this is the obligation of the borrower it is necessary for the investor to see that it is done.

*Checking tax payments and following up delinquents is one of the numerous services we render our investment clients.*

*As a thoroughly free-from-care investment we recommend*

***Iowa and Missouri Farm Mortgages***

*Write for booklet and current offerings*

**PHOENIX TRUST COMPANY**
OTTUMWA — IOWA


Financial Situation, continued from page 68

outside of Europe, for the producing states to feed their own people and provide in addition for all the needs for famine-stricken Europe. To what extent these supplies can be transported and distributed to the special localities which need them—places as far apart and as remote from the great transportation centres as Bohemia, Northern Russia, Armenia, Servia—and how far the broken-down railway systems of Central Europe can be relied upon for speedy delivery of the food; these are questions concerning which we shall probably hear a great deal more next autumn.

**Problems of the Coming Season**

Such is our own outlook for the coming season. What it will be two or three years from now—or, indeed, what will then be the economic condition of the recent European belligerents—is one of the unknown problems. After the peace of 1871, with its huge indemnity, the economic world presently passed into 1873, in which gravely troubled year France suffered least and Germany most of all the European states. We have yet to pass through some sort of economic crisis—doubtless some years distant—as a consequence of the war and the final readjustment of mutual economic relations for the future. The one fact which readers of economic history will take for granted, from the teaching of experience, is that what actually happens in this subsequent international readjustment will in many regards differ widely from the expectations of to-day.


## Frick-Reid Supply Co.

**Oil and gas well supplies**

**8% Cumulative Preferred Stock**

*Par Value $100.00. Dividends payable quarterly*
*Free of Pennsylvania State Tax*

This Company has no funded debt, no mortgage or other bond issue and none may be created without the consent of 80% of the preferred stock.

The present net quick assets of the Company, including proceeds of this issue, amount to $330 per share on the preferred stock. The net earnings of the Company for the past six years averaged over $400,000 per annum, after the payment of all Federal Taxes.

The whole or any part of the issue is redeemable at $107 with cumulative dividends. A Sinking Fund is provided to retire $75,000 par value per annum beginning January 1st, 1921.

**Price $102½ yielding 7.80%**

*We recommend this Preferred Stock for investment and will furnish detailed circular upon request*

**Moore, Leonard & Lynch**
Frick Bldg. Pittsburgh — 111 Broadway New York

**Holmes, Bulkley & Wardrop**
Union Bank Bldg. Pittsburgh — 61 Broadway New York




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE MORTGAGE IN RETAIL PACKAGES

By Horace B. Mitchell

[The third of a series of articles describing real-estate mortgage investments, appearing in the Financial Department of *Scribner's Magazine*.]

WE reach the most interesting class of real-estate securities when we consider real-estate bonds. Real-estate bonds in general may be described as Sergeant Mulvaney in Kipling's story described his Celtic compatriots: "The good are better than the best, and the bad are worse than the worst." Until very recent years, no class of bonds was so lacking in fixed standards, so mixed as to underlying financial principles. Slowly but surely real-estate bonds as a whole have become clarified and classified. Definite principles have been established and the better securities in this category have won for themselves, and justly won, a proper place as sound investments in the security market of the United States.

The underlying reason and purpose of the real-estate bond is a simple one. It is not easy to market a mortgage of large size. Take, for example, a loan of $3,500,000, which could, practically speaking, be sold in only one way: it could be sold to the large insurance companies which know this particular mortgage field, have cultivated it to a considerable extent and usually are more or less in the market for such investments for the funds of their policy holders.

But mark the word "usually." There have been times when the insurance companies have been absolutely out of the market for large real-estate loans. Such, indeed, has been the condition for the last two years, due chiefly to Government war financing. The financial problem, therefore, was to widen the market and find some way, by splitting up a large mortgage loan into retail packages, to permit individual investors to participate in this attractive class of securities.

So the financiers, interested in legitimate real-state operations, copied the methods of the railroad bankers. Instead of trying to dispose f the mortgage as a whole, they divided the mortgage up into an issue of bonds, exactly as big railroad loan is divided—split the mortage, so to speak, into retail packages so that could be readily disposed of to hundreds or housands of individual purchasers looking for ound investments. This practice in this coun-ry seems to have originated about twenty-five ears ago and in Chicago. Certain it is that building bonds," as they are sometimes

Continued on page 72


# Good Bonds

## Daily Gaining

# New Friends

Each day sees a material number of new names added to our steadily lengthening list of customers.

Quite evidently Federal Bond & Mortgage Company issues of 6% First Mortgage Real Estate Serial Gold Bonds are coming to be regarded by more and more people as the most desirable to be had.

The name itself—*Federal Bond & Mortgage Company*—is acquiring greater and greater significance in the minds of men and women with funds to invest.

Consciously or sub-consciously they rank a Federal Bond & Mortgage Company issue as of more than ordinary merit.

They look for an issue offered by this company to possess additional features of safety and *it always does.*

Mail your request today for

*"Questions and Answers on Bond Investment"*

**Federal Bond & Mortgage Co.**

90 South Griswold Street Detroit

(235)




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Six Percent First Mortgage Bonds

***Secured by Income Producing Chicago Real Estate***

By standardized methods, tested for many years, we underwrite issues of first mortgage bonds, secured by well-located income-producing Chicago real estate.

These bonds are offered in denominations of $100, $500 and $1000, maturity one to five years, for outright investment or on the partial payment plan.

Lackner, Butz & Company began loaning on Chicago Real Estate in 1904, when they took over a long established business.

*May we send you descriptive literature of current offerings?*

**LACKNER, BUTZ & COMPANY**
INVESTMENT BANKERS
CONWAY BUILDING · · · CHICAGO

ESTABLISHED 1865

## Guaranteed 6% Chicago Investment

Bonds of $500 and $1000 denomination.

Secured by real estate and buildings.

Issued to complete new plant made necessary by rapidly increasing business.

Net assets 2½ to 1. Net earnings 3 times interest.

Guaranteed by prominent business men.

Recommended by us after 54 years success in this field.

*Ask for Circular No. 1039 SC.*

**Peabody, Houghteling & Co.**
(ESTABLISHED 1865)
10 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

ESTABLISHED 1865


Continued from page 71

called, were sold in that city during the "World's Fair days." The proper principles were not worked out. Many of the early promotions came to grief. However honest in their intentions, some of the bankers handling this class of securities did not know exactly how to protect the interests of their customers. But little by little, as experience accumulated and lessons were learned from errors committed, there evolved that class of security generally known as the first mortgage real-estate bond.

These bonds are always underwritten on improved real-estate, the improvements consisting of such properties as office-buildings, commercial, apartment, hotel, and warehouse structures, producing an assured income sufficient to pay the interest charges on the bonds several times over and, as we will soon show, reduce the principal of the loan.

The old school of mortgage investors looked chiefly to the equity or margin of safety to safeguard their loans. If they found a loan was 60 per cent or less of the value of the property, they often were inclined to go no further. But the modern method, while not disregarding the equity as a necessary and fundamental safeguard, looks very largely to the earnings of the property as a safeguard to the bond issue. The problem before the investment banker in underwriting an issue of bonds of this character is twofold. He asks himself, "Will this be a paying proposition and will it continue to pay?" and "How can I tie the earnings up so that they must be applied first of all to the liquidation of the bonded indebtedness before any other obligations are met?"

The problem has been solved through a Americanized version of the French principl of amortization or steady reduction of the debt First of all, serial maturities are required, tha is, the bonds must mature group by group year after year, until the entire issue is paid off. The amount required to be paid annuall varies, but the general practice seems to be t demand payment of about 5 per cent of th principal each year. If the loan runs for twenty years, the entire indebtedness will thus be paid out of the earnings of the property. More commonly, the loan matures in ten or fifteen years so that perhaps one-half or one-quarter of th original indebtedness remains to be paid. Th is usually accomplished by refunding, that i by obtaining a new loan. Experience ha shown that in these cases, where the origina bonded indebtedness is reduced to so small



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proportion of the value of the property, such a loan is easy to obtain—usually in fact from the insurance companies, many of which are on the lookout for loans of this character.

But the yearly serial maturities are not all. A number of years ago an ingenious financier conceived the plan of requiring monthly deposits of principal and interest. These monthly deposits, which are in the nature of a sinking fund to reinforce the serial payments, apply to both principal and interest. They are stipulated for the purpose of providing systematically for the payment of indebtedness in cash on the days when due. Each monthly deposit is one-twelfth of the amount of principal and interest coming due during the year. Suppose that $60,000 in principal and $60,000 in interest are due in a given year. The total, therefore, is $120,000 and each monthly deposit in $10,000. These deposits are commonly made in a bank selected by the trustee of the bond issue. In the first six months, as coupons of the bonds mature, $30,000 is paid out from the funds accumulated to meet the interest. At the end of the year, $90,000, which has accumulated, is paid over to the bondholders to meet the principal and interest due. The maturing bonds being paid are duly cancelled, and thus the indebtedness is steadily reduced so that the margin of safety securing the outstanding bonds is constantly increased. These monthly deposits make certain that the earnings of the property as received each month are applied promptly to the extinction of the bonded indebtedness and make it the first business of the owner—whether corporation or individual—to meet the just claims of the bondholders.

Many investors fail to realize that a first-mortgage bond issue of this character is safer than an ordinary undivided mortgage loan at the same ratio to the value of the property. In the first place, the size of the equity in dollars and cents is larger. Compare a $2,000 mortgage on a $3,000 residential property—a familiar type of investment—with a $600,000 first-mortgage bond issue on a $1,000,000 office-building and land. Both are 60 per cent loans, but the bond issue as a whole is safer than the mortgage, and an investment of $2,000 in the bonds is a better investment than the undivided $2,000 mortgage. The reason is simple enough: The equity in the mortgage is only $1,000 and might readily be destroyed by change in the character of the neighborhood. The equity in the case of the bond issue is $400,000, which would stand a very considerable hammering by adverse circumstances be-

Continued on page 72b


INVESTMENT MILLER SERVICE FIRST LIEN MORTGAGE BONDS

## For Investors In Real Estate Mortgage Bonds

The policy, aim and work of G. L. Miller & Company is to secure for our customers high-grade, good paying investments in first mortgage real estate bonds.

After thorough, advance investigation, we underwrite first lien mortgage loans on modern income-bearing properties in prosperous Southern cities. In every detail these loans conform to recognized, conservative banking practice.

Conditions in our territory enable us to net the investor 7%.

There are numerous features of MILLER SERVICE, all of which combine to safeguard the investor's interests and relieve him of worry and care.

Interest and principal payable at the Third National Bank, Atlanta, Ga., or the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

*Let us send you our literature describing MILLER SERVICE, our booklet entitled "BANKING CREDENTIALS" and details of our current offerings.*

**G. L. MILLER & CO.**
INCORPORATED
112 HURT BLDG., ATLANTA, GA.
ALSO MIAMI, FLA.




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Monthly Maturities

You can keep idle funds safely and profitably employed for short or long periods by investing in

**Guaranteed First Mortgage Participations**

Payable on the first day of any specified month from two months up to five years.

Immediately available for any amount from $50 up.

Secured by first mortgage loans on well improved city real estate and guaranteed against loss.

Yield 3½%, 4%, 4½%, 5%, 5½%.

*Write for descriptive booklet*

**Mortgage Trust Company**

415 Pine St. — St. Louis Missouri

# Conservative Investments in OIL

YOU cannot fail to be interested in the new, illustrated descriptive booklets which we will send upon request, with particular reference to

**Shaffer Oil & Refining Co.**

**A Complete Petroleum Organization**

*Ask for full information*

**H. M. Byllesby & Co.**

Incorporated

111 Broadway NEW YORK — 208 So. La Salle St. CHICAGO


Continued from page 72a

fore it could be dissipated. Then, as a second reason, there is the great advantage of serial payments which make the outstanding bonds "grow safer as they grow older."

The technical legal details of such a bond issue, while simple in comparison with those involved in a great railroad mortgage, are often such as to require the best legal services. The great fundamental principle, of course, is that each bond must participate equally in the mortgage in regard to priority of claim and pro rata in regard to amount, that the trust mortgage itself be properly drawn, that the duties of the trustee, who acts in a sense as the agent of the bondholders and for their protection, are clearly and properly defined, and that the trust mortgage itself be properly recorded. The same considerations in regard to title apply as in the case of the ordinary mortgage loan, but as the deal is larger and sometimes there are complications, more care, skill, and judgment are required.

Such bonds practically always are sold not by the company which issues the obligation and signs the bonds, but by an investment banking house, or dealer, which first purchases the bonds with its own funds after careful investigation and then resells them to the investing public—just as railroad, municipal, and public-utility bonds are disposed of. Bonds of this type usually are sold in $1,000, $500, and $100 denominations. The rate of interest varies. Some houses put them out at an unvarying rate of 6 per cent. Others sell on a basis of 5½ per cent to 7 per cent, according to current interest rates. Some have been marketed at as low a figure as 4½ per cent this being due usually to special conditions.

In general, the investor contemplating an investment in real-estate securities must consider first of all the house or bank offering them. Buying investments of this type is like buying almost anything else. Your chief protection is the experience, character, and integrity of your dealer. The purchaser cannot investigate too closely the standing, the moral qualifications, and the record of the house. He must satisfy himself not only that it knows its business, but that it is conducted on sound financial principles and that its investigations of securities it offers are thorough, searching and impartial.

Nothing could possibly be worse than a bad real-estate bond. It would be hard to find anything better than a good one.

[The next article in this series, to appear in an early number, will deal with the modern methods of investment bankers in the purchase, safeguarding, and sale of real-estate securities.]



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Continued from page 260

"Enlargement of ports and construction of wharves to relieve congestion of shipping.

"Overhauling of railway system and electrification.

"Utilization of water-power by building of reservoirs.

"Increased cultivation of land and reclamation of waste property.

"Adaptation of factories used in war-work."

Such developments necessarily have created a need for machinery and engineering plants, structural iron and steel, building materials, agricultural machinery, implements, and mill and factory furnishings.

At the risk of becoming statistical Doctor F. Giannini, now of the Italian embassy at London, but then attached to the Peace Commission commercial staff, prepared a specific list of manufactured goods which, in his opinion, could be imported in quantities and favorably from the United States. Doctor Eugenio Anzillotti, Italian minister of commerce, supplemented this information when I met him in Rome.

From the facts supplied by these officials it appeared that Germany dominated the Italian machinery market prior to the war. The importations of machinery were valued at approximately 92,000,000 lire, of which Germany supplied 52,000,000 lire worth, or more than 56 per cent. The contribution from the United States at that time was only a trifle over 1,000,000 lire in agricultural machinery, about as much in machine tools, a million and a half in electrical dynamos, and less than a million in other machinery. It would indeed appear that American business men could find some way to absorb this vast trade which formerly fell to Germany.

Italy's development of an iron industry has been made difficult by the lack of coal. There is a certain amount of iron and steel goods manufactured in Italy, but insufficient to meet local needs. Germany largely filled the deficit. Among the classes of such supplies imported from the enemy lands were iron pipes, small tools, wire, black plates, tin plates, cooking and heating stoves, household and domestic hardware.

Many such articles are in great demand, as they are largely required in the renewal of plant for factories, repair of railway lines, adaptation of munitions plants and other industrial development being planned. There is a rare opportunity here for importation from the United States of semi-manufactured materials.

Although northern Italy is an important mill district where cotton and woollen goods are produced in large quantities, Italy is an importer of many superior textiles. The Italian mills produce for the most part the cheaper grades. Without conflict, therefore, with the local manufacturers, the trade in the finer fabrics will bear considerable expansion.

Germany produced a number of textiles which found acceptance in the Italian market, their popularity being probably due to the fact that fresh designs and novelties were frequently offered on favorable terms. The trade in such articles as cretonnes, voiles, tulles, zephyrs, oxfords, and satins could come to the United States if our manufacturers would make an effort to suit the market. Cotton velvets, tailor's linings, cotton flannels, and flannelettes are among the other articles the German industry supplied.

The woollen industry in Italy is extensive, and the country is able to export a fair quantity chiefly to South America

(Continued on page 74)



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# GREAT FOREIGN BANK
# WE ARE WORKING WITH

**ALASKA**
*Juneau* — B. M. Behrends Bank.

**ALGERIA**
*Algiers*—Credit Lyonnais.

**ARGENTINE**
*Buenos Aires* — Banco Espanol de' Rio de la Plata, Banque Frances del Rio de la Plata, Banque Francaise et Italienne pour l'Amerique du Sud, Banque Italo-Belge.

**AUSTRALIA**
*Adelaide* — Bank of New South Wales.
*Brisbane* — Bank of New South Wales.
*Melbourne*—Bank of New South Wales.
*Perth*—Bank of New South Wales.
*Sydney* — Bank of New South Wales.

**BELGIUM**
*Brussels*—Banque de Bruxelles.
*Antwerp*—Credit Anversois.

**BRAZIL**
*Rio de Janeiro*—Banco Espanol del Rio de la Plata, Banque Francaise et Italienne pour l'Amerique du Sud, British Bank of South America, Ltd.

**CANADA**
*Toronto (Ont.)* — Bank of Nova Scotia, Bank of Toronto, Imperial Bank of Canada, Merchants Bank of Canada.
*Vancouver (B. C.)* — Bank of Nova Scotia, Dominion Bank, Imperial Bank of Canada, Merchants Bank of Canada.
*Montreal (Que.)*—Bank of Nova Scotia, Bank of Toronto, Merchants Bank of Canada, Imperial Bank of Canada.
*Ottawa (Ont.)* — Bank of Nova Scotia, Merchants Bank of Canada, Imperial Bank of Canada.
*Quebec (Que.)* — Bank of Nova Scotia, Merchants Bank of Canada, Imperial Bank of Canada.
*Winnipeg (Man.)*—Bank of Nova Scotia, Bank of Toronto, Dominion Bank, Merchants Bank of Canada.

**CAPE OF GOOD HOPE**
*Cape Town*—African Banking Corporation, Ltd.; National Bank of South Africa, Ltd.; Standard Bank of South Africa, Ltd.

**CHILE**
*Santiago* — Banco de Chile.

**CHINA**
*Hankow* — Asia Banking Corporation, International Banking Corporation.
*Harbin*—Asia Banking Corporation.
*Hongkong* — Asia Banking Corporation.
*Peking*—Asia Banking Corporation, International Banking Corporation.
*Shanghai* — Asia Banking Corporation, International Banking Corporation, Mitsui Bank, Ltd.

**CUBA**
*Havana*—Banco Espanol de la Isla de Cuba (with branches throughout Cuba) Banco Nacional de Cuba, N. Gelats y Ca., Mendoza y Ca., Trust Company of Cuba.

**DENMARK**
*Copenhagen* — Den Danske Landmandsbank, Private Bank of Copenhagen.

**EAST INDIES**
*Batavia (Java)*—Chartered Bank of India, Australia & China; Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Corporation.
*Singapore (Straits Settlements)* — Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China; Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Corporation, International Banking Corporation.

**EGYPT**
*Alexandria*—National Bank of Egypt (with branches throughout Egypt).

**ENGLAND**
*London*—London Joint City & Midland Bank, Ltd.
London County, Westminster & Parr's Bank, Ltd.
Lloyds Bank, Ltd.
Morgan, Grenfell & Co.
National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Ltd.
(With branches throughout England and Wales.)

**FINLAND**
*Helsingsfors* — Kansallis-Osake-Pankki.

**FRANCE**
*Paris* — Comptoir National d'Escompte de Paris.
Credit Lyonnais, Morgan, Harjes & Co.
Societe Generale.
(With branches throughout France.)

**GREECE**
*Athens* — Banque Nationale de Greece (with branches throughout Greece), Banque d'Athenes.

**HAWAII**
*Honolulu*—Bank of Hawaii, Ltd., Bank of Bishop & Co., Ltd.

**HOLLAND**
*Amsterdam* — Amsterdamsche Bank, Hope & Company, Banque de Mendes Gans & Cie.
*Rotterdam*—R. Mees & Zoonen, Rotterdamsche Bankvereeniging.

**INDIA and BURMAH**
*Bombay*—Chartered Bank of India, Australia & China, Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, International Banking Corporation.
*Calcutta* — Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China, Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, International Banking Corporation.

**IRELAND**
*Belfast.*—Ulster Bank, Ltd. (with branches throughout Ireland).
*Dublin*—The National Bank, Ltd.

**ITALY**
*Genoa* — Credito Italiano. All branches.
*Milan*—Banca Commerciale Italiana. All branches.
*Florence* — Haskard & Co., Ltd.
*Rome*—Banca d'Italia.

**JAPAN**
*Kobe* — International Banking Corporation, Mitsui Bank, Ltd., Yokohama Specie Bank, Ltd.
*Tokio*—Bank of Chosen, Industrial Bank of Jap
Mitsui Bank, Ltd., Yo
hama Specie Bank.
*Yokohama*—Chartered B
of India, Australia
China, Hongkong
Shanghai Banking Co
ration, International Ba
ing Corporation, Mit
Bank, Ltd., Yokoha
Specie Bank, Ltd.

**MEXICO**
*Mexico City* — Mercan
Banking Co., Ltd.

**NEW ZEALAND**
*Wellington* — Bank of N
South Wales, Bank
New Zealand.

**NORWAY**
*Christiania*—Centralban
for Norge, Den Nor
Creditbank.

**PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**
*Manila*—Chartered Bank
India, Australia a
China, Hongkong & Sha
hai Banking Corporati
International Banking C
poration.

**PORTUGAL**
*Lisbon*—Credit Franco-P
tugais.
The Bank of Portugal.

**SCOTLAND**
*Edinburgh*—Royal Bank
Scotland (with branc
throughout Scotland), B
ish Linen Bank.

**SPAIN**
*Madrid*—Banco Espanol
Rio de la Plata (w
branches in all princi
cities of Spain), Cre
Lyonnais.

**SWEDEN**
*Gothenburg* — Aktiebola
Goteborgs Bank.
*Stockholm* — Aktiebola
Goteborgs Bank.

**SWITZERLAND**
*Zurich*—Credit Suisse (w
branches in all princi
cities of Switzerland),
ciete de Banque Suisse.

**URUGUAY**
*Montevideo* — Banco
panol del Rio de la Pla
Banco Frances del Rio
la Plata, Banque Ita
Belge.

# BANKERS TRUST

Downtown Office: 16 Wall Street

*Member* *Federal*

NEW YORK



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR PLAN of foreign banking service is to *co-operate* with the great established banking institutions throughout the world, obtaining from them for the benefit of our customers those full facilities and that expert knowledge of local conditions which can come only with long residence and business establishment.

Co-operating with these mentioned and many other great established banks, we are prepared to supply the *best existing world-wide banking facilities.*

We invite you to make use of our facilities for—

Buying and selling telegraphic transfers on all parts of the world.

Issuing Letters of Credit, payable in all parts of the world, in Dollars and Sterling, or in other currency when required.

Issuing Drafts payable in any civilized country.

Effecting Collections throughout the world.

Securing Credit Information and Reports on Trade Conditions in foreign countries.

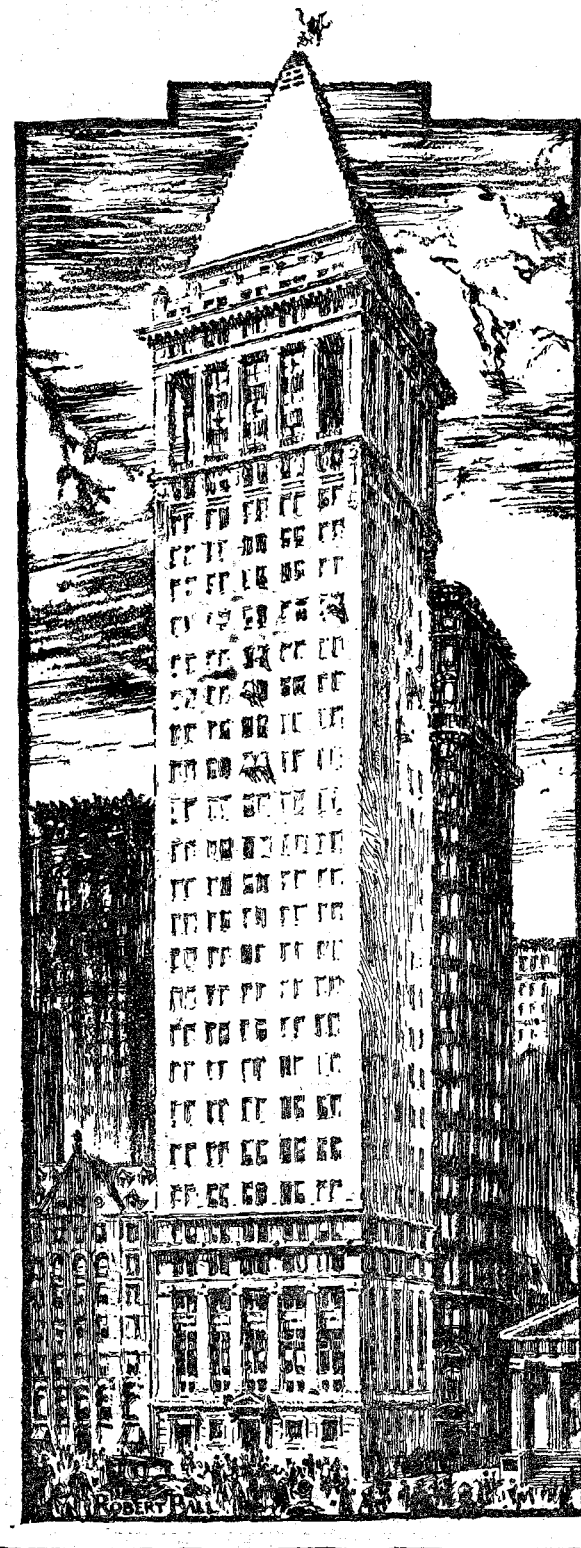
Financing Exports and Imports.

Issuing Documentary Credits and Accepting Time Bills of Exchange.

# COMPANY

*System*

Astor Trust Office:
5th Avenue at 42nd Street






PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 72c)

and Egypt, but Germany nevertheless found a market there for her wares.

As in the cotton industry, so in the linen—the finer goods are imported, and before the war came almost wholly from enemy countries. These included shirtings, trimmings, table linen, towels, collars, and various materials used in the building of milady's frocks. Although the United States is not a large producer of some of these things, there are no doubt some firms which could invade the Italian market most acceptably.

Less conspicuous branches of the textile trades which may be interested in Italy as a field of exploitation include hosiery, lace, embroidery and braids, upholstery, furnishing fabrics, carpets and rugs. In some of these industries the Italians are very proficient and are able to meet their own requirements and to export to other countries, especially in regard to braids and embroideries.

The makers of scientific instruments may particularly turn to Italy. Practically all in Italy were originally from Germany. In 1913 the country imported instruments valued at $10,000,000, of which Germany supplied three-fourths or more. The United States had already invaded this field to a figure approaching $2,000,000. From Germany came telescopes, field-glasses, opera-glasses, recording and measuring instruments, speed indicators, pedometers, mathematical instruments, precision balances, chemical and physics laboratory supplies and surgical instruments.

It is in the boot and shoe trade that America may shine if she will. The advent of the American army with its sturdy boots and its officers with many varieties of snappy footwear of many styles led the Italian people to consider the American-made shoe as rather a superior article. Previously the English boot was more popular, though the importations in shoes were largest from Germany or Austria-Hungary. The lighter class of ladies' shoes formerly came from Austria. The heavy sporting boot was made in England. The cheaper quality of children's shoes is made in the factories in the north of Italy. A nice-looking boot is what is required, and though the British manufacturer has been able to meet the demand in previous years, there is a growing trend of trade toward the American product.

Italy found it necessary to import considerable quantities of stationery, and obtained it largely from Germany, with the exception of common cardboard, which was secured from Austria-Hungary. There is a very large production of paper and stationery in Italy, but not all qualities are manufactured there. The classes of goods in which Germany specialized included white writing-paper of low quality, photographic plates, picture post-cards, and colored papers. Note-paper, envelopes, exercise and account books, collectors' albums, lead-pencils, and other writing supplies were among Germany's fields.

For years the tourist trade meant much to the commercial prosperity of Italy, and the contracts to supply the demands for hotel equipment made a large item in the import trade. Since the Germans had succeeded in acquiring the management of most of these hotels, it naturally followed that German firms supplied the fittings and furnishings for the hotels. The Germans are gone now, and another opportunity is presented for the American manufacturers to secure the major part of the trade in this class of goods. Table glass, silver and plated ware, knives and forks, vases and similar articles for table decorations, table-glass, cutlery, toilet sets and fancy articles for dressing-tables were almost exclusively of German importation.

Although cutlery in wide variety and in large amounts was made in Italy, the home demand was far greater than the supply and the imported supply was brought from Germany. All the imported glass came from Germany and Austria. Italy is very largely agricultural, and with the return of peace her people will turn again to their pastoral pursuits. The expected development of agriculture will, first of all, call for an increase in fertilizers. Austria-Hungary, Germany, and France have met this need in past years. France took the lead in supplying superphosphates, the amount contributed from Germany and Great

(Continued on page 76)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Trade with Italy*

## For American Manufacturers *and* Exporters

Arrangements have been made by the Banca Commerciale Italiana which will enable American business houses desiring to secure Italian trade to place their catalogues, samples, and advertising matter for convenient reference by merchants throughout all parts of Italy.

All such material should be sent direct to the Banca Commerciale Italiana at its main office in Milan, Italy. Advice that this has been done, together with any information regarding the standing, organization, and capacity of the manufacturer or exporter which will help the Bank to better introduce him to its friends, should be sent to

## Lincoln Trust Company

7 Wall St. • 204 Fifth Ave. • 346 Broadway • Broadway & 72nd St.

or

## Banca Commerciale Italiana

*Agency in New York, at* 165 Broadway

The Banca Commerciale Italiana offers through its New York agency and the Lincoln Trust Company the services of its worldwide organization of affiliated institutions and its network of 70 branches covering all commercial points in Italy.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 74)

Britain being about equal. These purchases were supplemented by the home-manufactured superphosphates, which were small in comparison to the importations. Germany sold the greatest amount of basic slag, but Austria-Hungary controlled the importations of artificial guano and bone-meal, of which Italy uses large amounts. The United Kingdom has been the source of more than half the supply of sulphate of ammonia, Austria-Hungary and Germany sharing about equally in supplying the remaining half.

Italy has never been the home of toys, all her supply having been purchased from Germany. Before the war the annual importation from there was valued at a half million dollars. Since the return of the disabled soldiers there has been an attempt to develop the toy-making industry, thereby providing a means of support for them. The market was entirely sold out, and despite the increase in home production the supply falls far short of the demand.

In pre-war days Germany was in practical control of the haberdashery market in Italy. She also supplied the Italians more than half a million dollars' worth annually of building and furniture fittings. Every variety of domestic hardware, door handles, door chains, bolts, door hinges, window hinges, and bed and chair castors were included. Factories in Italy have begun the manufacture of these and similar articles, but the withdrawal from the market of the German product will create a market for large quantities of such articles.

The enemy countries enjoyed a large annual trade in parasols, sun umbrellas, and rain umbrellas, and their parts. Tooth-brushes at present are almost impossible to obtain in Italy, and the yearly importation runs into large sums. Underwear in the better qualities is difficult to obtain, both for men and women. The Italian mills manufacture large quantities of the cheaper and ordinary grades, but there is no supply to meet the demand for the better grades. Woollen under-

(Continued on page 78)


# Essential Services in Foreign Trade

The services we render relieve the American merchant or manufacturer of all responsibilities in the complex shipping and financing problems involved in foreign consignments.

This leaves him free to concentrate his energies in selling more goods and enlarging his markets.

Back of our organization are 70 successful years of experience in international trading.

*Let us send you our booklet, "Essentials in Exporting"*

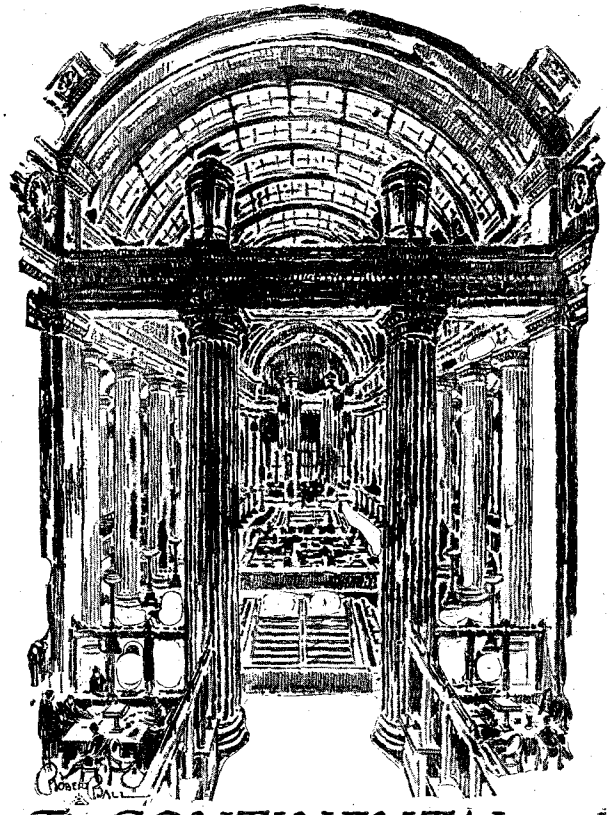
**Austin Baldwin & Company, Inc.**

*Established 1848*

44 Whitehall Street, New York


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# TRANSACT ALL FINANCIAL BUSINESS HERE



## *The* CONTINENTAL *and* COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO

COMMERCIAL BANKING, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC. SAVINGS. PERSONAL TRUSTS. CORPORATE TRUSTS AND CORPORATE AGENCIES. SAFE DEPOSIT. SAFEKEEPING FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SECURITIES. INVESTMENT SECURITIES. FINANCING GOVERNMENT ISSUES. FINANCING INDUSTRIES, MUNICIPALITIES, RAILROADS, UTILITIES.

Continental *and* Commercial National Bank *of Chicago*
Continental *and* Commercial Trust and Savings Bank
CHICAGO, U. S. A.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 76)

wear is not to be had in the qualities demanded.

But in seeking this trade there are many points for the average American producer and shipper to learn. "When in Rome do as the Romans" is an axiom that may well be applied to trade.

It has not been the custom in some districts of Italy for importers to order directly from foreign countries. The middleman is employed, and general agents have extensive offices in Milan, Genoa, and Rome. It is now becoming the custom for these concerns to have offices in America, and wherever Italian ships touch will be found these agencies. Already the forerunners of trade are coming to this country, the boat bringing me back but a few weeks ago having its quota of business men who will take charge of office forces and proceed to do general brokerage in everything from cambric needles to steam engines.

Efforts to eliminate the middleman have not been very successful. But now that improved banking facilities are being effected by the establishment of American banking branches in Italy and by the association of our houses with the banks of Italy, the indirect method may become less complicated. As to credit, the United States exporter must make up his mind that long-time credits must be granted.

A far-seeing American has been investigating the credit proposition, and has worked out the following plan, which he hopes to make effective.

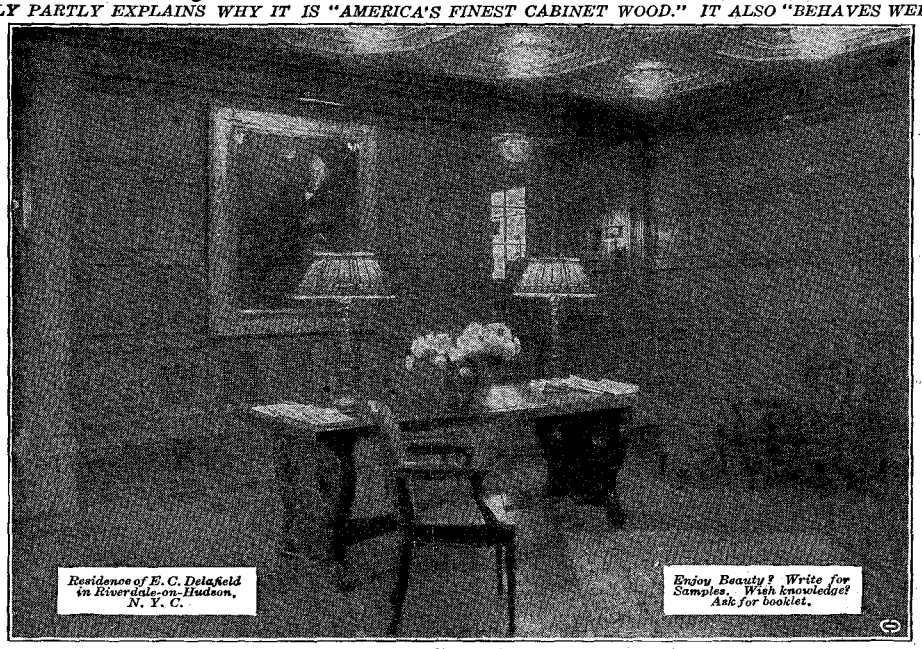
"The Italian purchaser," said this banker, "can give short-term bills of exchange which are renewable. They can be renewed for two or three years, and if the pressure on the banks grows too great the Federal Reserve bank can rediscount these bills of exchange. This must be worked out thoroughly, of course, but I believe the thought has merit."

In any event—there is a market in Italy, and the Italian people would a little prefer to trade with America than any other nation.


The Beauty of RED GUM in Natural Tones

ONLY PARTLY EXPLAINS WHY IT IS "AMERICA'S FINEST CABINET WOOD." IT ALSO "BEHAVES WELL."

EUROPE WAS USING AMERICAN RED GUM FOR FINE CABINET-WORK YEARS BEFORE AMERICA'S PRIDE AWOKE TO ITS OWN.



Residence of E. C. Delafield in Riverdale-on-Hudson, N. Y. C.

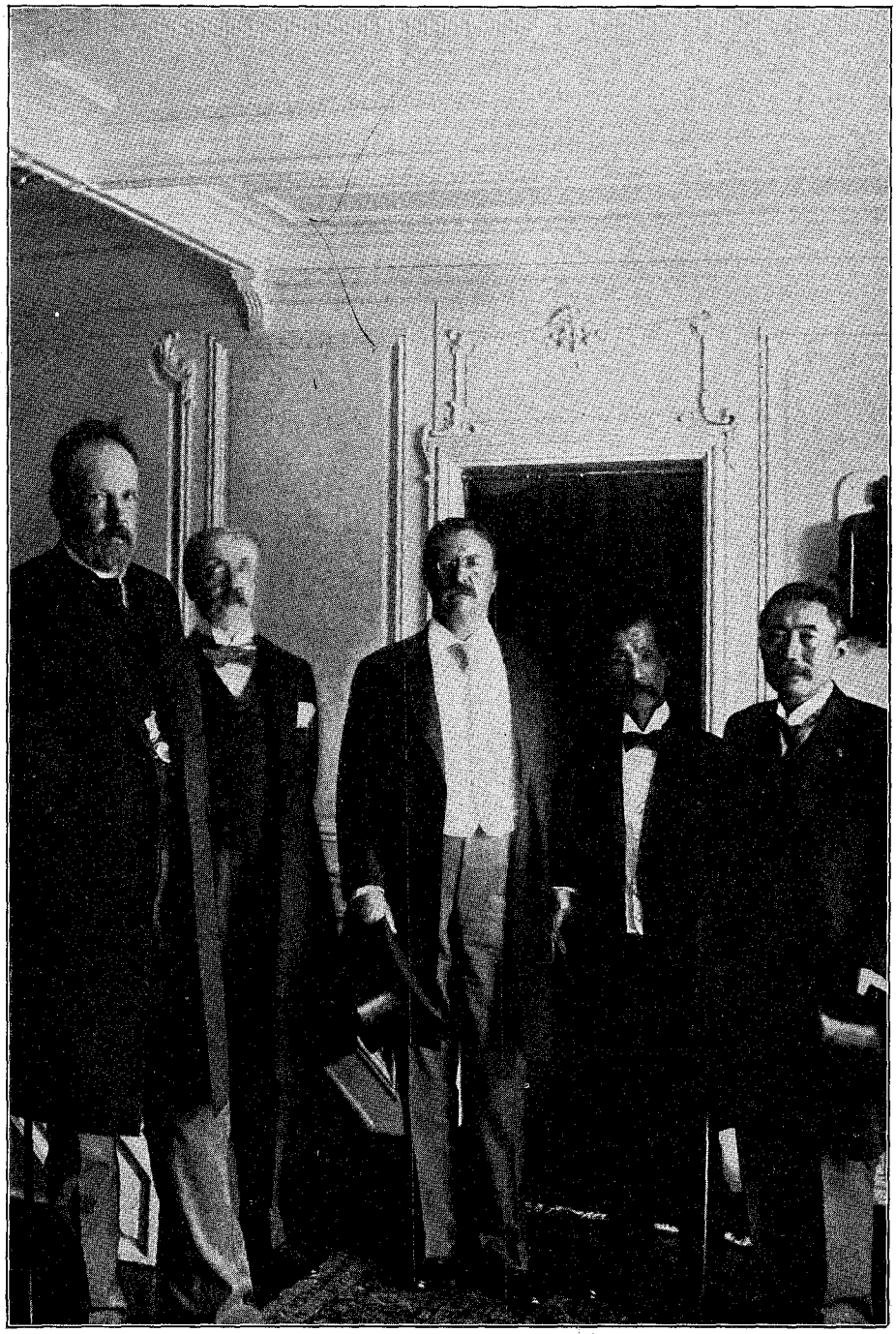
Enjoy Beauty? Write for Samples. Wish knowledge? Ask for booklet.

AN ENDURING HARDWOOD, YET SOFT AS SATIN TO THE TOUCH. ITS NATURAL TONE A RICH, WARM BROWN, "A JOY TO THE EYE."

AMERICAN HARDWOOD MFRS. ASS'N., GUM DIVISION 1335 Bank of Commerce Bldg. MEMPHIS, TENN.


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*From a photograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood.*

PEACE ENVOYS ON BOARD THE *MAYFLOWER*, AUGUST 5, 1905.

They are left to right: Count Witte, Baron Rosen, President Roosevelt, Baron Komura, Minister Takahira.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED